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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX BROOKLINE, MASS. OCTOBER 26, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SCHOOL NOW DIVIDED INTO DEPARTMENTS TO PROMOTE EFFICIENCY

New Science Laboratories To Open in Near Future

With the building of the new wing, many changes have been effected in B. H. S. Now the various departments have certain portions of the buildings to themselves. In the old building the French Department holds sway on the first floor, the offices are on the second floor, and the Domestic Science, Spanish, and German Departments are stationed on the third floor. In the new building the Commerical Department is on the first floor, English and Latin divide the second, and the third floor is vacant. The Mathematics Department is in the basement of the new wing, the History Department is on the second floor, and the new Science laboratories are on the third. This plan tends towards higher efficiency.

The science laboratories contain the latest and finest equipment. In later issues of the SAGAMORE, we will describe these hallowed chapels of knowledge.

The lockers in the new building are interesting and ingenious. After the first fifty attempts, they are opened with ease. These lockers are improvements over the older ones, because each student has two compartments for himself.

Along with these other changes, the Guidance Department is changing its location. From now on, Mr. Jewett's pleasant voice will echo from the walls of Room 23.

PUBLIC SPEAKING MAKES PLEASING START FOR 1932

Public Speaking has already made a splendid start for 1932. The enrollment for both the advanced and the elementary classes has been large.

There are many possibilities for ambitious students this year in different branches of Miss Hannon's work. In addition to the opportunities for platform work offered by the J. Murray Kay Competition and by the Scholarship Dramatics there are plans for the formation of a Debating Society, and also a Dramatic Club. The membership in each of these organizations will be largely drawn from the classes in Public Speaking. For those who may be interested, the prelininary trials for the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking contest will take place, Monday, October 31, 1932, in the auditorium.

EIGHT NEW TEACHERS CONNECTED WITH FACULTY

Many new teachers have been added to the faculty this year. Miss Eleanor R. Johnson has come from Gloucester High English Department, and is a graduate of Boston University. Miss Alice Wheaton, a Sargent School graduate and a former instructor at Port Henry, New York has joined the physical education department and is assisting Miss Brower in hockey. Miss Irene Cummings, formerly at the Lincoln School, is now in the educational adjustment department while William L. Young, formerly of Everett is associated with her in the same department. W. L. Bartlett, formerly a teacher of chemistry and biology in Stanford, is now teaching biology and algebra. E. Montgomery Wells, recently connected with the Roxbury School at Shesline, Connecticut, where he taught mathematics, sciences, and physical education is now in our mathematics department. Mr. Hammond, from Cushing Academy at Ashburnham where he instructed in English and dramatics is now in our English department. Mr. Wilkinson formerly of Philips Andover Academy is also teaching English here at B. H. S. I'm sure we are all glad to welcome there new members into our midst.

CONTEST ANNOUNCED BY SAGAMORE

ESSAY, POEM, STORY PRIZES

Desiring to stimulate literary activity, the SAGAMORE announces a new contest. A subscription to the SAG will be given to the writers of the best essay, poem, and short story written by a member of the student body. If you have already bought your subscription of the SAGAMORE (as you should have) your money will be refunded. Of course, the distinction of having written the best piece of work counts for much.

All candidates must observe the following rules:

1. All decisions made by the judges, Miss Spaulding and Mr. Newsom, are final.
2. All entries for the essay contest must be brought to Room 237 no later than 2 o'clock, October 31; all entries for the poetry contest, by 2 o'clock, November 7; all entries for the short-story contest, by 2 o'clock, November 14.
3. All entries must be written either in ink on composition paper or typewritten. Only one side of the paper may

(continued on page five)

JOHN GRANDFIELD NEW HEAD OF SAGAMORE STAFF

Mr. Newsom, Faculty Adviser

Due to the resignation of Roger Bernhardt, editor-in-chief, and Lincoln Moss, managing editor, John Grandfield was elected head of the SAGAMORE staff. No managing editor was named, but Stuart Goldenberg and Henry Urrows will be the new editor's assistants. The rest of the staff remains intact.

Among the faculty, Mr. Jewett is again giving his services as Business Adviser, Mr. Newsom has been newly appointed as Faculty Adviser, and Mr. Smith will again be in charge of printing the paper.

SCHOOL CLUBS OFFER ADVANTAGES TO STUDENTS

Among many of the opportunities that Brookline High School has to offer to its students are the numerous organizations which give us a chance to make friends, gain popularity, and knowledge, and give us a real good time.

Isn't it fun to hold a conversation with someone in a foreign language and be understood? That's what the French, German, and Spanish Clubs have to offer and it's worth while to try to become a member. As yet the French and German Clubs haven't made any definite plans, since the marks have not yet come out. But soon it will be up to us to take the first step.

The French Club holds about six or seven meetings a year and each one holds something of special interest to its members. The first one will be largely given over to election of officers but the others will be divided up between business and social functions.

The Spanish Club has already made an excellent start for a full and promising year. Their first meeting has been held and officers and directors have been elected. It will be of interest to all of us to know that Evelyn Lupton has been elected as president, Edward McGee, vice-president, and Eleanor Kaitz, secretary and treasurer.

Definite committees have been formed and at present everyone is busy planning an entertainment which will be presented in the near future.

Now,—here is a club that will arouse the interest of each one of us. The Chess Club. Can you play chess; are you a clear thinker; have you a great deal of foresight; and, last but not least; are

FIGHTING BROOKLINE ELEVEN BOWS TO STRONG RINDGE TEAM

B. H. S. Held Scoreless While Opponents Score With Four Touchdowns

RED AND BLUE FAIL TO THREATEN SERIOUSLY

The Brookline football team, playing at Russell Field in Cambridge, lost its second game of the year to Rindge, 24-0. Rindge outweighing Brookline 15 to 20 pounds a man, found but little opposition in raising havoc with the Brookline line line. Brookline played a hard game, and was beaten, not so much in the matter of speed, but rather because of the superiority of weight.

Brookline played a defensive game. Unable to crash the Rindge line, she resorted to the air. This was Brookline's only chance. With Joe Conaty throwing those fine passes, Brookline easily gained 7 or 8 yards but were unable to gain through the line. Lewenstein continually kicked out of danger.

Brookline lined up this week the same as last with exception of "Bucky" Prior. "Bucky" broke a bone in his right foot, and will be unable to play for sometime. With Prior out, there was no one to back up that line and the job fell to the backfield.

First Quarter

Brookline won the toss-up and received. Schwartz made a beautiful runback of 25 yards, almost got clear, and was finally stopped on his own 40-yard line. After trying a pass and two line plays, Lewenstein's kick was partially blocked. Rindge started off in grand style. A pass netted 15 yards and a first down. A reverse play gained four more. On a spinner off tackle, Ananis went off for a first down. A straight thrust through center put the ball on the 5-yard line. On the third down a lateral put it over. A pass, the attempt for the extra point, was incompleted.

Rindge kicked off. A Conaty to Brodhurst pass netted 8 yards. On the third down, a "statue of liberty" play brought a first down, Schwartz pulling out of left end and taking the ball. A lateral brought another first down. With a 5-yard loss, and a bad pass, it was third down and 30 yards to go. Brookline passes; intercepted by Rindge for an 80-yard run and a touchdown. The attempt for an extra point, another pass, was incomplete.

(continued on page eight)

HE VACUUM CLEANER

, children! Here we are again!

* * * *

Always first with the latest news!!! Well, children, in case you are in doubt as to why the wooden track ain't this year, we will explain. It happened, my dear young ones, that "Nosey" Aronson let a quarter slip between the cracks of the said track. That night, the youngest scion of the clan of Aronson returned with crow-bar and hammer. And that, dears, is why there is no place under which to throw your papers.

* * * *

We had a great "scoop" to print this week, but we were threatened with "being taken for a ride if we "sprang" the story, so we had to put "the lid on it."

* * * *

Miracles still happen. And now Paul Sil is seen walking a cute young one to ol each morning. Nice going, Pa

* * * *

As a parting word, children, we want you not to make any mistake——this Vacuum Cleaner is not a Hoover.

* * * *

Gandhi is coming to B. H. S. He has been practising up for the second lunch period; still, he has only gone six days and five hours without food.

* * * *

We would like to see Max Adler's successor pulling an original joke. Don't be so conceited, Hartstone, we don't m ou!

EWING CIRCLE NOTES

Wiggin and Jack Corbett are out f tball.

IT HAPPENED SOMEWHERE ELSE

One by one the pupils rose,
And slowly towards the door,
They dragged their tired anatomies,
Across the hardwood floor.

The bell for lunch had just gone off,
And the halls were slowly filling;
The trail led to the lunch room, but,
There was no rush nor milling.

Everything was orderly,
marched two by two;
a person missed a step,
ce upon the stew.

d no traffic marshal,
And we needn't wonder why;
But you can bet your bally boots,
That it wasn't Brookline High.

Mickey Metzler.

THE LITTLE BLUE BOOK

"Life was given to us to use"—then
"Do not look for wrong and evil
You will find them if you do"—
"Open the door, let in the sun
It hath a smile for everyone' —for
"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way" . .
"Be builders up—
For our influence, our shadow selves, may fall
Where we can never be."
And for others—
"A smile so small as yours
May be precisely their necessity."
And *"what e'er your task, be this your creed*
You are on earth to fill a need.
Though some have much, and some have more,
Some are rich, and some are poor
Though your road thru life is rough at times,"
Don't fret—
"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."
For *"God shares his possessions*
That we may live always and grow in
Truth and Love and Grace."

—Eleanor Saxe.

BEFORE SENTENCE

By Donald Graham

You have asked me, Your Honor, if I have anything to say for myself before you pass sentence upon me. The jury has found me guilty of murdering my erstwhile friend and companion, George Milton. This verdict was reached through consideration of circumstantial evidence, not facts. You have found a hypothetical motive for the crime, and it so happens that my actions on the night of the 25th of August fit into the case which has been built up against me. And why shouldn't they? They occurred first; the evidence was made to order. All the material was there. The only thing lacking, which was amply provided for later, was a man as clever as your District Attorney to twist and turn and shape this muddle of facts to suit his own end and that of the state; namely, to find me guilty of a crime I did not commit.

I have now nothing to live for. My wife committed suicide, as you know, the day before this trial started. This was more fodder for the machine of the law to use to its advantage. Do you want to know why my wife committed suicide? I'll tell you. Because she knew that I knew the truth! That was the one thing in your case that you were uncertain of. Other than that, it was perfect.

I admitted that I was with George Milton on the night of the 25th of August. I called for him about 8:30 and we went for a walk down by the wharves. The jury has already found me guilty, so there can be no harm in telling you what might have happened, and why. But, Your Honor, I wish you to hold in mind that this only might have happened; it did not, actually.

As I greeted him, I might have thought, "Little do you know, George Milton, how many hours I've spent contemplating this opportunity. You'll never live to see the light of day."

I can remember it as plainly as if it happened last night. It was misty and chilly. I said to George, "Let's take a stroll down by the wharves. I like the smells and odors of the sea and the ships with their variety of cargoes."

"Isn't it rather chilly?" he asked.

"Never mind," I said, "Put on your overcoat."

As we walked along, we talked about finance, and business, and sports. But I want you to remember, Your Honor, that my mind might not have been on finance, and business, and sports. I might have been recalling the hours of anguish and torture I had had, while I watched him take my wife's love from me and cherish it as his own. Maybe I remembered the time when I came upon them unexpectedly, and found . . . well, it doesn't make any difference now. That's water that's gone over the dam.

Then finally, as we talked about finance, and business, and sports, I might have remembered what I had planned to do that night. How I had intended that we should take a walk down to the wharves; then, when the opportunity came, how I was going to draw the knife from under my coat and strike home! And how I was going to watch the blood gush out from his body as his dirty, rotten soul went to Hell! And then I was going straight to my wife and order her out of my house, to go and do as she pleased. What a triumph! For me to know that her lover was dead, while she was planning to go to his arms for protection.

I can see it all now. Knife—blood—staring eyes—tears—pleading—body——Oh, God!

* * * * *

I'm sorry, Your Honor, I apologize. Ha-ha-ha! I forgot myself. Am I insane? Perhaps.

And now, Your Honor, it is your duty to pass sentence upon an innocent man. I did not kill George Milton.

THE CHOICE

In front of me, Death stood, with ghastly stare,
And no flesh on his rattling bones was there.
And on my right was Gabriel with his horn;
While left of me, Old Satan, not forlorn
But smiling, stood, and winked at me with eyes
All red with fire, awaiting my demise.

And Death did speak with voice as cold as ice,
"You've lived," said he, "and so must pay the price.
Now you your realm of Eternity may choose,
But hurry, or perhaps your chance you'll lose."
I looked at Satan with his wicked grin,
And Gabriel, inviting me his Heav'n in.

And even as I looked, I sighed a sigh
Which was to be my last, and I did die.
Nor had I any chance to make a sound
To signify my Happy Hunting Ground.
And so I stay right here in my black casket,
With not a soul to whom to tell it or to ask it.

SUPERSTITION, STUMBLING BLOCK OF PROGRESS

Superstition is one of the obstacles which intelligence must overcome. It retards education and culture, and although it is one of the worst sorts of ignorance it is nevertheless a very fascinating subject to study.

There are all kinds of superstitions. There are the common, everyday types (like the walking under a ladder sort) and there are the more interesting and bizarre forms, too. When anyone sneezes in Java, those who hear the sound shout, "Soul, come back!" because the inhabitants of that isle believe that the soul is blown out of the body in sneezing, and if it askd, it will return.

Your mother probably remembers that in the days gone by she was obliged to wear a bag around her neck filled with camphor when an epidemic threatened the community. This was to ward off the disease. The smell was enough to keep anything away from the wearer.

Many things that are generally conceded to be truths are nothing more than superstition. Among the pseudo facts in this category are undertows and astrology.

About the time of the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, Pugilist Gene Tunney received much publicity on account of his "indifference to superstition," as the press reluctantly revealed. The story goes that in his previous encounter with Mr. Dempsey, Tunney had worn a pair of lavender trunks and had won. In spite of the exhortations of his friends, who begged him to again wear lavender, Tunney was seen on the night of the fight striding into the ring in a pair of white pants, defiant of superstition.

Where superstition probably is most harmful is in the individuals who possess it instead of ambition. There may be the element of "Good Luck" and "the breaks", as some fellows assert, but why depend upon it? Let us remember the words of Pasteur, who said, "Chance favors only the mind which is prepared."

---

*Gets all the dirt.

The Theater

THE GREEN PASTURES

The 1930 Pulitzer Prize Play has ıally reached Boston. To recount its erits would be superfluous, for critics ıve used all the superlatives known to ır language in trying to describe it. uffice it to say that it has left all its ıdiences shaken and reverent.

It is an "attempt to present certain ;pects of a living religion — that of ıousands of negroes in the deep South— ıany of whom can not even read the ɔok which is the treasure-house of ıeir faith." The story of the Bible as ɔld by the old negro preachers to their ɔngregations "is its theme and the ıanges from simple humor to moving rama leaves one gasping."

The idea was suggested to the author, Iarc Connelly, by Roark Bradford's "Ol Ian Adam an' his Chillen." The simlicity, humor and pathos of the play is s very foundation. Such a classic as ıis will be periodically revived as long s there is a theatre.

To mention the outstanding players ʼould be to praise the whole cast. Richrd B. Harrison as "De Lawd" is the ːading figure, but Gabriel, Noah, and ven the smallest parts are played with fine distinction, and at the conclusion f the play each character is etched inelibly on the mind of the spectators.

Go and see it. It is "something that as never happened before."

GRAND HOTEL

A cynical remark uttered by an old octor that "this is Grand Hotel; people ɔme, people go, but nothing ever hapens," is disproved during the action of ıat unique motion picture, "Grand Hoːl," while various characters float on the ːreen which for the time being preːnts a great Berlin hotel. The motifs f comedy, drama, love, pathos and traedy are introduced as the camera moves ʼeely from one room to another in the otel, and we meet Guisinskaya, a worldʼeary dancer, who is rejuvenated ırough her love for a titled thief who reaks into her room to steal her pearls, ut remains to make love to her; laemmchen, a grasping, ambitious little enographer who attracts the attention of reiping, a financier on the verge of ːnkruptcy; and Kringelein, who, knowıg he has but a few weeks to live, has ːtermined to satisfy all the unfulfilled ːsires of his empty life.

The title rôles of this truly great moon picture are convincingly enacted by ıch a great cast as: Greta Garbo, Lionel arrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawɔrd and Lewis Stone. This picture is pical of the new trend in motion picıre producing, and everyone who has ʼen "Grand Hotel" will agree with us ı saying that this picture sets a high andard for the motion pictures of the ːar future.

SAGAMORE ASKS SUPPORT AT INITIAL ASSEMBLY

The first assembly of the upper classmen on September 21, and of the lower classmen, September 28, was presided over in part by John Granfield, editor-in-chief of the SAGAMORE. He first introduced George Wartstone, the business manager, who discussed the finances of our school paper and urged immediate subscriptions. A plea for new writers was made by Doris Reimer, assignment editor, who also mentioned that there is a SAGAMORE box in the library for the benefit of anonymous articles.

Norma Marcus, also an assignment editor advised that all copy should be handed in to either Doris Reimer in 321 or to herself in 320. Lawrence Daniels, advertising editor, between humorous remarks spoke of the advertising end. Norman Hunt, feature editor, completed the speeches by the students presenting his side of the paper. Mr. Jewett, with his usual originality, flashed a letter on the screen written from the SAGAMORE. It was most amusing and drew the attention of the entire audience. Mr. Ringer voiced his appreciation of the good start made by the school.

Any new applicants for positions on the SAGAMORE should send slips with name, class, homeroom and telephone number to rooms 320 and 321 stating the position for which they wish to apply.

GIRLS' SPORTS PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

The program of girls' sports to be followed this season is as follows:

Monday—Beginners' tennis, advanced hockey.

Tuesday—Intermediate tennis, beginners' hockey.

Freshman and Sophomore Archery

Wednesday — Riding, speedball, advanced hockey, intermediate tennis.

Thursday—Junior and Senior archery, outing club, beginners' hockey.

Friday—Advanced hockey.

For all sports except hockey report to the gymnasium. Hockey is at Dean Road playground, near the Runkle School. No one will be accepted for hockey after October first. There are on schedule two home games; Needham and Winchester, and we play Newton, Waltham and Wellesley away. We have promise for the varsity hockey team in Ellin Dowling, c.; Margaret Wilder, w.; f.; Betty Willis, w.; and Deborah Kinsman, h.; besides some freshmen who seem seem to have real aptitude for hockey.

The outing club went for a hike Thursday and everyone enjoyed it very much.

All girls who forgot to come over to the gym last week to order their gymnasium costume can be supplied with the regulation uniform and discount at Wright and Ditson or Horace Partridge Co. Mention that you are from Brookline High which will help the school and entitle you to the discount.

Miss Barnes hopes that every girl will be in a sport this season, as there is a sport for every girl.

NATATORS FACE TWO COLLEGE FRESHMEN TEAMS

In this year's line-up of meets for the swimming team there are included two tussles with college freshman teams. The following meets are to be held during the season:

Harvard Freshmen
Technology Freshmen
Huntington School
Pawtucket High School

Though the team has a hard schedule this year, its coach, John Coutts, is confident of the best results as is its new captain, Fred Wiggin. There are several letter men on this year's team: Fred Wiggin, William Murray, Robert Richey, Leonard Sulkis, Herbert Wein, Robert Malone, James Logue and George Kaplan and Charles Osgood each made four out of the five qualifying points. The experienced members of the squad are listed as follows:

Divers—Robert Richey, Robert Malone, George Kaplan.

Free-Stylers — Bill Murray, Robert Richey, Ted Rice, Bill Dunnells, James Woodburn, Leonard Sulkis, Herbert Wein, James Logue, Fred Wiggin.

Back-Strokers—Fred Wiggin, Landry, Charles Osgood.

Breast-Strokers—Charles Osgood, Geo. Kaplin, John Espisito.

Although the call for new material has not yet been given, all of you readers that think you have a chance as a swimmer start in practice at the swimming tank immediately, as, in remembrance of the old saying, "Practice makes perfect," the sooner you get to work the more chance there will be for you when the season starts.

In Memoriam

The radiant smile of Elizabeth Weston will long be remembered within the portals of Brookline High. Her superb work in the *Youngest* in dramatics and in *Some Other Birds Are Taught to Fly,* which won the J. Murray Kay medal in prize-speaking, gives only an inkling of her glowing personality.

"There is no such thing as genius! It is hard work. That is genius. To work three, four, five times harder than anyone else, that is genius."—*Nouguchi.*

"The greatest aberration of the mind consists in believing a thing because it is desirable."—*Bossuet.*

LIBRARY LINES

Are you one of the students who wonders why the library is not in Shailer Hall this year. If you are, I will answer the question before you ask it. Most of the upper-classmen ask in innocent fashion, "Why aren't you in Shailer Hall this year? We thought that—" The town, laboring under the expense of the new addition of the High School, could not appropriate enough money f[illegible] renovation of Shailer Hall. The [illegible] suffering victims of these well-mea[illegible] quiries are fast approaching desper[illegible]on. Notwithstanding the fact that we are not in a new habitat we point with pride to a shiny, brass-handled filing cabinet that graces the Conference Room. Containing as it does material on the lives of authors this will undoubtedly be a comfort to the harassed writers of book reports. It contains also a bibliography file, which incidentally, has nothing to do with Bibles, but is a collection of book lists. Exhibit "B" is a new desk for Mrs. Siebens at which your library lesson will be cheerfully corrected. We have also a new magazine case. Come in and gaze upon the smooth joints and mirror like sheen. Above all, put the magazines away, and keep the new case in the orderly splendor that it merits.

The circulation of books in these first few weeks has increased beyond the figures of last year. The circulatio[illegible] this year has been 1812, a gain [illegible] over the same period last year. [illegible] books must be added to meet t[illegible] increased circulation, and we find th[illegible] the latest additions are:

Bunyan—Pilgrim's Progress
Prescott—Conquest of Mexico
Prescott—Conquest of Peru
Brigham—Commercial Geography
Coleridge—Rime of the Ancient Mariner, illustrated by Doré
Hartley—Medieval Costume and Life
Munro—Governments of Europe
Stanwood—History of the Presidency
Lippincott—Economic Resources and Industries of the World
Stewart—Physics

This list seems rather work-a-day since some of the books are replacements of out-of-date books. When "Book Week" comes we shall celebrate with new books of a more recreational type.

There is always someone at the School Library to help you. The schedules of the two librarians have been plann[illegible] for a maximum of time in the High S[illegible]ol, helping the students. Invariabl[illegible] [illegible]he academic thirst of those coming [illegible] the School Library is satisfied. Be not led astray by the size and resources of the Public Library. Your own library is often better adapted to your needs. Have you ever become really acquainted with it? Try it. In this day of catchwords and slogans we say to you, "Eat an apple a day, see your dentist twice a year, and patronize your High School Library!"

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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To the Upper Classmen

Without knowing it, in the past few weeks you have gazed upon a future Captain of Marshals, a future Girls' League President, a chairman-to-be of the Honorary Society. They are all somewhere among the horde of freshmen which descended upon us, 550 strong, only a short while ago. As yet they are uninitiated in the ways of the school, unaware of its clubs and customs, and it is for us to make Brookline High School pleasant to them from the first moment of arrival.

You must remember when you were a freshman — appalled at the hugeness of the buildings, bewildered by the silly people with red-and-blue bands on their arms who were always getting in the way . . . so help *these* freshmen along. May they be sophomoric before their time.

"Knockers"

By now you should be well started on your year's work, and as you look back over this brief period can you see that you have "started off on the right foot?" Have you co-operated with your teachers and fellow students, have you been patient during the trying period of registration, have you kept appointments and not taken advantage of the existing confusion? Did you obey the rules and regulations of B. H. S.? If you did you stepped off on the right foot.

But will you continue to co-operate not only in these small ways but in the many others which go to make you a good school citizen? Do you complain about the length of your homework, the unfairness of teachers, the food in the lunchroom and many other minor facts, or do you overlook these trivialities and look towards the broader objective of getting an education.

Most of these things you consider unjust ond poor really need comparison with similar things in the outside world to show chronic complainers how sound they really are. For example we are always hearing complaints about the lunchroom but where could we get the meal for which we pay twenty cents, for even twice that amount?

But that is only a minor example to prove that if people don't want to co-operate they will always find something to complain about. But what people are they, the leaders? No, it is the vast group of jelly-backboned people found in every large group, who having no other way of calling attention to themselves do it by knocking everything and everyone. It is the type of person who grows up and knocks the government, the taxes, the police force, or any other thing he can think of, but never does anything to help remedy a poor situation or give it a fair trial, and it is also this type which undermines any school, town, or organization.

We and Philosophy

"A man is rich who has a philosophy that will carry him over the rough spots."—Rev. Roy L. Smith.

It is interesting to note how most young people react during a discussion of philosophy. At the mention of the word, they close their minds and shake their heads, refusing to move their drowsy and unenlightened intellects, in such a profound and erroneously-considered adult direction, or else sophomorically 'pooh-poohing" it. Philosophy, they consider, is a worry which should not be forced upon the carefree minds of youth, or, having received a poor order of religious training, they are narrow-minded enough to have acquired a foolish attitude toward this interesting and far-reaching subject.

This attitude, I believe, is greatly due to the example set by the people with whom the particular youth comes in contact. Yet this is the period when sound and reasonably simple but fundamental arguments sink deepest if discussed in an elementary form. At a later date, these same people have evolved and hardened a philosophy through experience, lectures, reading, and courses of study.

The youth's philosophy, which in most cases has been developed by subconscious evolution, rather than by an effort on the part of the individual is not always and, in fact, is seldom wholesome and it is the part of himself and others to guard against the settling of any unsavory habits in his mind. A boy often regards life from an entirely warped point of view, characteristically juvenile. Habits are readily incurred and the average adolescent lacks sufficient will power to overcome them and resistence to abstain from them. In a good many cases a boy never stops to consider whether his habits are beneficial or debilitating, often developing an unwarrantable streak of self-reliance and satisfaction and slovenliness of habit.

A philosophy is developed in the mind of a person by the digesting of pro and con views on the part of the individual, and on his part alone. It is all-powerful and worth deliberate consideration.

Unapprehendingly the subconscious mind is working out one's philosophy all through one's life. It may necessarily undergo certain revisions in accordance with changes of environment, modes of living or emotional revolutions. The turning point of one's career, arriving as a physiological, pathological or psychological crisis, may throw one's previously considered stable philosophy completely out of focus. In such instances the distorted philosophy is merely criticized and revised. Blues and melancholia are often resultant from such crises and instigate stupid sensations of failure and cause desires for suicide.

To sum up, I thing the modern generation is unduly narrow and reticent in their fields of thought. They consider that mental maturity alone should consider this problem of life, probably due to the laxity of the formerly more stringent religious curriculum in the home, and they miss the whole value which honest thought would give them.

IT HAPPENS EVERY MORN

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning! The ringing of my alarm clock, which sounds like a cow-bell, seems to penetrate into the very marrow of my bones. This alarm clock seems to have cruelty which is found in no animal but *homo sapiens* waking me up with a seemingly louder call on cold wintry mornings. Often I think of it as Gabriel's trumpet, which calls the poor sinner in me to eternity. After I am awakened (the alarm clock always makes sure of that) I must arise, leaving the warm, cosy bedclothes to brave the winter's icy blasts. Always procrastinating, I murmer, "Ambition should be of sterner stuff," which words Shakespeare attributes to a greater personality than I'll probably ever be. I curse the fiendish invention that has broken into my peaceful slumbers. This outlet for one's stored up irritation seems to satisfy the antipathy which I had for the noisy instrument, and I hurl myself from bed, to prepare speedily for another horror—school.

VIRTUS VERA

Several highly praised and much-acclaimed books have appeared in the last two decades which show how the lofty ideals of youth can be shattered by Experience. Among these are Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude,* and Romaine Rolland's Nobel Prize *Jean Christophe.* After reading these, and novels of similar make-up we realize how necessary true moral courage is, to be able to stand and fight for your convictions, defying those who sneer at, laugh at, and attempt to degrade them. Just because your personal code isn't identical with that of the die-cast stereotyped fellow, yours can be better for you, if you think enough of your own ideas to defend them.

It is better to be called a fool, and not be one, than to be a genuine one unlabelled. Better think wrongly than not to think at all.

"I have no scepter, but I have a pen."
—*Voltaire.*

BROOKLINE HUMBLED BY REVERE IN FIRST CONTEST OF SEASON

Green Team Holds Opponents Scoreless in Second Half

FINAL SCORE 21-0

The Brookline High School football team lost its first encounter of the current season to the Revere High School eleven by a score of 21 to 0 last Saturday afternoon at Tech Field. The visiting squad had already played two games before the Brookline engagement, losing them both by very close scores, whereas it was the first game of the year for Coach Fitzgerald's charges, and the first varsity contest ever participated in by many on the team. Brookline was greatly handicapped by its lack of experience, there being but one letter man in the squad, the redoubtable Alan Swartz, who was acting captain in Arthur Soderberg's unavoidable absence. All the rest of the team's members are either last year's men who failed to make their letters or players entirely destitute of varsity experience in any form.

The game, from a Brookline standpoint, was practically devoid of thrills, with the exception of Swartz's great tackle of the galloping Revere back, Sochet, who, after intercepting a pass on the Revere goal line, would have made a hundred-yard run for a touchdown had he not been finally overtaken and brought to earth on the 46-yard line by the speeding Swartz, who was to have received the errant pass. The incident occurred in the fourth quarter, after Brookline, gaining possession of the ball on the Revere 45-yard stripe, had, through the medium of a deceptive and nicely executed passing attack, with Conaty doing the flinging and Swartz the major part of the receiving, reached the visitors' eight-yard line, from which point, after futile attempts to pierce the Revere forward wall, the ball was passed on third down far to the left, where Swartz, had he been able to get his hands on the wandering pigskin, would easily have scored a touchdown.

With the exception of this thrust at the Revere defenses, and another, in the preceding period, in which the passing combination of Conaty to Swartz again figured prominently, with "Scotty" Larkin also on the receiving end of a few passes, the Brookline attack seemed as yet to be rather impotent. The fact that so few of the team experienced in varsity play contributed to a very great extent to the defeat, but in ability and skill the Fitzgerald men are not lacking, so that, once confidence has been gained through practical experience in actual contests, the team promises to develop into a very respectable looking outfit.

The first half was a sad affair, with all of the three Revere touchdowns being registered therein. The home team was slow in starting, which fact was further proved in the last half of the engagement when Revere failed even to threaten seriously the Brookline goal line. "Buck" Prior proved to be a red-light danger signal in more ways than one at center, where he played a beautiful game until taken out with an injured leg. Broadhurst, Pollina, Larkin, Conaty and Lewenstein performed nobly in the backfield, with the latter geting off a few very creditable kicks, Swartz and Joe Ford held down the two end positions, while the line, composed of practically green material, held up well under the strain. Though the game was lost, and, as the score indicates, lost decisively, the team did not, on the whole, perform badly, and in fact, in the second half, displayed qualities in both offense and defense which clearly indicate that its potentialities are truly great.

VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM FALLS BEFORE NEEDHAM

Second Team Victorious

The team's first real game was with Needham at Brookline. Kinsman, Taylor, McPhee, Maddox, Makarewich, Mulvihill, Howard and Daley did some sparkling work on the field although Brookline's first varsity lost 1-0. The second team showed itself up well by winning 1-0. The hockey instructor, Miss Brower, told the girls that if some of those who made second team could show in practice before the Winchester game, October 24, that they merited being advanced to the varsity, she would be glad to make changes.

The team and "subs" have set vigorously to work and will be well prepared to meet Winchester, Waltham, and Newton the following week.

On Thursday, September twenty-ninth the Girls' Hockey Team of Brookline High played a game with Wellesley High School at Wellesley. The referee, who was Miss Rogers of Wellesley College, should be complimented on her fairness and good judgment. The players of the first team were Elizabeth Howard, right half; Ellin Dowlin, centre forward; Mary Taylor, right wing; Mary Mulvihill, left inner; Martha Smith, right inner; Peggy Wilder, left wing; Deborah Kinsman, left half; Betty Willis, centre half; Dorothy Makewich, full back; Edna Maddox, left full back and Norma Nasymth, goal.

The players of the second team were Catherine Mulvihill, Jane McFee, Alma Stoddard, Doris Nowthumb, Bernice Porosky, Priscilla Daly, Ann McAvoy, and Barbara Logan.

The final score made by the first team was 1-0 in Brookline's favor and the second team tied 1-1.

"To be Cæsar a man must have the soul of Cæsar."—*Romaine Rolland.*

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

To All High School Students

Greetings:

This is the most important time of the school year — the beginning. Here are facts gathered from the experiences of many who have preceded you. Please give these statements most careful thought. Plan your individual progress on the truths stated below, stick to your plan and you will be happy and successful.

1. Have and keep your place for study quiet, comfortable and undisturbed during study times.
2. Have and keep your time for study well-planned and regular.
3. Keep an assignment of lessons book accurately.
4. Study each day by reviewing the last lesson, learning the present and reading over the next.
5. Practice reciting each lesson (out loud) to yourself.
6. Use eye, ear, voice and pen on each lesson.
7. Eat, sleep and exercise wisely.
8. Do these things every day systematically.

The Guidance Department will soon be located in Room 23. This is the place for you to come for assistance at any time. Your teachers will have blanks which will enable you to make a definite appointment. Use them freely.

Our pleasure is in your success.

Best wishes for the coming year.

JOHN V. JEWETT,
Director.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR ART CLASSES VISIT MUSEUM

On Friday, September 30th, the Senior and Junior Art Classes left the high school at 11:45 to embark upon their first pilgrimage to the museum. This was something new in order to increase student's appreciation of art. They were accompanied by Miss Parker, Miss Hale, and Miss Horn, teachers of the department, and went to the museum to study the works of John Singer Sargent, the eminent American painter. Every fair Friday throughout the season the Art Class will continue its visits to local museums for the furtherance of its study.

SCHOOL CLUBS

(continued from page one)

you a bug for good, hard competition? You are?—good! Come to room 124 every Friday at two o'clock, and if enough interest is shown, scheduled games will be planned, and you'll have a chance to test your skill, and there will be a great deal of keen competition.

School is a place where we may be educated socially, and intellectually. Brookline High has wonderful possibilities for both so let us take advantage of them and make each one of these organizations a huge success!

THE HONORARY SOCIETY

For the benefit of the new students who are not acquainted with the honorary society and to refresh the memories of the upper classmen, the honorary society or Alpha Pi, as it is called, is composed of those select juniors and seniors who have obtained eight points in scholarship and extra-curricular activities, with at least three points for each.

Those students who are admitted into the society are presented with a golden key which is the insignia of Alpha Pi.

The present members are: Elizabeth Howard, president; Roger Bernhardt, secretary; Norma Marcus, and Ann Geoghan. To these four people seven more will be added at the next meeting which takes place during the assembly period.

Later on in the year more explicit information will be given concerning requirements for entrance to the society.

TO THE GIRLS

The Girls' League of Brookline High School has commenced the different activities for the coming year.

To make this year a success we need the co-operation of every girl in the High School. Wouldn't you like to have Brookline High's Girls' League known in other schools for the large body of girls that support it? Not by money alone but by your presence at the parties, and meetings?

The Girls' League office, located at the side of the Dean's new office will be open for the girls as soon as the repairs are made. Every girl is welcome to come in and give suggestions, or find information that she needs.

The membership week for the sophomores, juniors and seniors commences October tenth through the fourteenth. The freshman membership week will commence later.

Show your school spirit by joining the Girls' League.

Essay, Poem, Story Contest Announced by Sagamore

(continued from page one)

be used. The appearance of the entry is very important.

4. A candidate may make as many entries as he wishes.

5. Any subject may be chosen to write upon.

6. No entries will be returned. As soon as they are entered in the contest they become the property of the SAGAMORE.

7. Essays must contain between 400 and 600 words. Short stories should not contain more than 1,000 words. Although the Staff isn't looking for any epic, poems may be of any length.

Anyone who has the intention of entering the contest should start right away, because the more time that he puts into his opus, the better chance he will have of winning. Good luck!

FIRST FOOTBALL GAME WITH REVERE, OCT. 15

Team Makes Good Showing Against Country Day

As a preliminary for more and better games to come, the Brookline football squad engaged in a short scrimmage with the Newton Country Day eleven last Tuesday at the Newton gridiron which ended in a scoreless tie after two periods of rather spotty play, in which potentialities were shown by both teams. Coach Fitzgerald's huskies were comprised of practically all green material, and there is only one letter man in the group this year, Alan Swartz, who is acting as captain in the unfortunate absence of the captain-elect, Arthur Soderburg, rendered ineligible by sickness.

The team, despite the comparative youth of most of its members, showed up well in the action against the Newton institution. Practice has been going on in full swing for many weeks, although the first game will not be until October 15, when Revere will play Brookline at Tech Field. The schedule has been shortened to six games for the season, of which four are in the Suburban League and three are to be played at the home grounds. The Newton game will be at Newton this year.

Coach Fitzgerald has unearthed a number a very presentable football players from the motley crowd which answered the call to practice. The line, though fairly light, is hard-charging and persistent, and showed up well in the scrimmage at Newton. Swartz holds down the left end position, and has that niche safely taken care of presumably for the rest of the season. He played well on the varsity last year, and from all indications will more than come up to his last year's standard. The rest of the line is composed of non-letter men. Fred Wiggin started at left tackle, and looked very well. He is big, heavy, and rangy, and his running mate at guard, Carl Landers, a junior, complete an unbeatable combination on the left side of the line. Landers, though light, is fast and he broke through innumerable times to break up Newton plays in their infancy. Red Prior does the passing at centre, and is another light, but aggressive lineman who does much damage to the opposition. Berman, Bines, and Ford played guard, tackle, and end respectively on the right of the line, and were good both offensively and defensively. Berman has had a year's experience, having been on the squad the whole of last season, though he did not get a letter. He is only a junior, another youngster, but he is an excellent guard and is powerfully built. Bines is heavy and hard-charging, and will bear watching at the tackle position. Joe Ford, on the track squad, is very fast and is not lacking in weight, two characteristics which make for good end play. Bob Grenier, who was kept out of the scrimmage by a rib injury, is another very likely candidate for end, and has done excellent work in practice, and Aronson, brother of the famous last year's team manager, showed much promise after replacing Ford in the end berth. Levine, Gowan, and Rittenberg also saw service in the line.

The backfield is for the most part light and fast, and will undoubtedly function with more finesse as the season progresses. Linehan plays quarterback, although Swartz called the plays in the huddle during the scrimmage, and Johnson, another speedy track man, is at right half, with Conaty at the other halfback position. Charley Pollina was at full, and got off some beautiful punts, as did Howie Lowenstein, who got into the game later. Broadhurst is also a very good prospect for the backfield, but was out of action with a sprained wrist. Some nicely executed forward passes, mostly from Conaty to Pollina or Pollina to Linehan, were worked to good advantage, and Pollina did some excellent ball carrying.

The team, with the almost total dearth of veterans that it suffered from graduation in June, showed up surprisingly well in the action Tuesday. There are many juniors and a few sophomore contenders for regular berths, who, though young and for the most part inexperienced, exhibited first class form, and who will without a doubt make a team with the remaining seniors well worth watching. The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 15—Revere at Brookline.
Oct. 22—Ringe at Cambridge.
Oct. 29—Cambridge High and Latin at Brookline.
Nov. 5—Somerville at Somerville.
Nov. 11—B. C. High at Brookline.
Nov. 24—Newton at Newton.

Seniors Entertain Freshmen At Girls' League Party

Friday, the twenty-first of October, brought the first of a series of three parties given by the senior advisers their respective freshman. Eleanore Saxe as Head Chairman, Hulda Phillips as chairman of the Refreshment Committee, and Marion Phillips as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, head the reception ably assisted by Cecilia Huberman, Marion Petersen, Barbara Gordon, Margaret Green, Helen Kulvin, Selma Kingsdale, Emily Klaus, Rae Harris, Marjorie Frank, Ruth Wolf, Edna Mattox, Charlotte Ginsberg, and Norma Marcus. It was decided to hold the three parties in the Girls' League Room, in preference to having one large party in the lunchroom, as the smaller the group, the more intimate the affair; the main purpose of the affair being to introduce the freshmen to one another, and to create a better understanding between the freshman and her senior adviser.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Silhouetted against the brilliant blue of the near-eastern sky, with its numerous mosques and their towering minarets was Constantinople, Stambul, that city of mystic charm. Almost breathlessly, our little American family stood, straining with all twelve eyes to take in more of the beauty and grandeur of the sun, as nearer and nearer, plainer and plainer, was *C-o-n stan sty, con stan sty, the people in the pople of the Constantinople.* Slowly the boat plowed its way into the harbour, past the sailboats and their gaudy, lovely sails, straight to the port of the enchanted city.

How glad we were to see land at last. For four days we had been literally fried, boiled, and baked in olive oil! Now we had just two precious days in Stambul. And with much hustle and bustle *always* involved in the gathering of our clan together, we were out on the wharf in record time. Under the nose of the sharp, eagle-eyed custom's officer, we were paraded. With an exclamation the officer grabbed Dad's arm and from a paper bag triumphantly pulled forth a wine bottle. Down the line he went, finding on each one a similar bottle encased in a straw covering. With much ado he placed them in a row on the counter, looking knowingly at Dad. Amid snickers from certain quarters and outright laughter from the rest of us, Dad picked up his bottle and gesticulating with all the power a professor of Hebrew in a theological seminary should, by all means, have at his command, finally made it clear that he wished the officer to smell our "wine". I shall never forget the look of disgust and chagrin that came over that officer's face. For it was nothing but water, plain, ordinary water, so efficiently bottled for our lunch by the Boat Company. So off we went . . . with our "wine"!

Waiting at the gates was a dear friend, a teacher at Robert College. She greeted us with open arms, her first friends for four years, and with a wonderful graciousness she placed herself at our disposal during the stay.

What a rare experience it was to visit mosque after mosque as we did. Walking around on the old, oriental rugs in our stocking feet, to save the expense of renting slippers for all six of us, we felt like Mohammedans of old. We sat down in a rather secluded spot and in the quiet and beauty watched the Mohammedans reverently bathing their feet entering the House of Allah. With no thought of anyone else they went through their unique custom of facing Mecca standing, kneeling, prostrating themselves, and, then, rising again, to say their prayers in deep sincerity. All the mosques were made differently. One was entirely of tiles, brilliantly colored yet blending into lovely blues, greens, and yellows. The loveliest of all was the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed I. When the mosque was being built, the Sultan asked that each minaret be gilded with gold. He was misunderstood, however, as gold and six are similar in Turkish. After the six minarets had been completed, they were all gilded in gold. From almost any point, they shine as beacons.

Although the streets may seem entirely Europeanized and without the desired charm, one can always find in the very old part of the city real Turkish life. The Bazaars are still Turkish. How those little, old merchants perk up when Americans come into sight! But their hopes must soon have faded after one real look at us. In their little stalls with the goods all bunched together, lazily smoking their long, curled pipes or chatting leisurely with their kindly, wrinkled-faced, white-haired, toothless fellow comrades how forcibly is portrayed the oriental in his disregard of time.

Just one experience for a while took the edge from our happiness. Just before supper time while we were hurrying along the crowded thorough fares Dad, while his two hands were occupied in holding tightly those of our two little boys, felt some one bang hard against his breast pocket, and when he looked down found that his pen and pencil set, given as a farewell gift by his students as he started out on his Sabbatical leave, was gone.

As I look back, it seems like a fairy story to remember eating lunch in a Turkish public garden, and even more so when I remember how we crossed from Turkey in Europe to Turkey in Asia. It was in a little rowboat and I can't describe the feeling of wonder and amazement to realize that we were no longer in Europe but Asia. The "Sweet Waters of Asia" it is called. We passed slowly by the wee, native villages and finally stopped just on the outskirts. We went exploring and came on a little village mosque covered with white wash, and behold as an invitation, the door leading to the top of the minaret was open! Braving the terrors of the unknown, leaving Mother in fear and trembling lest we might be found trespassing on sacred ground, the rest of us climbed to the top and had our picture snapped. And we were neither found nor harmed!

We sailed up the Golden Horn, as lovely as its name, and at midnight the second day sailed away from the "Mystic City" where and East and West meet.

JOKES

"I have a suit for every day of the week."

"Let's see them."

"This is it."

* * * *

"What's that freshman so stuck-up about?"

"Sh! Haven't you heard? They say he gave the football captain the measles."

The Interviewer

Well, first of all we'll take the editors of the SAG. Have you anything to say?

Editors (in chorus): "We, the editors, welcome this year's freshmen and any left over from last year to this great institution—especially those who insist on remaining with us after the fourth or fifth year."

* * * *

George Ware, as a piominent member of B. H. S., "What is you philosophy for the coming year?

Ware: "There's one thing about an electric refrigerator—it never spits tobacco juice all over the kitchen floor."

* * * *

"Laury" Lehneman, "How do you dismiss small time debtors?"

"Laury": "Begone, small change, before I spend thee."

* * * *

Mr. So and So: "What do you consider important news of the 1932 fall season?

Mr. So and So: "The Pierce-Palling romance is still going strong, to all outward appearances.

Eddie Walsh: "Why do you go out of your way to go by the marshal post outside of room No. 1.

Eddie: "Bsk L. L. H."

* * * *

"'Bachelor' Enwright, what has this ummer taught you?"

Enwright: "It is better to have loved and left than never to have loved at all.

* * * *

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R Colyum

Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All the scandal of Prominent Brookline Highlights and Playboys! Jordan Cohen was a peanut vendor a few years ago. That Eminent Thespian Eliot Silverman played in vaudeville. He was a hitching post in a Western scene. Jack Silverman is The Great Crooner in disguise. Olsen (not of Olsen and Johnson) dyes his hair red so he'll look like Eric the Red.

Heard in the Classrooms: English teacher: "What is a myth?"

Gilbert Golden, "A myth is a female moth.

Latin Teacher, "What is licet?

Red Perkins, "It's an ad for an all day sucker manufacturer."

German Teacher, "What is schwartz?"

Alexander Carol Landers, "Oh, he's a shot putter and a high jump man."

Kittenburg asks us this: If John Kovar climbed into Charlie Small's car would we see the Plymouth Rock?

The SAGAMORE should have some staff cartoonists. We could nominate some after the first few study periods.

The President has said, "What this country needs is a good poem." (Not the five cent variety.) What! ! Hasn't he seen that great opus of Hunt's?

The other day all the Tarzens in 131 were aching to leap out the window and join the small boy who was sporting in the tree outside.

Our Argus-eyed scouts report that Polina, our famed knight of the rumble seat, stumbled one day this summer and spilled not a drop of the six bottles of tonic he was carrying.

Anyone wishing to contribute to the fund that is now being collected to keep Feefer out of the presidential chair may give me any amount in lunch checks.

INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS LEADERS OF B. H. S.

George E. Mackey

Q. To what do you attribute your success?

A. My forefathers were Irish.

Q. What is your motto?

A. It's not what you know, it's who you know.

Q. What are you going to be when you leave this Hall of Learning?

A. Three guesses.

A. Did you mention President of the U. S.?

Q. What do you think of the present state of politics?

A. Well—(but you can hear this answer yourself by finding George sometime when you have plenty of leisure and feel in a good mood for listening far, far into the night.)

A DISSERTATION UPON BAKED BEANS

Boston, the Athens of America, is justly famous for many reasons: for instance the huge number of historical points surrounding and filling it; also, the renowned poets that have sprung from it, as, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, and many others. Still, it is famous because it is just Boston. It is a city with a homelike and friendly atmosphere of a small town. It is a city that was never built; it just happened. It has the quaintest most twisted, dearest old streets in the new world. They are full of unexpected turns and astounding curves. The stranger, straightway, finds himself hopelessly lost. He is here, however, only a short while when he succumbs to the city's charm and becomes an ardent admirer at the shrine of Boston. Thus is Boston famous. But hold — there is another reason, and a most important one, one known to everyone,—richman, poor man, beggarman, thief; in other words, to everyone in the country and a host of others outside the country, and that is *Boston Baked Beans*.

Speaking of delicious eatables, I think that baked beans are one of the most satisfying of all dishes even to the most censorious palate. I do not mean those half baked morsels, that are nicknamed baked beans but the genuine article that comes piping hot from the housewife's oven, such as it is known only in and about Boston. The city on a Saturday night presents a curious sight. The people hurry through the streets with a look of eagerness and expectancy written plainly on their features; the restaurants and bake shops do a thriving business on beans and brown bread, and everything is bustle and motion.

In every home there is a happy hungry gathering around the dinner table, which is laden with scalding hot coffee, hot brown bread and steaming mountains of baked beans, the sight of which causes an involuntary cheer from the younger members of the household. Everything is steaming, and the fragrant aromas battle for ascendance. These baked beans are served upon delicate china to the rich man, and we also find them heaped high on the laborer's rough homely dish, with a generous portion of chile sauce or piccalilli.

However these Boston Beans deserve much praise, for unlike those cuts of steak, of which the rich man is served the most delectable portions, while the poorer neighbor struggles with his tough remnants, baked beans are the least envious of banquets, they are all men's fare. They are no less provocative of the appetite of the poor than the rich.

"The world is as full of fools as a tree is full of leaves."

—*George Bernard Shaw.*

CHATTER

Mike Kadetsky chases out to Mattapan . . . it doesn't pay Mike, we know . . . Billy Lebowich is still taking care of the freshman girls . . . good ol' Santa! . . . when are we going to be assigned seats in the lunchroom? . . . it seems that if the art classes go in town to the museum the French classes ought to go Paris . . . oui? . . . One thing which marred last June's activities was the lack of a Senior Formal Dance—It seems strange that the Wealthy Towners could not put it over with—Chelsea and Memorial holding proms at the Copley or Ritz at $5.00 a throw.—Well this year things will be different—and we must not forget the SAG'S wonderful feat of pulling through the year with a plus balance. With our two groups of P. G.'s (post graduates and postponed graduations) this ancient and honorable institution is getting to resemble an old folks' home—"or sumpin".

And did you know—that Mert and Marge are mother and daughter in real life;—that it is rumored that Harry Richman wears a corset on the stage—thus the svelte physique;—that the famous Two Bit Club of Nantasket has opened a winter place on Huntington Avenue—and has a "swellegant orch",—that as we predicted last year red hair is in for a big season—that it has been suggested Iton Leon Feffer's bad arm is a fake.

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Phyllis (at dance)—"I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a splendid dancer as Guy!"

Irene—"He showed me some new steps and we sat on them."

BROOKLINE LOSES TO RINDGE, 24-0

(continued from page one)

Score: Rindge 12, Brookline 0.

"Scotty" Larkin went in for Pollina. Rindge kicks over the goal line. The ball is brought out to the 20-yard line. On the second down, Lewenstein kicks to Rindge's 45-yard line. Sullivan goes in for Litman at center. Rindge starts down the field. On laterals it had put the ball on Brookline's 20-yard line at the end of the quarter.

Second Quarter

Brookline intercepts a pass on Rindge's third down. Lewenstein kicks to Rindge's 45-yard line. Rindge again comes down the field, this time not to be denied. Continually pushing the Brookline line out of the plays, Rindge goes over for another touchdown. Their try for the exra point, a pass, was incompleted.

Rindge kicked off but was off side taking a 5-yard penalty and kicking over again. With Brookline failing to gain, Lewenstein kicks.

After an exchange of kicks, Brookline has the ball on her own 20-yard line. On the next play, Lewenstein makes 8 yards and is then forced to kick. The half ended with the ball in midfield.

Third Quarter

Brookline receives and Broadhurst catches the ball and laterals it to Schwartz who makes 10 yards. Brookline fumbles first play and Rindge does likewise. Brookline is forced to kick with Lewenstein getting off a beautiful punt from his own 20-yard line to Rindge's 25-yard line. Rindge unable to gain ground kicks to her own 47-yard line. On the third down Brookline fumbled the ball and a Rindge man recovered it. After an incomplete pass, Rindge kicks to Brookline's 35-yard line. Three plunges through the line gained 8 yards. On the third down, Rindge recovers a fumble on Brookline's 40-yard line. Rindge netted 7 yards through center. Ananis ran to Brookline's 15-yard line making a first down. On three plunges through Brookline's line Rindge made another first down bringing the ball to the 4-yard line. On the next play, Ananis plunged through the line for another touchdown. Ananis tries a spinner for the extra point but is stopped nicely by Bines.

Brookline again receives and Davidson brings it back to the Brookline 18-yard line. After the next play, Harding goes in for Landers who got a nasty crack on the head. On the third down a pass from Conaty to Schwartz was completed, putting he ball on Brookline's 47-yard line. Brookline tried another pass which was intercepted by Rindge.

Fourth Quarter

Rindge kicks, but is offside. Throws a pass to the 35-yard line. Two plunges through the center gains 8 yards. Two first downs brings the ball to the Brookline 15-yard line. Here Brookline holds the one strong defensive point of the game. Conaty intercepts a pass on the fourth down. Brookline, on a pass and an 8-yard run, makes a first down. With but a few minutes left, Brookline tries for a touchdown by passing and laterals. Another "statue of liberty" play netted a first down. Larkin makes a 7-yard run around left end. On her last play, Brookline tried her double pass, Conaty to Larkin to Lewenstein. The game ended with the ball on Brookline's 40-yard line.

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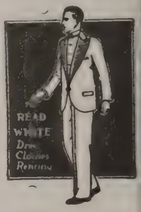

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 2 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 10, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

Former Sagamore Editor Heads World Veterans

BROOKLINE FALLS BEFORE SOMERVILLE

Red and Blue Unable To Score Against Opposition

HOLD OPPONENTS IN FINAL PERIOD; FINAL SCORE 28-0

Brookline High School's grid team uffered another reverse in its annual uburban League clash with the Somerville eleven at Dilboy Field last Saturay afternoon, going down before that ggregation by the score of 28-0. Somerville had just a little bit too much drive or the Red and Blue, and their ability o cash in on their scoring opportunity ut them well out ahead.

Somerville kicked off to Brookline and fter three downs, Lowenstein kicked to heir twenty-five-yard line. After two ne plays, Albernee of Somerville took he ball off tackle, sidestepped the whole Brookline team, and raced sixty yards own the side-lines for the first score. The point after was tallied by a placement kick. The rest of Somerville's cores were effected, mostly, by forward asses, and a safety following a blocked ick.

Brookline's only scoring chance, aside rom a last period rally, was near the nd of the first half: On third down,

(continued on page five)

ANNOUNCE RESULTS OF PRIZE SPEAKING TRIALS

The preliminaries for Prize Speaking were held on Monday, October 31. Those chosen for the semi-finals are as ollows: Martha Turner, Norma Green, Norma Nasmyth, Bernice Nayor, Marelle Hakin, Barbara Hannington, Peggy Barnett, Betty McKenzie, Esther Shain; he boys: Myron Wallace, Eliot Silverman, Jerome Grossman, Edgar Grossman, Harry Shooshan, Bruce Ehrmann, Richard Feinberg, Hanley Norins, Norman Hunt, Donald Graham, Leigh Dimond. These candidates are to report o Miss Hannon in the auditorium Thursday at 1:30 or 2:00 for general riticism.

The debating club for both girls and boys will have its first meeting in the Auditorium next Monday, November 7. This will be for the purpose of decidng on what day it is best for the ociety to meet and also to determine the ubject for the first debate.

ROGER BERNHARDT SENIOR PRESIDENT

Howard, Fox, Malone Also Elected

On Tuesday, October 11, at two o'clock a meeting of the senior class was held in the Auditorium for the purpose of electing class officers. The nominations were as follows:

President: Roger Bernhardt, Frederick Wiggin.

Vice-President: Elizabeth Howard, Norma Marcus, Marion Phillips, William Lett.

Secretary: Eileen McElroy, Doris Reimer, George Hartshorne, Warren Fox.

Treasurer: Jean McKillop, Joseph Malone, Telma Kingsdale, Theodore Bradley, William Devine.

The results of the election were announced at the next assembly. The officers of the class of 1933 are Roger Bernhardt, President, Elizabeth Howard, Vice-President, Warren Fox, Secretary, and Joseph Malone, Treasurer.

SCOTT CELEBRATION TAKES PLACE DURING BOOK WEEK, NOV. 14-19

Fine Work Expected to Make Event a Success

There could hardly be a more suitable subject for Book Week than the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's death. The great writer has in recent days been a little overlooked, perhaps underestimated, and the students will surely become more conscious and more appreciative of his works after this undertaking.

Many departments of the school are co-operating to make it a success. Mrs. Siebens, who evolved the entire plan, is the head chairman; beneath her are two committees of English teachers. One, composed of Mr. Downing, chairman, Miss Wilgoose, and Miss Johnson, is supervising the making of the display material. "Display material" sounds dull, but the actualities are well worth seeing—dolls in Scotch garb, dressed with the help of Miss Schwind's sewing classes, models of Abbotsford, striking posters, clever miniature stages representing scenes from Scott's books, literary maps of the Scott country, and a host more, equally as good. The Art Department, with Miss Parker at the

(continued on page five)

CHARLES HANN, JR., RECENTLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF FIDAC

CHARLES HANN, JR.

Taken on the deck of the S. S. Paris carrying him home from the Fidac convention which named him president, held at Oporto, Portugal.

Graduate of B. H. S., 1907 Harvard, 1911

NOW NEW YORK LAWYER

Commander Charles Hann, Jr., of New York, A. B., Harvard, 1911, who was graduated from Brookline High School in 1907, was recently elected American President of F. I. D. A. C. by the 13th Annual Congress held in Oporto, Portugal, which he attended as head of the American delegation.

Fidac has over 8,000,000 World War Allied ex-service men as members. Over 1,000,000 members of the American Legion belong to Fidac.

(Hann was an editor of the SAGAMORE for four years, president of 1907 for four years, and played on most of the athletic teams of B. H. S. for four years.)

The SAGAMORE is indeed honored to print the following letter from Mr. Hann in gracious response to a request of the SAGAMORE, telling something of the great organization which he represents.

"Dear Mr. Jewett:

"Fidac, made up of the initials 'Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants' the Interallied Federation of Ex-Service Men, is the great organization of veterans' societies of the allied countries in the World War. The American Legion with over one million paid up members is the society member of Fidac in the United States. Fidac has over 8,000,000 members.

"Fidac has splendid headquarters at 15 rue de Presles in Paris, France, and issues a beautiful monthly review of the five continents called 'Fidac'. A Congress is held annually in one of the capitals of the world for about ten days, when the delegates are the guests of the government and groups of ex-service men in the country having the Congress.

"The purposes of the Fidac include the maintenance, fostering and development of that spirit of comradeship which manifested itself on the battlefields of the World War of 1914-1918, fought in common for a common cause, and to use that comradeship in the cause of

(continued on page five)

GARDNER RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT BY JUNIORS

Logan, Jones, Hartigan Also Win

On Wednesday, Nov. 2, the junior class cast its ballots for class officers during auditorium period. On the afternoon of the same day, the votes were counted under the supervision of Mr. Downing. The successful candidates were: for president, Frank Gardner; for vice-president, Barbara Logan; for secretary, Cynthia Jones; for treasurer, Joseph Hartigan.

Although the president, secretary and treasurer were elected by overwhelming majorities, there was quite a battle for the vice-president's chair. Finally it was apparent that Barbara Logan led her opponents, Misses Leslie, Bradfield and Kinsman by a scant margin. It is to be hoped that the class of 1934 enjoys a successful season under its newly-elected leaders.

BOOKS

NOGUCHI

By Gustave Eckstein

Born of a drunkard father and a hard-working mother of the lower class of Japanese farmers, Hideyo Noguchi seemed destined to be a poor and ignorant farmer. At the age of eight he received a serious injury of the hand which made it impossible for him even to be a good farmer. However, the surgeon who operated upon his hand foresaw possibilities of a scholar in the lad, and sent him to school. He distinguished himself so much at the local *shogakko* (grammar school) that a dentist loaned him enough money to go on with his education. Noguchi continued to borrow money from the dentist until he had worked his way through high and medical schools and had come to the University of Pennsylvania in this country. At Penn. he did much research work with venoms of snakes, and was made a member of the Rockefeller Institute. Here he discovered a great deal in the field of seriology, working on many diseases. He went to Cuba, Peru, and Brazil, where he found serums for yellow fever. A few years after these discoveries he went to Africa to study the African yellow fever, where he caught the disease, and succumbed to it.

Noguchi was a worker, working thirty hours without rest at times when the subject which he studied absorbed his every thought. When one of his biographers had called him a genius, he answered, "There is no such thing as genius! There is only hard work. To be able to work three, four, five times harder than anyone else, that is genius."

Mr. Eckstein portrays a very human genius in Noguchi. Always borrowing money, and never returning it, we find him careless. Always concealing his crippled hand, we find him sensitive and vain. We find him ambitious to an extreme; but when we read that his head isn't turned by triumphal processions, friendly chats with royalty, or the praise of the great we can realize how modest he was.

Gustav Eckstein is a dentist by profession. So inspired was he by Noguchi's career that he passes the story on to us. After reading the book, one realizes how much admiration an author can have for his subject. Read Noguchi. You'll enjoy it.

ESCAPE

Escape by John Galsworthy proves the fact that he is a writer with a purpose. This play, as many of his other works, deals with some evil or injustice against which he protests.

Escape is the story of a convict who is arrested for manslaughter, which is his fault, indirectly. Due to the dense fog of the English moors, he is able to escape from prison. On the way to his destination, he starts a conversation about "the escaped convict" with each person he meets. When the conversation begins to get tense, he goes on. Finally, when the police are at his heels, Matt Denant gives himself up. He has realized that though one may be physically free, one can't escape from oneself.

THEN AND NOW

The Shailer Hall of the Brookline High School is filled to capacity this spring evening of 1898. It is the occasion of the students' annual dramatic presentation.

Ring up the curtain! The play is begun. A murmur of laughter is taken up by the crowd as a droll character appears. His antics receive warm response from the audience. Act two progresses. Playing their best, the actors find their efforts fully rewarded. End of act two! Lights, please! Now one may see the auditorium in its full splendor. What a fine assembly place—so modern! Lift up your eyes unto the ceiling—to those ornate beams. Look at the famous names—Virgil, Homer, Plato, Aristotle—*great* men!

Darkness descends. There is an expectant stir as the curtain rises on act three. See that woman down front, whose face shows such pride? *Her* Tommy is so wonderful!

Curtain! The final act is over amid a *burst* of applause.

It is 1932. The years have taken their toll of Shailer Hall. Its ornate ceiling rent, its polished floor now lined and furrowed, Shailer has become "The Hall of Sighs", where pupils bridge the gap between recitations. The stage is dark and abandoned. The laughter that once filled the room is reduced to snickers—and those on too slight provocation.

An approaching step is heard; spiked heels resound on the wooden floor. All heads turn to behold a member of the fair sex on a belated mission. Then she is gone, leaving in her wake—sighs.

ALUMNI NOTES

Howard Fox, '31, and Marcus Kallman, '32, are now attending the Boston Institute of Advertising.

Miss Pamela Montt, senior, departed for Santiago, Chile, South America, early in September for a stay of two years. Miss Montt will study down there, and every month will write an article for the SAGAMORE. Last year her poems and themes were greatly appreciated by the SAGAMORE and its readers. As all may recall Miss Montt was prominent in High School activities. As President of the Spanish Club in 1931-1932 she made a great success, and was popular in other circles. Her departure is greatly felt by all.

SOLITUDE

She sat alone in her tiny, unlighted parlor. Daylight was fading quickly. The sun had retreated hours ago, and the gloom of evening was softly spreading its mantle. A pervading chill of an autumn's eve had already penetrated the room. The ticking of the kitchen clock seemed noticeably loud. The stillness was ominous.

Somewhere, outdoors, the bark of a hungry dog, desirous of being admitted to his mother's castle, was heard. The paper boy, whistling cheerfully, deftly hurled the evening's news upon the verandah of the widow's simple abode, the slight sound of the flying missle's abrupt halt at the door, being magnified a thousandfold in volume.

The widow stirred from her lethargy. She had been weeping. Wrinkles of worry and sorrow of many years had found their way into the corners of her mild brown eyes. Scattered threads of silver seemed even more plentiful, in contrast to her black hair, once so gloriously raven-colored. Something had been scratching away timidly at her right foot. It was too dark to see what it was. She wiped her eyes, reddened by tears. She laid her head back upon the cushioned chair. That scratching persisted, less timidly. The widow sat up, and switched on the lamp, next to her. She looked down. A fluffy bit of fur was playing about at her feet, scratching and biting her rubber heels. She picked the kitten up tenderly, stroking its soft, velvet coat gently. The kitten wished to play. It moved its paws swiftly and gnawed at her fingers with feigned ferocity, the small bits of teeth hardly making an impression upon the widow's fingers. Her skin was hard and coarse. Washing and constant drudgery had done this. She continued to stroke the kitten. Finally, tired of receiving no resistance, the kitten snuggled into the crook of her arm and dozed. The widow stroked it abstractedly.

She stood up and walked slowly to the window. Leaves of ruddy brown, and crimson hue, were strewn along the road and walks. A bakery wagon rolled noisily past the house, the youthful driver singing away lustily, perhaps thinking of an appointment that night, with his lady fair. The widow sighed again. It was a youth's world. Youth had to be served and entertained. Oh, well . . . she had lived a full life, too. To be sure, it had not been enlightened by the golden rays of wealth, but she had been happy with John. His passing eight years ago had been a cruel blow to her. It had left her a burden of two helpless children. There had been a little insurance — just a little. The widow had gone to work, struggling, toiling, and oft-times, "moiling" over her lot. Yet she had clung to her task with a tenacity that betokened will — the will "to live and to let live".

Jean, her daughter, was married no Bill was a good husband, though. Slo witted and lacking in brilliance, neve theless he was a worker. She ha nothing to fear with Bill.

Eddie, the widow's son was throug with his long study of medicine. Th was a real, he-man's struggle. He d served his chance for success. T thought that it was necessary to set u in the East, near Boston, it was h right. But it was hard for her to thin of it — a bitter pill to swallow. No she was all alone. No one to talk t Perhaps in a few years Eddie woul build up a substantial practice and sen for her. But now, he was only startin in. He couldn't carry the burden c supporting her. She would be in th way.

Well, it was "the way of all flesh' she thought. The continuous struggl of life, in its unending cycle, was lik that. Children always "grow up", an go their way. Old folks must reconcil themselves to that fact, despite the bitte pangs of sorrow, and that feeling c emptiness and loss, which goes with i

It was sad to think of it, though. A her life, her best years, had been d voted in her children's behalf. No Jean was married — Eddie probabl would be, too. They all do . . . Sh sighed. Well, if that's the way it was t be . . . she'd grin and bear it, like Joh always did. He had called her "trouper", and she had always felt keen delight to hear him call her tha It was his favorite word for his idea

But, now she was alone. The nigh was gloomy and dismal. Its silence wa even less reassuring. The wido switched on the parlor light. She smile reflectively. Alone, yes, except for he dreams and . . . she stooped down an picked up her kitten, ruffling its so fur. She whistled cheerfully, alone wit her dreams — and her kitten.

Freshmen at Radcliffe Living in Brooklin

Agatha Barron
Dorothy Burt
Miriam F. Helpern
Jean MacMillan
Miriam R. Hurwitt
Margaret Malone
Ruth Markell
Barbara Mitchell
Carola E. Nasmyth
Mary M. Shanahan
Ruth Tichendorf
Hodee Waldstein

JOKES

Proud Mother—"My little daughte can spell her name backwards."

Bored Listener—"But she is so young What is her name?"

Proud Mother—"Anna!"

* * * *

First Fair Lady at Football Game— "Oh, look at the mud on the players How will they get it off?"

Second Fair Lady—"What do yo think the scrub team is for?"

GRIM CRACKS

Today's Scratches

"Here we are again, Happy as can e,—"

Here's the girls' new make-up song: 'Let's talk it over."

'Little Billy Lebowich, come blow your
horn,
Your car's at the cross-roads, your
brake lining's worn.
But Little Billy Lebowich makes nary
a peep,
Soon you'll see him under a tomb-stone
fast asleep."

* * * *

Eddie Rae has written a new book, 'How To Make Beer." In his book, Ir. Rae gives many helpful hints to the ome-brewer. A very interesting feaure of Mr. Rae's book, is his discusion of the foamless beer situation and is proven formula for it.

* * * *

Latest Developments from the Race Tracks

Seven Years' Itch
Athlete's Foot
Swedish Match
Bon Ami

Wanted: A gag for one of the cheeraders. (N. B.)

"Now I know how Dad felt when is country club was disbanded" said e senior on his graduation from . H. S.

* * * *

She washes behind her ears, but you ould see her neck.

Miss B—— has an uncanny way of etecting gum-chewers.

A Yiddish Cowboy's Dictionary:
Broncs—A section of New York.
Cattle—A pot used for cooking.
Colt—What you catch from sitting in draft.
Corral—A sort of shell.
Mare—The head of a town.
Ox—Ask.
Rodeo—Used for listening to broadsting stations.

* * * *

By special permission of S. H. M. It is said that a certain party, living the Beacon Street end of Tappan eet, passes out gum each morning. e wonder if he's trying to gum up the rks.

* * * *

Seen in "Bald-Headed Row," "Bill" annagan with a pair of opera glasses.

* * * *

Miss B—— (after Bible reading): ed, what would a land flowing in milk d honey be like?
Daley: Sticky!

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

The new offices of the Guidance Department in Room 23 were formally opened Monday, October 31. The following six teachers: Mrs. Henderson, Miss Greenshields, Miss Liden, Miss Nickerson, Mr. Newsom, and Mr. Barnes have been assigned one period each day as counselors. Five of these counselors have definite assignments with the freshman groups according to the periods. Mr. Newsom has special counselor work in connection with THE SAGAMORE and with any members of the student body interested in journalism or any department of newspaper work.

The method of making appointments with either the counselor or the director has been much simplified. Hereafter, any student desiring to arrange for a definite appointment will find it very easy to do so by presenting himself to Miss Reynolds, the secretary, in Room 23 and making his assignment at that time. This avoids the sending of appointment cards to the home rooms and removes an extra responsibility from the shoulders of the home room teachers.

CHESS CLUB MAKES POOR START FOR COMING YEAR

The first meeting of the Chess Club proved a sorry disappointment for all concerned. From this vast school of some eighteen hundred students, but five members were present. The outlook was anything but encouraging. The second, third, and all the following meetings were as discouraging. Urgent pleas have been put forth in several bulletins and the members have done all in their power to discover new candidates. All efforts are in vain. Enthusiasm is greatly lacking and it seems nigh to impossible to provoke any. The attitude that is found in many chess players in the school is one of total unconcern. This is a very poor aspect. It tends to show sluggishness in the minds of the students. Chess is the finest, the most mind-developing game that can be played in this present age and time. It teaches the fine points of strategy, of attacks and counter-attack, and the art of defense.

At present there are only six active members in the Chess Club. These are as follows: Henry Urrows, George Ware, Hanley Norins, Melvin Chalfin, Frank Gardner, and Norma Nasmyth. We hope to compete with other schools in the near future but as long as the spirit of good competition remains in the scope of things yet to learn, with the students, this hope seems very small. The Chess Club puts forth one more urgent appeal for interest in the club. Any person that knows anything at all about the game of chess or is interested in any way in the club please attend the next meeting of the Chess Club in Room 124, Friday at 1:30. Let's all make a great attempt to improve the Chess Club.

PERAMBULATING PENCILS

When I think how easy it is to write a column for the SAGAMORE I wonder why many more students do not enter this field. Just listen to the prominent radio funsters; faithfully peruse the comic periodicals; think of a mean remark that may be made concerning a friend; write the result and a column has been composed. Anyone who can remember ancient jokes and who has a multitude of friends about whom and with whom to gossip is fitted for this profession. Any other person needs only to remark the flash of an O'Ryan through the firmament of school life. Although this genus of O'Ryan does not supply us with perpetual argument as does its heavenly relative it provides a spicy bit of news for a strip.

Perhaps it will help to discuss a few of the prominent authors and their methods. Mr. Urrows asserts that his most profound ideas come to him while he is in the arms of Morpheus. Surely you have seen even this modern Rip Van Winkle stealthily peeking at the humor sheets. You must have noticed George Rittenberg ferreting news from his cronies. Have you not remarked the appearance of John Grandfield at psychological moments? Can't you do this too? Follow the examples of these men and become a famed news expert.

Only think of the sheets that have been filled with the humorous adventures of High School boys. Have you not seen an entire column built around one of King David's puns? Balance against this effortless work the days of heart-rendering toil demanded by one short story. Remember the barely avoided brain storms while you struggled with that stubborn plot. Then, after all your labour, what is the reward? You know that everyone brushes aside the stories to read at once the gossip columns.

Leave the laborious work of story writing! Buy a pair of gum shoes, secure an old hat and abandon yourself to the pleasure of column writing! Add some joy to the dull business of literary work! Get the thrill of being a renowned tattler!

Upon Crossing the Ocean

We were three days out,
And nothing was there to see,
But the sea, the glorious sea!
We went down at dinner-time
And from the windows looked,
I went to sleep at night
And in the morning woke,
And from my porthole glanced
But what was there to see?
The sea, the blue-green sea!
Oh! the lakes, they may be big!
And the bays, they may be large!
But I have been where there's naught
to see,
But the sea, the open sea!

ART DEPARTMENT PLANS NEW PROJECT

For the last few weeks the Juniors and Seniors of the Art Appreciation Classes have been making excursions to the Museum of Fine Arts and the Fogg Museum of Cambridge. On these trips, they took special note of the works of various celebrated artists; namely, John Sargent, famous for his portraits, and Dodge Macknight, whose water colors are renowned. Thus they have been able to mark the contrast between them. Miss Hale, who is in charge of these pilgrimages, together with Miss Parker and Miss Horn, contemplates a visit to the Widener Library of Harvard, where the class will inspect several of Sargent's masterpieces. The purpose of these excursions, is to acquaint the pupils with the works of well known artists, and to show that art may be found at home.

Miss Hale tells of the life of one of our most famous portrait painters.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

On January 12, 1856, in Florence, Italy, was born one of the most eminent painters, if not of the world, then certainly of America. John Singer Sargent was an American who was born in Italy, looked like a German, painted like a Spaniard, and spoke like an Englishman. His training in his chosen field began early in life when he used to accompany his mother, herself an accomplished artist, on sketching trips in and around Rome.

"You may begin as many sketches each day as you want to," she told her small son, "but you must *complete* one."

Growing up, surrounded by the best that cultured Italy had to offer, with parents whose interest in the fine arts was keen, it is not to be wondered a that Sargent, with his brilliant mind and inherited abilities, found an outlet for his tireless energy in the field of art.

At 18, Sargent entered the studio of Carolus Durau in Paris. A painter of decided ability, Durau taught his pupil "how to handle his brushes in a workman-like manner, how to draw and model with knowledge, and he taught him above all other things to keep his eye on the object when he was painting, *to make sure of his facts.*" Study the mural decorations that cover the walls and ceiling of Sargent Hall in the Boston Public Library, as well as the murals in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and see how well he learned his lesson.

An interesting story is told of one of the many women who came to the painter for a portrait. During a rest period, Sargent noticed that the woman twisted her mouth into all sorts of grimaces in an effort to make it appear better than it was.

"Never mind, Madame," said the keen Sargent. "Perhaps we had better leave it out altogether."

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on Wednesday from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and mailed or brought to the SAGAMORE office, or deposited in the SAGAMORE box in the library. No copy will be accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXIX NOVEMBER 10, 1932 No. 2

Masterpiece or Maze

We are all artists, constantly painting away on our canvas of life. With few exceptions, everyone of us had before him on the day he was born a vast canvas, clean and unblemished, which extended through the years. Every little action, every little word we spoke, from the day when proud parents became prouder because we had spoken our first, was a stroke of the brush on that canvas.

There were a few unfortunates, however, and there always will be a few, who were forced to work on a defective canvas, which bore an ugly streak across it when it was given to them. In spite of this, some have been able, and will be able, to work this mark into the picture cleverly enough, so as not only to be able to hide it as a glaring flaw, but even to make it appear and blend as part of the finished product.

To be sure, we shall find that in all our work are foreign brushstrokes, not made by us, for it is a law of God that no living thing shall be utterly independent from the rest. But we are able to control, to a greater extent than we imagine, the trend of those strokes; also we are able to determine by whose hand they shall be made. We are far from bing absolute masters of our lives, but we are rulers of them insofar that we are able to make them successes or failures.

When the time comes to look back over the panorama for which we ourselves are responsible, shall we see a masterpiece of well-chosen, well-blended hues, or shall we see a maze of ill-fitting, confused, incongruous colors? It's up to us!

Student Support

In order that a school, any school, have a successful athletic team the student body must be solidly behind their team. Some people have the false opinion, that the team plays for the coach, for the school, for the crowd, or for the alumni. My first point of view is that it plays more for the student body than for any other reason. Clean, wholesome rooting by a united student body, enthusiastic and whole-heartedly supporting their team, is greater than the average observer may recognize. The student body must be taught that this is a team reflecting their spirit and expressing the thoughts, wishes, morale, hopes, and fears, of the entire student body. In late years, sad to relate, there has been a marked decrease of school spirit in Brookline High. At the games this season there has been a decided lack of co-operation between the stands and the cheer leaders, they are out there to lead us in cheering our team to greater efforts, it may not be the best team we have had representing the school, but it's our team and it is out there striving, fighting, giving its all for us. Come get out there! Get out there, show them that you believe in them, that you have faith in them, that you are back of them.

Expressions of a Pessimist

Criticize us if you will, but after a few years of sad experience in this school, here are the results of our observations of the typical student (Ah! that banal phrase) of B. H. S.—: He wishes he were a marshal in order that he might be legally able to leave his classes early. He regrets the necessity of spending a half hour in assembly when he might be studying, yet in a study period he fritters away most of his time. He criticizes the school in general, the headmaster, the necessary regulations the lunchroom, and his teachers in particular, and yet he offers no constructive suggestions. If he receives a low rank on an examination, his teacher is "tough". If his rank is high, his teacher is a "snap". He attends football games because there is little else to do. If he does happen to go he refuses to cheer with the cheer-leaders. He criticizes both the team and the school band, yet he attempts to join neither. At class meetings he does his best to disturb the peace so that matters cannot properly be attended to; yet when the election results are announced, he is the first to derogate his class officers. He pokes fun at the SAGAMORE and every concerted effort of the school as a body, yet he neither helps nor supports them in any manner whatsoever.

Now, of course, there is no one student whom the description given above fits entirely, but look closely. What part of it fits you?

Bedlam Let Loose

Someone said, "The corridors of B. H. S. sound like bedlam let loose!" Did you ever feel that way? Or have your ears become accustomed to the roar? or perhaps deafened by it? The lunchroom sounds like the boiler-room of a factory. Pause in the midst of your lunch, and listen. You'll be surprised! If we made half as much noise in the football stands, the team would be invincible!

New York City spends thousands of dollars each year in fighting noise. We cannot spend money in this way, but we can stop and think about this problem, and then act. If each one of you who reads this will talk more quietly in school and save your voices for the Newton game, we will have less noise in the corridors and better football.

Did you ever realize that Prize Speaking is another outlet for vocal energy? Learn when to raise your voice.

MR. HARBOUR DESCRIBES THE BASQUES IN LETTER RECEIVED BY SOPHOMORE

[Editor's Note: The following is a letter received from Mr. Harbour, B. H. S. English teacher and last year's faculty adviser of the Sagamore, by Norma Nasmyth. Mr. Harbour is travelling in the Old World, and this letter comes from the country of the Basques on the border of France and Spain near the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenees.]

I am now in the land of that fascinating and mysterious people, the Basques. But you may well ask why mysterious, so let me set down for you a few of the mysteries about them. In the first place, they speak a language that is unlike any other in the world, having not the slightest relation with that of the French or Spanish with whom they have been living for centuries. No scholar has ever been able to trace any kindred language in our world today. The only word in common usage that I can find that has the slightest kinship with one of the other languages is, significantly enough, that for mother, which is amma.

(Continued to page six)

Soliloquy

By Donald Graham

Odd's end! Life is surely some puzzle
And yet, should I spend my hours
Trying to eke it out,
And fit the pieces together to make sense
There are those who would laugh,
And point their fingers to their heads,
And look wise.
Concerning one's lead over one's life,
It has been said "a half's too much an
a third's too little."
My disputations over such a thing
publicly
Would but make for greater jest at m
expense.
Still, would I oppose this opinion.
My life will be proof against it,
But then, my days being run, 't will b
too late . . . for me.
Truly, too many persons watch their fe
And find material existence,
Rather than looking at the stars
To satisfy the longing of their spirts.
This enigma is very beautiful,
Would seek out its beauty:
And all its loveliness is one word:
"unselfishness."
Here lies the secret of the macrocosm
Every good thing springs from it, giv
birth
To a universe of intangible things!

IMPROVED BROOKLINE ELEVEN FALLS BEFORE CAMBRIDGE-LATIN, 6-0

Swartz Red and Blue Star

A vastly improved Brookline High eleven was edged by a somewhat stronger Cambridge-Latin team at Tech field last Friday, October 28, by a score of 6-0.

The Cambridge score came early in the second period terminating a forty-yard march begun late in the first period. Many times the Cambridge backs were stopped by the raging mad Brookline forward wall and secondary. With the Cantabs' march supposedly stopped as a result of a Cambridge fumble recovered by Cambridge on the Brookline twenty-four-yard line, eighteen yards back of the first down flag, the wealthy towners suffered a slight let-up and a Cambridge pass was completed for twenty yards. Again Brookline was on its toes and held for three downs but Crawley finally managed to sprawl over for the touchdown. On the try for the point-after, the Brookline forward line rose in its might, surged forward, swept aside the Latin forward line, and with avengeance smothered that same Crawley ley many yards behind the goal line.

The score: Cambridge-Latin 6, Brookline 0.

After "galloping" Howie Lewinstein had run back the Cantabs' kick-off fifteen yards, Brookline opened up her passing attack. The first pass "Chuck" Polina threw went straight into the arms of Alan Swartz for fifteen yards but this cleverly executed play was nullified by an offside penalty. Cambridge-Latin rallied her forces and Brookline was forced to kick. With decision, Lewenstein lifted a beautiful kick for forty yards which was downed by the fleet-footed Swartz on the Cambridge thirty-yard line.

Cambridge was lucky to get off the following kick for the indomnitable Swartz and the squirmy Joe Ford were in like lightning and almost blocked it. As it was, the kick travelled for only twenty yards and Agurkis snatched it from the air and raced for what seemed to be a sure touchdown only to stumble and fall, as a deep sigh rose from the Brookline stands.

With five minutes to play for the half, Swartz called a play which looked at first peculiar but which developed into clever strategy. The play was a quick kick by Lewenstein and so caught the Cantabs by surprise that the ball travelled forty yards before the Cambridge safety man got his hands on it. While he in turn was tackled immediately on grabbing the ball. The kick back was short and when the battle smoke had cleared, Brookline was discovered to have made a net gain of seventeen yards. "Chuck" Polina shot pass after pass to Swartz, Agurkis and Joe Ford in the closing minutes of the first half only to have them either nullified by penalties or by incompletion. The whistle ending the first half barred Brookline's only scouring opportunity of that period.

The third quarter did not present many thrills and the play remained fairly even. The defensive work of Joe Ford and Agurkis and the success of Brookline's "statue of liberty" plays featured this period. But the one everlasting thrill it did produce was that history-making tackle which Jim Sullivan made, one of the most spectacular tackles seen in schoolboy competition this fall.

The fourth period saw the Fitzgerald men take the air, shooting a dazzling array of forward passes, lateral passes, and forward-laterals combined. The most successful of these was the one from "Chuck" Polina to Alan Swartz to Jackie Davidson which garnered eleven yards. But penalties prevented the Brookline cohorts from getting into scoring position and Lewenstein then booted a thirty-five-yard kick which on being fumbled by a Cambridge-Latin man was recovered by Swartz. It was Brookline's ball on the Cambridge thirty-yard line. But the next play, a bullet pass, was snatched away by a Latin player from high one which was downed on the Brookline forty-eight-yard line. As a result of a penalty and a completed pass, Brookline found itself on the Cambridge-Latin forty-five-yard line, first down, ten to go. Two passes by "Chuck" Polina were incomplete and Brookline was penalized five yards, a "statue of liberty" play gained little against a now "wise" Cambridge team. With the incompletion of the next pass, the game ended two would-be receivers, who brought the snitcher down on his own thirty-five-yard line. So was Brookline's second scoring opportunity lost.

Unable to move, Cambridge booted a

VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM DEFEATS WINCHESTER

Second Team Loses

Brookline High School has now the distinction of having hockey tunics for the first varsity players. These were worn at the game with Winchester at Winchester, Monday, October 24. Because of the new uniforms, if for no other reason, Brookline's first team was victorious over the Winchester eleven, 1-0, Ellin Dowling scoring the goal in the first half. The second team bowed to Winchester, 0-1. This year there are two sophomores on the first varsity. These are Genevieve McPhee, i. and Norma Nasmyth, g.

The new uniforms include red socks and sweat shirts, navy blue belted tunics and berets with red feathers.

Members of the first team are attending the annual Field Day at Newton. This year there will be no honorary junior All Boston hockey team.

FORMER SAGAMORE EDITOR HEADS WORLD VETERANS

(continued from page one)

peace. Ex-Service men are informed how to know one another better so that they may better understand one another.

"The Fidac stands aloof from all political parties or sectarian denominations, but one of its objects is to review with impartiality the great problems to be solved by the different countries, especially by the countries affiliated with the Fidac. Its constitution is as democratic as the constitution of its component members. It desires to make known the program, the life and works of the member associations.

"It supports the government of its constituent countries and is determined to help those governments in any way that lies within its power to see that in so far as possible justice is meted out to the war disabled, the widows and orphans, to help in the maintenance of law and order and generally to assist in obtaining as full a realization as may be possible of the results of the victory achieved in common.

"Many constructive things have been accomplished by Fidac in the interest of world peace, and it consistently strives to remove friction between allied nations, through unofficial explanations and contacts of responsible citizens and officials. It combats national or international false news and anti-allied campaigns.

"Fidac recalls the sacrifices and efforts of the Fidac countries during the World War, and keeps reverently the memory of the Dead. It strives to instruct the younger generation in respect to a better understanding among the peoples of the World.

"Hoping the above data is what you desired, I am

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES HANN, Jr.,
B. H. S., 1907.

The following is Mr. Hann's record as it appears in "Who's Who in America—1932-1933"

"HANN, Charles, Jr., lawyer; b. Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 7, 1888; s. Charles and Annie (Sykes) H., brother of George R. H. and Francis H.; A. B., Harvard, 1911, Carnegie Foundation fellow in internat. law, 1912-13; A. M., LL. B., Columbia University, 1915; m. Lucy Cotton Thomas, Feb. 7, 1931. Admitted to N. Y. bar, 1915, and later to bar U. S. Supreme Ct., admitted to Bar of Calif., 1932,; began practice in N. Y. city; deputy attorney gen. of N. Y. 1920 sr. member of firm of Hann and Rapp; dir. Triune Realy Corpn., Rober Paterson, Inc. Served in U. S. Navy, 1917-19, advancing to lt. comdr., put U. S. S. *Edorea* in commission, organized and directed Officers' Material Sch. (deck) and in charge sea training 4,250 naval officers for troop and cargo transports operated by U. S. Navy (4 mos. training for commissions instead of customary 2 yrs. for licenses). Named by Gov. Miller to represent state of N. Y. at ceremonies incident to burial of Unknown Soldier, at Arlington, Va., 1920. Del. to Internat. Congress of Interallied Veterans' Federation, Warsaw, 1926, Bucharest, 1928, London, 1927, Belgrade 1929, Lisbon & Oporto, 1932, (chairman). Mem. Am. and N. Y. State bar assns., New York County Lawyers' Assn. Harvard and Columbia law sch. assns. (life), Maritime Law Assn. of U. S., Republican County Com., Mil. Order World War, (past Comdr.), Naval Order U. S. American Legion (nat. exec. com.), Navy Post, N. Y. Soc. Mil. and Naval Officers of World War (Perpetual), Army and Navy Union of U. S. A., Forty and Eight, National Security League, Republican Service League (treas.) etc. Decorated Officer Legion of Honor (French); Order of Crown (Italian). Republican. Episcopalian. Clubs: Harvard, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Harvard Law Club, Economic, Ends of the Earth (Life), Fidac (V. P. 1932—, New York Yacht, Block Hall, University, Army & Navy of America, Pershing Hall (Paris), Embassy, National Republican, Propeller, Harvard Varsity, Columbia Varsity "C". Presented with loving cup by Harvard football players, 1912, by undergraduates of Columbia, 1914. Hon. mem. Boy Scouts, Amer. Soc. French Legion of Honor, Bankers, Bd. of Trade, Hasty Pudding, Constitution Is. Assn. (Life), Brit. Grt. War Vets. (Hon. Mem.) Rep. Club of the 15th Ass. Dist., Army Ath. Assn. Home: 8 East 92nd St. Office: Hann & Rapp, 60 Wall St., New York, N. Y."

BROOKLINE LOSES 28-0

(continued from page one)

Lowenstein faded way back, and after shaking off a few would-be tacklers, heaved a high, beautiful, fifty-yard pass down the center. Adams, who had raced out the second the ball was centered, leaped up into the air and snared it at about the Somerville eighteen-yard line. He ran five yards to the ten-yard line, where he was tackled hard by two Somerville men. As the teams lined up again, the whistle blew for the end of the half, and with it Brookline's hopes of scoring went glimmering. Incidently, Adams was hurt on the play, but he was soon fixed up and running around again.

A fairly large group of rooters went with the team to Somerville, but next week's game is at home, and we hope there will be a large crowd to cheer the team on in its last game before the Thanksgiving clash at Newton.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
—*Keats.*

* * * *

"Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written all over this great world of
ours."—*Longfellow.*

MR. HARBOUR DESCRIBES THE BASQUES IN LETTER RECEIVED BY SOPHOMORE

(Continued from page four)

But in so much besides language they are unique among peoples. Although now highly civilized, they have customs, manners, and traditions belonging to the most remote ages—to patriarchal times. Unique is the right word, for one of their marked characteristics is the respect, almost the worship, directed to a father of a family. A son of sixty years feels himself just as much bound to respect the wishes of a father of ninety as he did when a boy of sixteen. When the father dies, the oldest child, either son or daughter, always becomes the one and sole heir, it being understood, of course, that the mother be provided for first of all. The other children inherit absolutely nothing and must make their own way in the world.

Other strange and almost primitive traits: in most families, the women never sit down at the table with the men, but wait on them even to the boys, who sit aligned in the order of their ages. When the men have finished, the women take their meal together. Yet far from feeling oppressed, they seem to me remarkably contented. Divorce is practically unknown among them.

In church, too, the men and women sit separately, the men in the three high galleries reached by stairs from the outside of the church, the women in the main body of the church below.

Physically, they are, I am sure, the finest looking race in Europe today. No race in the world is hardier, sturdier, more vigorous. Every man of them seems an athlete and often is. Some of you will have heard of the great tennis champion, Barotra the "Bounding Basque," but they excel in all kinds of sports,—above all, in their favorite of all, the national sport, their baseball, the "pelota."

If I should be asked to name their most outstanding trait of character, it would be, perhaps, first, their ceneration for old customs and traditions, and after that, a proud interest. This pride manifests itself for one thing, in the regard for their personal appearance. Women are famed for the good taste and refinement of their dress. Even in the remotest towns and villages they appear on Sunday, dressed in the latest modes of Paris, but always simply and without exaggeration. In fact, it is commonly said, and I can attest to the truth of the saying, that they dress in far better taste, with far better judgment and sense of style, than the women of Paris. The men, too, on Sunday afternoons are marvels of neatness and elegance, in speckless and carefully pressed white trousers and white "espargatas" (like our sneakers), blue jackets and the invariably dark blue beret (which other men and women of other countries have tried to adopt from them, often with sad results).

But this citing of manners and customs is a bit encyclopedic, so let me enliven matters by telling you a conjecture as to their origin that I have read in the most recent account of them from a book I bought in Bayonne, the metropolis of this region. For two centuries the scholars of Europe have debated as to their origin. Their latest conjecture, backed by a respectable show of evidence, is that they are the sole survivals of a superior race of men that inhabited the long-lost continent of Atlantis, that ages ago, sank beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, leaving only the peaks of its highest mountains in the Azore Islands of Portugal, above water. This would account for their uniqueness and differences in more particulars than I can possibly recite, from all other peoples. The only other conjecture that is thought worthy of respect, is that the Basques are autochthonous. To save you running to a dictionary, I will tell you that the word means, belonging to the soil, or native to a particular region. In this case, it would mean that the Basques have always, since the Stone Age of Mankind occupied just their corner of Southern France and Northern Spain that they occupy today. The miracle remains that they have kept their individuality, their customs, their language intact in all the floods of immigration, of invasions, of colonization that have flowed over and through their country for more than twenty centuries.

Have you ever read the story of the Horn of Roland, one of the most famous of the annals of European Romance—how a thousand years ago when the enemy of the great Charlemagne was retreating from Spain into France, the rear guard, composed of the flower of his knights and commanded by his beloved nephew, the peerless Roland—crown of chivalry, was set upon in the dark and narrow pass of Roncevalles in the Pyrenees by mysterious savage foes and annihilated; and how Roland, fighting to the end, last survivor of his knights, when at the point of death blew a despairing blast on the great horn, a gift from his uncle, the emperor, to summon him to his aid in case of dire need; and how this blast was heard "even to Fonterobbia on the sea," where it wakened the sleeping Charlemagne, who made desperate haste, marching through the night to come to his nephew's aid, but arrived too late when he and all his knights lay dead. It is a famous tale for long centuries a favorite with minstrels, troubadours, and their audiences.

It is now generally recognized by historians that these "mysterious savage foes," that set upon the army of Roland, rolling great rocks down upon their men from the heights of the Pyrenees, were the Basques of those days, direct ancestors of those among whom I am now living, resenting then as now, any threat to their proud independence.

I have always thought that Sunday was more perfectly spent among the Basques than anywhere else in the Modern World.

To conclude and to bring this too informative letter to an end with a definite picture, I will write you an account of how last Sunday passed in Bidart, a typical Basque village, between this town and the world famous seaside resort of elegant aristocracy, Biarritz. Bidart is set on a high hill-slope in a jumble of white houses, and of salmon pink houses, and of ocre yellow houses, of dark laths over plaster, high with old balconies in front, grouped about a snow white church that looks as much like a fortification as a house of worship. From the balconies of these houses, the people can look off in one direction over wide valleys, with scattered red-tiled farm houses, to the rampart wall of the Pyrenees, and in the other direction to the magnificent blue expanse of the Bay of Biscay, lined with tawny bluffs, curving to the dim blue mountains that stand about San Sebastian in Spain.

At six o'clock in the morning the bell of the church was clanging joyously, and at seven o'clock most of the inhabitants were gathered in the little church at early morning mass, or if not at this one, at the grande mass at ten o'clock, at which time the sonorous voices of men and the clear high voices of women and children (for the Basques are notable singers) sounded from the open windows through the all but empty market place of the village. At both masses any number of the villagers could be seen making their way to the graves of their families in the churchyards to offer prayers. From then until the time of the noon-day meal, the women and the men visit together before the two village taverns in the shade of the pol- girls were busy in their kitchens, while larded palm trees, or formed groups about a pair of their superb cream-colored oxen, or a cow, or a horse, criticizing or admiring.

By two in the afternon the game of Pelota was on. Pelota is a kind of handball played in an open court against a painted wall. Every smallest Basque village has one of these courts, generally close by the church. At least one player on each team, the most important one, wears strapped to his right forearm, an odd trough-shaped basket glove, the cliestra, over a foot long. The marvels of agility and quickness performed by the skilled players in the course of a game are incredible, especially when the ball falls behind a player, and he without the slightest turn judges its position, catches it in his basket glove and hurls it back against the wall with tremendous force and in such a way that its rebound will embarrass his opponents' efforts to catch it.

This game of pelota, of succeeding game after game, occupied the entire afternoon, while the older men, champions of the past, stood in interested groups, commenting, praising, decrying. The small boys scampered in flocks after the balls that flew out of bounds, and the women and girls, such as were not spectators of the pelota game, group in doorways and windows, enjoying the age-old recreation of their sex. Late in the afternoon or early in the evening, appear musicians, generally three, one with a flute or a flageolet, one with a little drum, and last Sunday the third had an accordion. These take their places on a wooden platform that is dropped into the pelota court, and dancing begins, dancing of fandango and saltillas, and strange running and leaping dances on the paved court. When the number of dancers becomes too large, they overflow into the market place. This dancing continues all evening long, until after midnight even, if there is a full moon laying its path of silver over the Bay of Biscay below, or rendering visible the mountainous wall of the Pyrenees.

That is the Basques' idea of a perfect Sunday and I very strongly tend to agree with them.

Hot Cha!

What prominent Brookline footbal player after a recent Roxbury fiasco, decided that home products are the best now we see Muriel Baer riding in hi front seat each morning, noon and night

Concerning that sweet young one referred to in last issue:—We thought i was too good to last, Paul.—In case you haven't heard the true story about the bust up, here it is: It seems that she was escorted to school by six ardent swains one morning not so long ago. Did Paul try to lay down the law that evening! She is now "trying somebody else" while Paul wears a long face. We wonder if "they'll be back together again".

My, my! did you see the water-works that Miss Bluestein turned on after getting a C in Latin!

Georgian Notes:

You should have heard "Laurie" Daniels bawled out by the Management the other night for sliding trays down the rail. Tut, tut! Lawrence, remember the Georgian is an Institution.

Lapin trying to figure out whether a cup of coffee and a piece of toast would cause him to lose that girlish figure.

"Sheik" Hartstone and Co. may be seen most any Friday at 11:45.

All those socially inclined should keep away from E. B. Says Carol Landers.

The Girls' League reports that two of its most prominent members, Harry Dongel and Paul De Bruiel are out for football.

If a certain senior would put gas in his car he would be saved several embarrassing moments.

RED CROSS NEWS

The Red Cross, an active part of the school life, is well on its way to a successful year. Students have contributed generously to the fund during the first part of the annual drive for help; already many toys have been repainted; soon the girls will make surgical dressings; and the possibility has been discussed of renewing the First Aid course which proved so popular last year.

In the meetings already held, the uses for the money collected, as well as means for gaining more, were debated, and Warren Fox and Mildred Friedman, the members in the Metropolitan Chapter, were chosen as delegates to the local conference which met on Monday, October 24, at the Country Club.

The Red Cross assembly, which was carefully planned by Miss Smith, included a short address by her in which she reviewed the purposes and accomplishments of the Juniors, besides a talk by Mrs. Newman of the Metropolitan Chapter. She illustrated this with very interesting slides of the National Headquarters at Washington, D. C., and the work of many foreign members.

Here is a truly good cause to which you can give your time and material aid; your recompense is the companionship of other Juniors, and the feeling that "all's well with the world" which comes when you have helped some unfortunate.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Hallowe'en party in the Girls' League Room and vicinity was very successful this year. Naoma Blake was in charge and was ably assisted by Frances Bowser and Deborah Kinsman.

The girls paid one cent to duck for apples or eat a doughnut off a string. In the other rooms adjoining the Girls' League Room, witch stories were told and by the weird sounds coming from this room it was judged very successful. In another room tricks were played, such as filling a bottle, which is on your head, with beans. The older girls were very glad to see so many freshmen at the party. Marshmallows were toasted at the fireplace—something new this year.

The next party is the Thanksgiving party and all the girls are asked to give their full support at this affair.

STAMP GOSSIP

by Paul P. Hochberg

Two three cent postage stamps were put on sale at Washington, D. C., October 25th: Namely the Daniel Webster stamp, on sale the 24th of October at Franklin, Exeter, and Hanover, New Hampshire; also the William Penn stamp, from Chester, Pa., and New Castle, Del., on the same date. An eight cent airmail stamp was issued from Washington on the Potomac, September 26th. The stamp is almost the same as the old five center, except that the new stamp has the numeral eight in the lower corners and the color is olive green . . . .

Did You Know?

That mail was transported by rocket for the first time recently when a shell containing 300 letters was shot from the top of the Hoch-Troetsch mountain to Seneriach, Austria, a distance of a mile and a quarter.

And That!

Our new three cent stamp is royal purple. The color is 55 per cent blue, 12 per cent red, and 33 per cent black . .

And Also

That here one must die to get on a postage stamp, and in England if you die, they take you off the stamp . . . .

And Ditto!

That France is talking of issuing a stamp with a portrait of the assassinated President Paul Doumer thereon. Should it be issued it will create a precedent, as no portrait of a political personality has appeared on French stamps ever since Napoleon III . . . .

Heh-Heh-Heh!

Li'l Goldilocks tells me her new boy friend is like a used three cent stamp. He sticks around but won't take her anywhere . . . .

Think of It!

If you have not accustomed yourself to pay three cents when you post letters, you can console yourself with the fact that it once cost twenty-five cents . . . .

Jay-Oh-Ex

"I want a copy of that grazing stamp of France."

"Grazing stamp? I believe that France never issued a grazing stamp."

"Aw, you know . . . that pasture (Pasteur) stamp."

"Better see rightly on a pound a week than squint on a million."

—*George Bernard Shaw.*

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SCOTT CELEBRATION NOW TAKES PLACE NOV. 14-19

(continued from page one)

head, is helping greatly in the production of these projects.

Not only will these be on display in the school during Book Week (November 14 through November 19), but they will be used in February as an exhibit at the convention in Brookline of the National Society for Visual Education.

The second committee, headed by Miss Allan, includes the remaining English teachers, who are planning an auditorium program. A talk on Scott's life, composed by a student himself, is to be given, with a dramatic reproduction of a scene from one of Scott's books.

Certainly the celebration promises to be as worthy as Sir Walter himself and his immortal writings.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 3 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 23, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE — NEWTON PREPARED FOR ANNUAL GRIDIRON BATTLE

SCOTT ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED BY ASSEMBLY

Program Represents Work of English and Art Departments With the Aid of the Library

Sir Walter Scott's 100th anniversary was fittingly observed at Brookline High School. Grace Coughlin, wearing a "bonny" Scotch costume, introduced Jean Leslie, who supuerbly delivered a short sketch of Scott's life. By revealing Scott's generous, courageous, and genial character, she made his name mean more to us than merely that of a famous author. A scene entitled "The Challenge" from Scott's best known novel, "Ivanhoe" was presented by a splendid cast of students. The costumes, scenery, and those who took part were all recipients of numerous compliments. The cast was as follows:

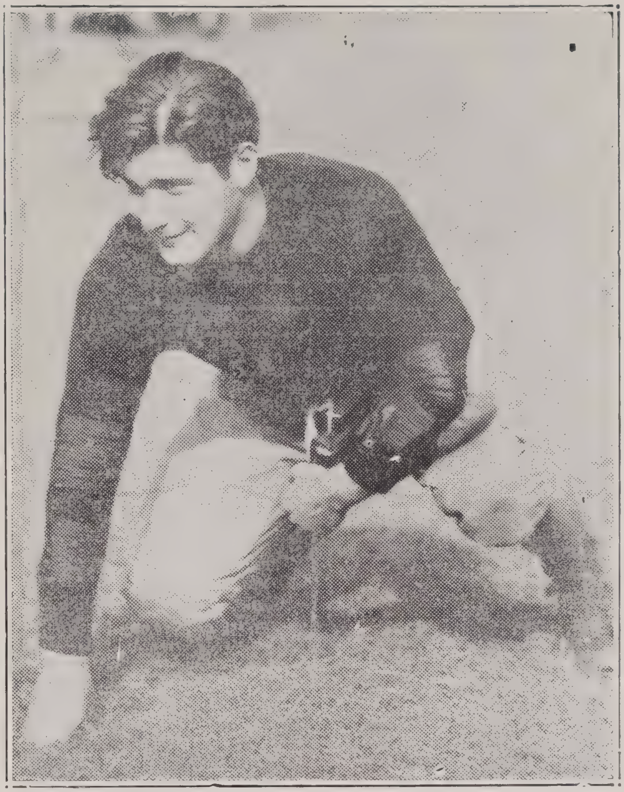
Cederic	Richard Spears
Templar	George Hawley
Prior Aymer	Charles Rollins
Lady Rowena	Martha Turner
Elgitha	Phylis MacLeod
First Lady-in-Waiting	Eleanor West
Palmer	James Hines
Oswald	Richard Feinberg
Hunderlust	Donald Spears
First Serving-man	Allen Gordon
Second Serving-man	Robert Gordon
Third Serving-man	Morris Reitman
First Saracen	Myron Cohen
Second Saracen	Robert Romanon
Wamba	Arthur Bales
Gurch	Sidney Starr

The orchestra concluded this delightful program with Scotch music. The committee in charge may rest assured hey have brought to light in the mind of each student, Sir Walter Scott.

GERTRUDE LAKSON ELECTED TO PHI BETA KAPPA

B. H. S. Graduate 1929

Gertrude V. Lakson, senior at Welesley College, was one of the two Boson girls to be elected to membership in Eta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. This award came as a result of outstanding work during the first three years of the ollege course. She graduated from Brookline High School with the class of 929 and was accorded various prizes. She spent her junior year with a foreign tudy group of Americans at the Sorbonne, Paris. She has specialized in anguages—French being her major, and German her minor.



ALAN SWARTZ

Acting captain of Brookline who leads the Red and Blue invasion on Newton. The team hopes to repeat the overwhelming victory of two years ago.

SCHOOL GREATLY ENJOYS DR. HOLT AT ASSEMBLY

On November 16, 1932, the three upper classmen attended an assembly that will take a long time for them to forget. It was ceremoniously opened with a few selections by the orchestra, a short Bible reading, and prayer.

The program for this assembly had been successfully planned by the Department of Economic Education and it was through them that we received such a fine speaker.

Dr. Hamilton Holt after his graduation from Yale became an influential journalist. Not many years after he had chosen this field of work he was asked to take the position as president of a small college at Winter Park, Florida. At present he is doing an excellent piece of work trying to carry through some of the ideas he has concerning the development of an ideal college.

Many of the ideas he expressed will remain with you for some time. There are a few of them to serve as a reminder. Dr. Holt said that it is not the things that you torture your mind to remember that are going to do you the most good in life; it's the things that take a "brain storm" to think through that stay with you the longest.

Dr. Holt also said that a student is either favorably or unfavorably impressed with the Architecture, Surroundings, and Atmosphere of a school, and it is very important that conditions concerning any school, should be just as impressive as possible.

(continued on page six)

RED AND BLUE TO MAKE AMENDS FOR POOR SEASON

Victory Insures Newton Su burban League Title

Once more the warriors of those two perennial rivals of high-school sport will tread the greensward of the gridiron in mortal combat in the annual resumption of their thirty-eight year football feud, as the stalwarts of Brookline and Newton clash again at the Dickenson Stadium in Newton, Thanksgiving morning. Of the thirty-five games that have been played in this ancient and honorable rivalry, since 1894, eleven have been won by Brookline, nineteen by Newton, and five have ended in a tie score.

At the moment, the odds seem to favor slightly the Newton cohorts, who have to date compiled a truly enviable season record of five games won and two games tied, out of the eight played, as compared to the rather less illustrious Brookline record five losses out of five engagements participated in. From these figures it would seem that the Garden City lads stand an excellent chance of winning the contest, but, as has happened on many occasions in the past, Brookline, considered by far the underdog, may come through with an inspiring brand of football to stave off the Newton rushes and, with an eleventh hour victory or a heartbreaking tie, upset all the prophesies of the pre-game dopesters.

Coach Fitzgerald has been confronted with almost insurmountable difficulties this year in welding a light and inexperienced squad into a football machine of any kind of efficiency. There has been throughout the season a lamentable lack of hardened material, due to the loss of so many players with last year's graduation. Acting-captain Alan Swartz is the only letter man on the squad, and has been Brookline's outstanding bulwark, both on the offense and defense, during the current season, playing at both the end and backfield positions with equal facility. On the defense especially he has been most effective in breaking up plays of the opposition which would have gone for substantial gains were it not for his hard, decisive tackling.

The other end berth is ably taken care of by the trio of Sullivan, Adams, and Ford, any one of whom may start in

(continued on page six)

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH OVERCOMES BROOKLINE

Conaty Makes Lone Red and Blue Touchdown

FINAL SCORE 27-6

On Friday morn, November 11th, strong B. C. Football team trod on Tech Field and handed the Brookline boys a severe drubbing to the tune of 27-6. The hard stone line and the fast charging backs of the B. C. team proved a bit too much for the Brookline aggregation. Quarterback "Bud" Farwell of B. C. was the star of the game with 21 points to his credit. Lowenstein, Conaty, and "Scotty" Larkin shone for Brookline, the latter playing a fine defensive game. Conaty and Levenstien were mainly responsible for the lone tally of the Brookline team and incidentally the touchdown was the first scored by Brookline this season.

B. C. received the kickoff and marched down to the Brookline thirty-yard line where it lost the ball on downs. After one play a fumble occurred in the Brookline ranks and a B. C. lineman came in fast and recovered on our twenty-three-yard line. A few line plunges, Farwell, the B. C. Ace, ran around the left end for a touchdown and the same Farwell kicked the point, score 7-0. Brookline received the kickoff and after it bucked the B. C. line with but short gains, Lowenstien kicked, the ball going deep into the B. C. territory. Then B. C. opened with a pass which went incomplete and on the next play fumbled, and "Scotty" Larkin sped in and recovered very near to the fifteen-yard line. After one play the first period ended and then Brookline came back refreshed and encouraged to score with a short pass from Lowenstien to Conaty, the latter squirming through the team for a touchdown. The try for the point was blocked when "Milkman" Linehan met a stone wall, score 7-6. For the remainder of the half neither side scored and the half ended with the same score 7-6.

In the second half B. C. began to find itself and Farwell scored seven points in the third period, 14-6. In the fourth, Farwell scored 7 points and Cath Reardon scored 6. At the end of the last quarter, Brookline received the kickoff with a short catch of the ball by Gallagher, putting the ball on the forty-five yard line. Then Brookline seeing that no progress could be made by plunging at the B.C. line, began a successful aerial attack which gained considerably.

In the closing minutes of play a pass was blocked and caught in mid air by a B. C. lineman who broke through and was tackled immediately. As the whistle blew, the final score of the game was 27-6.

Brookline played under a great handicap as Alan Swartz, the Brookline ace was out with an injured hip and a

FRESHMAN ELEVEN BOWS TO STRONG TRADE TEAM

The first grid opponent of the freshman team was Trade. Brookline was heavily outweighed by Trade's big boys. Trade scored in the first period by a sustained march from midfield. Trade won the toss-up but gave acting-Captain Silton his choice.

Trade kicked and it was received by Gomberg, left end, who ran in back about three yards. Thompson attempting to go through right tackle, was hit for a slight loss in the first play of the game. Again they attempted right tackle and halfback French barely made the scrimmage line. On the third down Thompson kicked a low thirty-yard punt. The ends were down under it fast and made the tackle. Trade made a series of marches for their first touchdown. They then attempted to crash their right guard for the extra point, but in vain. For the rest of the period Brookline was helpless and Trade gained ground rapidly. The period ended with the ball on Brookline's twenty-yard line and Trade in the lead by six points.

Trade carried the ball to the one-yard line by a series of rushes through their left side of the line. The freshman line held for three downs. On the fourth Trade carried the ball over from the one-foot line. Brookline received the ball on their thirty-eight-yard line. Rushes through center by French and Richmond brought a first down. A short flat pass from Silton to Richmond netted twelve yards. After two futile attempts to rush Thompson kicked over the safey-man's head. It rolled to the one-yard line where it was downed by Guthrie. After two attempts to rush, the half ended with the ball on Trade's one-yard line and Trade's favor twelve to nothing.

Kilnan received the kick and ran the ball back about five yards to his own forty yard line. It was a very poor kick. French met a stonewall at left tackle. A pass from Silton to Quinlan was intercepted by a Trade back on his forty-five-yard line and he was tackled over the goal line by Silton, but the score was annulled when it was discovered that he stepped off side on the twelve-yard line. Trade then proceeded to score by a series of line bucks. They were unable to convert the extra point. The kickoff rolled between the backs over the goal line. Silton then pulled the prize boner of the game by trying to run it from behind the goal line. He was then replaced by Patrick. A few plays later the quarter ended.

The ball was Brookline's on the thirty-eight-yard line when Thompson kicked to their twenty-yard line. Patrick was caught napping and they kicked it over his head. Brookline fought valiantly but neither team was able to do anything The score at the end of the game was Trade, eighteen, Brookline, zero.

BOOKS

Is there anything so perfect as a good book; so imperfect as a poor one? And yet, are we sure that we are able to distinguish between the good and the bad? We are told that "That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit." One may profit from one book, becoming a wiser or better person, and derive no benefit whatsoever from the next dozen that are read. There is no time as wasted as that which is spent with a poor book. Learn to tell the difference between the good and the bad. It is as difficult to choose books as friends.

Once you acquire a love for books, they are your friends. It is then that you appreciate their true value. Carlyle tells us that "All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been,—it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. Mme. de Genlis assures us that "It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these in valuable communications are within the reach of all." "The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defence."

Little do we appreciate our opportunity to read that which we wish at the expense of the community. Ours offers us the cream of science, art, and literature crystallized in book form. And whether you desire Euripides or O'Neil, they are yours for the asking. Unlike some sister communities, ours is unhampered by narrow autocratic censorship.

Although you should read them for their contents and not for the bindings and pictures, a fine book should be clad with apparel worthy of it. No matter how poorly it may be bound, protect it as you would a friend. To damage it is sacrilege. Own as many as you can; take pride in them. Remember that "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better han the books they read."

It is an attainment to be able to appreciate their full value. With them you can dream the dreams of the chosen dreamers, think the thoughts of the sages. Remember that "As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a good book."

New Freshman Football Coach

This year a change has been made in Freshmen football coaches as Mr. Roman, who has coached the frosh squad for the last three years, is assisting Mr. Fitzgerald with the varsity team.

This vacancy has been capably filled by Mr. Totman who has been teaching at this school for the past six years and has had experience while coaching Walpole High School in New Hampshire and also while attending Dartmouth College. Mr. Totman expects a successful season with the new squad. We wish them the best of luck for the forecoming season.

HARDSHIPS OF WRITING AN ENGLISH THEME

In comes our budding author fresh from the football field, ready to dash off an English theme, a Latin translation, and to prepare for a French and Math test. Said author enters his home, announces that he is going to write a theme that will awaken the literary critics, and our Wodehouse or Dumas sprints upstairs to write his theme.

Our author is very careful. He first writes the theme in pencil; then he will copy it in ink. He places his composition paper in front of him; begins to think. As he sits there pensant, he draws pictures of Latin and French teachers, and chews the end of his pencil to a pulp. He wonders whether he should write a biography but decides that most of his life is fitting to be known nowhere outside of his circle. He contemplates writing about the waves, dawn, or sunset, but consider these subjects too far outside of his literary efforts. The noise outside in the playground draws his attention to football, and he starts thinking about the game in which he has just participated. In his mind, he goes over the place where he received a forward pass. There were three opposing men around him. He dodged these players, and set out for the goal. One remained to be evaded. Our hero sees this player approaching, and so he pushes his arm out and straightarms the onrushing opponent. Carried away with enthusiasm, the wouldbe author repeats the act, but instead of connecting with solid flesh he tips the inkbottle over, and puts a dark blue spot on his new Latin book. He does not notice the stain at first, and so he tries to think of a subject for his theme. As his eyes roam over his desk, he sees the ink on his Latin book, which forcibly reminds him of the translation, and the two tests. He throws aside his pencil, and decides to ask his mother to write a note to the English teacher, asking him to please excuse her son for not having his home lesson, as he had a severe headache.

A Comparison

The dog, he begs upon two legs.
The cat, *she* does not beg.
The cat, *she* arches her back and spits!
For that is the pride of a cat.
The dog, he sleeps at the foot of my bed
The cat, *she* does not sleep!
The cat, *she* walks abroad at night.
For that is the pride of a cat.
The dog, he rests and plays all day.
The cat, *she* does not play.
The cat, *she* washes herself, morn, noon,
and night.
For that is the pride of a cat.

* * * *

"Cogito, ergo sum."—*Rene Descartes.*

* * * *

"Fais-ce que voudras."—*Rabelais.*

MR. HARBOUR REVISITS FRENCH BATTLEFIELDS

Describes Once War Devestated Country in Recent Letter

[Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of letters from Mr. Harbour, B. H. S. English teacher on leave of absence. This letter will be published in two installments.]

In thinking over the most interesting ubject-matter for this second letter (as I prefer to call it) to the boys and girls of Brookline who are readers of the SAGAMORE (and I hope they will be many this year), my mind and heart have urned first to Ireland, where the countryide was the most romantically beautiful, he small towns and villages the most picturesque, and the people the most riendly, most pitiable, and above all, the most conversational, that I have yet enountered. But Ireland may be my theme or another letter, as I shall certainly isit again that most fascinating country before I return to my duties as an Engish teacher in Brookline.

I have decided to write instead, as perhaps of more immediate interest to greater number of you, of a walking trip that I took only last week,whose most trifling details remain vivid in my mind, to that small section of the farung battle-lines of France that I traersed as a second lieutenant attached to the 169th Division of the French army in 1918. My duties were in connection with the *pastes de secours* or field dressing-stations, a certain number of which had to keep supplied with necessities and comforts for the wounded as they were brought in from the trenches or ont lines.

I had been dreaming ever since (as hat man who has experienced battle-fields does not dream?) of revisiting these scenes, or viewing the present contion of those country-sides that I had known as a wild waste of battered and ruined towns and villages, furrowed ith trenches and deep cavernous dug-outs, peopled only with men in uniform, underous with crashing artillery. And determined that the best way to accomplish my purpose was not to go on any swift-moving auto-bus on a "personally conducted tour of the battlefields," but afoot and alone, that I might seek out the remote farms, and out-of-the-way corners of fields and woods that were ere so familiar.

With this in mind I took a train from e Gare du Nord in Paris on a September moring, and "descended" at Beauis, the ancient capital of Picardie extly as I did on my way to the front urteen years ago. In this beautiful, edieval town I had an opportunity, enied me on my first visit, of admiring leisure the superb old cathedral, condered one of the five most beautiful France. I should call it the noblest in conception of all (saving only Notre Dame de Paris) even tho its original plan was so loftily soaring that it proved impossible to fulfill, and so it remains to this day unfinished. The interior seems that of a hollowed-out mountain, the precipitous white walls carved into colums, and pierced with glowing jewelled windows. And thrice fortunately the war passed by it and left it unscathed.

If the cathedral itself is a superb memorial to the religious spirit in man, and his sense of beauty, as they existed in these great builders of the Middle Ages, there is in it an object that is hardly less a marvel than the church it self; a tribute to what the mind of man in our later scientific age, can accomplish. This is what I am sure is the most marvellous clock in all the world, the work of an engineer of Beauvais named Vérité, who died as late as 1867. This clock, incredible in its ingenuity, is in the form of a pagoda or temple of richly carved dark wood about 30 feet high. There are no less than 52 dials on this clock, all run by the same mainspring and weights all kept in constant action by the same weekly winding. It would take pages to set forth all the information that these dials accurately indicate. I can list only a small part of it: the time of day or night in twelve of the principal cities of the earth, remotely separated; the time or high tide and low tide each day on the French coast; the minute of sunrise and of sunset each day in Beauvais; the stage of the moon's fullness; the day of the month, and the year of the Christian era; the year since the creation of the world according to the Mosaic reckoning: These last two dials, with a number of others, change accurately at midnight every thirty-first of December. In the sides of the clock in panelled niches are automatically moving globes showing the daily position of the sun, moon and earth as regards each other, and indicating eclipses. Another large oval opening has in it a moving chart showing the principal stars visible in the heavens on any particular night. And there are a score and more other dials whose hands indicate some time or season in the heavens or on the earth.

But even there the wonders of this enormous clock do not cease. Three or four times every day the clock enacts a drama representing the day of the Last Judgment. Surrounding the array of dials and all along the top of the clock are a multitude of doorways and windows (I believe 75 in all) in which wooden figures of men and women of various sizes stand. At the striking of the hour, first a large wooden cock, perched on a stand among the dials, claps his wings and crows lustily. Then the "personages" as the custodian of the clock called them slowly retire from the windows, and red flames of carved wood of course, take their places. Then from an archway a figure of the Virgin Mary appears; the large figure of Christ that surrounds the clock makes a sign of blessing, and the Virgin retires, escorted by an angel to the strains of music from the interior of the clock. Following this, from an archway on the other side appears an Unrepentant Sinner; very ugly; the figure of Christ makes a gesture of dismissal, and the Sinner disappears among wooden flames, "to a clap of thunder, pursued by a demon."

There is more yet, but this much will have to do. The whole drama takes full ten minutes in its enaction. I wished heartily that Mr. Packard could have been with me to explain more than the official guardian could or would, and to marvel with me at the mind of a man that could devise all this miracle of ingenuity.

Here was man constructive, but I must pass on to my observations and memories of man destructive.

At five o'clock the next morning I was up and clattering over he cobble-stones

(continued on page eight)

IL PAGLIACCI

"Il Pagliacci," by Leoncavullo, is a perennial favorite with music lovers everywhere. The story of the clown who is forced to go on with the show, even though his heart is breaking, is a familiar theme. In this version Cunio, manager of a troupe of strolling players discovers that his wife, Nedda, is in love with another man. He is persuaded to continue with the evening show, the plot of which, ironically enough, is identical with the scene he has just had with his wife. Forgetting his part, and becoming infuriated with Nedda because she refuses to tell the name of her lover, Canio stabs her. As she dies, she calls for her lover, who rushes forward and is also stabbed by Caneo.

All members of the cast turned in creditable performances, but that of Francesco Curei, as Beppe, the clown, is particularly worthy of note.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Mme. Maria Jeritza made her initial opera appearance in Boston, November 16, with the San Carlo Opera Company. This event caused no little stir in musical circles. The Opera House was well nigh filled in recognition of the importance of this great singer's appearance.

Indeed Mme. Jeritza surpassed the highest expectations of the enthusiastic audience as Santinzza, in *Cavalleria Rusticana* by Mascagni. Mme. Jeritza was perfect. The role of the tragic, tigerishly jealous, Sicilian peasant girl who sees her loved turn to another is difficult to portray, but Mme. Jeritza interpreted this role understandingly. She sang with strength and vigor, overshadowing the rest of the fine cast.

Cavalleria Rusticana was made an unforgettable eperience through her superb artistry.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

The rather meager Girl' League Advisory Council of last year has been swelled by a goodly number of newcomers. These girls were not chosen, but earned the points for their positions entirely by their own scholastic and athletic achievements. A minimum of sixteen points is required for membership. Doris Reimer and Jean Leslie were elected chairman and secretary at the last meeting of the council, whose function it is to plan the annual program of the League, and to vote upon any changes in the regular curriculum.

The following are the present members:

Seniors — Louise Burnham, Evelyn Burns, Margery Frank, Anne Geogehan, Barbara Gordon, Elizabeth Howard, Cecilia Huberman, Jane McKnight, Mary Mulvihill, Jean Murray, Isabel Patterson, Hulda Phillips, Marion Phillips, Doris Reimer, Florence Stern, Mary Taylor.

Juniors — Christine Adams, Lillian Barrett, Naoma Blake, Miriam Bower, June Bradfield, Irene Donohue, La Reine Gardner, Evelyn Garland, Evelyn Greenspan, Beatrice Guiness, Phyllis Harding, Deborah Kinsman, Jean Leslie, Ruth Levine, Selma Miller, Norma O'Leary, Marion Peterson, Rita Smith, Vera Soderberg, Barbara Wilder.

Sophomores—Hazel Armitage, Adele Aronson, Matilda Bies, Sarah Cannac, Rowena Cohen, Janice Dietz, Mary Dolbeare, Janet Dubinsky, Catherine Gaffey, Evelyn Hamilton, Adele Hirshberg. Harriet Kramer, Helen Mackey, Roberta Marsh, Anne McEroy, Rachel McKnight, Katherine Mulvihill, Norma Nasmyth, Hortense Natilson, Myrtle Niccolls, Harriet Nye, Anne Parker, Caroline Regan, Beatrice Reiss, Natalie Ridlow, Frances Russell, Lillian Schwartz, Alma Shoveman, Edith Stone, Meave Sullivan, Jeannette Thaxter, Esther Wooding.

NEWTON FIELD DAY

The Newton field day, November 2, proved to be a great success to the girls of all greater Boston hockey teams. Some of the schools competing were: Brookline, Winchester, Wellesley, Newton, Latin, Arlington and Hingham.

The events were divided between the forwards and the defense. The forwards had obstacle dribbles and drives for the goal, while the defense had to shoot for distance and scoop the ball into a box.

In conclusion, Newton's three excellent hockey fields were used for games played by different teams. Brookline opposed Hingham to a scoreless tie.

Miss Biggane, president of B. F. H. A. gave out the awards to the first place winners.

The field day, which was held in place of the usual Honorary Field Hockey Tryouts, proved to be successful as it gave all the girls a chance to show their ability at hockey.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on Wednesday from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and mailed or brought to the SAGAMORE office, or deposited in the SAGAMORE box in the library. No copy will be accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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Editor-in-chief, John Grandfield, '34; Assistant Editors, Henry Urrows, '34, and Stuart Goldberg, '34; Assignment Editors, Doris Reimer, '33 and Norma Marcus, '33; Revision Editor, Anne Wyner; Associate Editor, Norman Hunt; Sports Editors, Joseph Malone, '33 and Edgar Hirshberg, '33; Business Manager, George Hartstone; Advertising Manager, Lawrence Daniels; Circulation Managers, Frank Taylor, '34 and Eliot Alter, '34.

VOL. XXXIX NOVEMBER 23, 1932 NUMBER 3

Is Education Failing?

"Of What Use is a Tool if You are not Taught How to use it?"

What is the purpose of education in our High Schools? I think that we shall all agree that it is to train the pupil for life; in other words, to train him to make the best use of the time, opportunity, and materials which life affords.

The present economic and political conditions of this country testify to the failure of education to accomplish this result.

Why has it failed?

Simply because education from the elementary through the advanced schools, has been giving us a tool but not showing us how to use it. It is an accepted fact that the habits formed in youth are almost invariably carried into later life; accordingly we shall investigate the principles by which the average high school student governs his activities while in school.

Concerning waste time: How many pupils arrange their studying in such a manner as to complete a definite amount of work in their allotted 40 minutes? If they have ideal study conditions in the home do they think to reserve the work requiring greater concentration for home study? If they go out for athletics do they use the time before practice in staying after school and finishing another assignment?

Concerning waste opportunity: In our modern schools we have a great variety of extra curricular activities, both physical and mental. Is any direct effort made to correlate these multifarious interests with our major aim in life? What high school can definitely say that its physical education department for example voluntarily subordinates itself, as it should, to the scholastic phase of the school? On the contrary, that department must be directly persuaded if a member of any of its teams desires to assign only a certain limited portion of his time to that activity, and the rest to something which seems to him more important.

Concerning waste of materials: Perhaps the most common examples are the misuse of paper, and the abuse of text books.

You cannot check these habits by telling students that they are really squandering their own time, opportunities, and materials; that in the future they will regret these wastes. Such statements are too remote from the pupil; they do not understand from experience and are therefore sceptical. You must illustrate these principles by something concrete and immediate; then and only then will they grasp the truth. We shall later discover what this concrete and immediate thing is.

We cannot expect that there will be a sudden transformation of the pupils' principles as soon as he leaves school and enters upon life in earnest. No, when these students get out into life, their habits will not be miraculously changed; they will give added weight to the statement that the United States is the most wasteful nation on the face of the earth.

In former years, both because of the limited opportunities in school and the limited distractions outside of the school, it was necessary to wait until the pupil had completed his education in order to see the effect that his training had had upon him.

In our modern high schools with their great profusion of subjects and activities there is no need to wait until it is too late, before discovering whether or not the pupil is being well prepared for life. We have ample opportunity to do this by watching the way in which he arrange his program and enters into the activities which the school offers. B doing this we can help the pupil to perceive the great necessity for a subject which will integrate his interests and teach him to make the best us of the advantages afforded by our widely diversified curricula.

In the past few years business has been making a very decided bi for the control of the time and interests of our pupils. Because of th present financial conditions it is now being strangled in its attempt Whereas we have before us the means to create a far more wholesome attraction within the school by integrating its pursuits with what ever ma be the purpose of each individual student.

Let us now see how by means of Economic Education we intend t fulfill these previous statements. The fundamental basis of economics namely, economy of time, energy, and money, bears a very close resemblance to the principles which are being violated in the schools by th three major wastes which we have before examined, that is waste, o time, opportunity and material; opportunity being simply a chance t direct energy towards a definite end, and money being potential material Even the most discerning student will be at a great advantage from such a training; the rest will never learn; it is impossible for them to alter a this late stage.

The importance of this analogy exists in the fact that the principle of economics are so clearly demonstrable that the pupil by means of tha very material thing, money has therefore, a direct, immediate metho of showing to himself the exact effect upon himself of the violatio of these principles.

We have taken upon ourselves a rather heavy task in trying to mee the deficiencies of our modern educational system, but we may perhaps be excused from the charge of pretentiousness because of the worth and sincerity of our aim. We will at the same time be carrying out our responsibility to the people of the country by really fitting their childre for life, and glorious must be the accomplishment of having carried out that trust.

LIFE

By AARON LEVINE

A new sound, a roaring rush;
Dawn is here, Life,
Whistles are in its wake.
People come,
Men, women, children;
Screaming humanity, rabble.
Something moving, pulsed,
To the rythm of engines.
Life is a terminal — chaos;
New science, new morals,
Drawn under the mad onrush
Of a sweeping force.
Incredible! Incomprehensible!
The grinding ceases —
Smashing with brutal fist,
Crushing one down,
Down into the grey,
Death!
  Hell's fire —
    Heaven's light —
      Eternity.

STORY OF THE PAPER HOUSE

In 1922, a very ambitious young man, with the help of his family, began to create a house, made entirely of newspapers. Every wall, every corner, every floor and ceiling, even the roof, is made of paper. Every bit of furniture from the lamp to the clock is made of newspapers. Mr. Stenman, the owner and experimenter, and his wife, have lived in this house and used this furniture for six years. The newspapers are rolled into different sizes. The rolls are cut, assembled and glued together. The task requires much skill and patience. Approximately sixty thousand copies of newspapers have been used in the construction of the house and furniture.

The furniture is now on exhibition at Jordan's, and I'm sure it would be worth anyone's while to stop in to see this extraordinary sight.

This work was done merely as an experiment to see what could be done with newspapers without destroying the print. The experiment has proved a success both in strength and stability.

WORDS OF THE WISE

"Let us all work. That only is enjoyable."—*Biot.*

"In the fields of observation chance only favours the mind which is prepared."—*Pasteur.*

"La patience est amere, mais sa fruit est douce."—*Proverb.*

"Constancy in mistake is constant folly."—*Shakespeare.*

"No effort is wasted."—*Pasteur.*

"All knowledge is useful."—*Pasteur.*

"Let us strive, for strife is effort, strife is life when progress is the goal."

—*Pasteur,*

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh! that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

Gratis

THE SNOOPER OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

Many people object to Francis Daley's sailing under false colors. He has cast aside the red tie for the plaid.

* * * *

Poor Paul Silbert! Those girls just won't leave him alone.

* * * *

But Rita Cohen wasn't talking during that study period—she was just biting her lip.

Did you hear about the depression?

No; what is it?

* * * *

I wonder if the boys joined the band just to see football games?

They certainly didn't join to play music.

* * * *

Say, that joke is old.

How do you know?

I read it in the SAGAMORE.

* * * *

George Hartstone is getting like a puppet.

He just Dangels around.

* * * *

I was up to Wellesley watching the football team. They have some beautiful backs up there.

* * * *

And speaking of football; don't forget that you get a quarter-back on every five bottles of Canada Dry Ginger-ale.

* * * *

Who BERNs the HARDTs of all the girls at B. H. S.

* * * *

A pun may be the lowest form of humor, but it's still good with coffee.

* * * *

The football team has a new theme song: "I Surrender Dear."

* * * *

When Mr. Jewett heard that a member of the staff had subscribed to the SAGAMORE, he said: "I Just Can't Believe It's True."

* * * *

Chicago gangster after ten minutes with Calvin Coolidge: "Won't talk, huh?"

* * * *

Irving Perkins is just another example of flaming youth.

* * * *

Cartoon of Frank Robinson hurrying to sell a lunch check.

* * * *

GOOD BYE, PLEASE!

CASTLE MACABRE

A cold, red sun, veiled and made dismal by low-hanging clouds, was setting in all its weird splendor, while the mists of the moor settled down more securely or their watery land, and treacherous quagmires as if to overwhelm them in its unrelinquishing grip. A gloomy castle reared its frowning, rough-hewn battlements over this dreary scene and the last feeble rays of the sun painted these walls blood-red. Gradually the tone of the surroundings grew deeper as the sun sank lower in the darkening sky. Then, suddenly the night came with cool, damp air, black solitude, and the hoarse croaks and moans of the denizens of the moor. A full white moon was rising over the low hills and was filtering its baleful light through the fog and gloom. The mournful howling of a dog penetrated at intervals the thickening mist. A faint glimmer pierced the darkness and then flared into a real light. It came from the deserted castle!

A young man, nervous and fidgety, sat at an ancient table in an almost bare room. His only light was a weakly sputtering candle that seemed to be fighting valiantly against ghost-like hands of air which were practically smothering it. Every now and then, he would glance over his shoulder toward the darkened, shadowy corner of the spacious hall in which he had taken his solitary stand. The flickering candlelight made weird, grotesque shadows, gliding in sinister shapes and forms along the dim walls of this, the throne room of the ancients, while the rotting, warped shutters thumped and creaked in agonizing discord.

Suddenly he became conscious of a rasping sound, like that of the creaking of old, rusty hinges, coming from a gaping, black hole of a doorway that led, down deep under the floor of the castle, to the room of the dead, the room of mouldering wooden caskets, the old forgotten crypt. Then, he became aware of a slow, dragging—thump—thump—thump on the stone steps leading up from that place of horror. Chained to the spot by his fear, he stood, staring aghast toward the sound of approaching fate. Gradually these steps came nearer; before his staring eyes there appeared a monstrous, bloated figure clad in a flowing black robe. As he stood there, petrified, it lifted its arm exposing an emaciated hand; it uttered a low groan through its flabby lips. With an inarticulate gasp, the man sprang from the spot, and raced for the door, hearing behind him, the thing's thudding steps, and feeling its hot, foul breath on his neck. Down onto the narrow path through the moor he fled with the beastly thing still right on his heels, but, the path was narrow and crooked and lined with treacherous quick-sand holes. All at once, he stumbled and went to his knees in one of those all-covering traps. Screaming madly, he fought against that sucking monster that was slowly dragging him into its maw while the ghoul from the crypt danced and howled in hideous, gyrations around his death trap in the cruel sand. With a last despairing cry, his head sank below the surface of the sand, but the hideous, foul fiend still danced and howled in the drab, macabre light of the full moon.

SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club meeting of Tuesday, November 14, was snappy and informal, with the modest attendance of ten students, Miss Adams, and Miss Wood recorded.

The club president, Evelyn Lupton, brought the meeting to order. A romantic play was then presented with John Field as the irresistible Don Juan, and Mimi Briganti as his charming sweetheart. This was closely followed by a group of amusing Spanish plays, which caused great laughter. Refreshments were served, and the meeting brought to a conclusion.

This meeting was confined to junior and senior Spanish students only. In December, however, the privilege of attending will be extended to all sophomore students, who receive an A or B for the first quarter. Dues of fifty cents are charged, covering the entire year, and all eligible pupils are requested to attend.

GIRLS' SPORTS

At the Field Day at Newton, which was twice put off because of rain, two of our girls received honorable mention for shooting goals: Mary Taylor and "Mimo" Mulvihill.

Brookline's first team which played at Newton consisted of the following players: Taylor, Willis, Kinsman, Howard, Makarewich, Maddox, M. Mulvihill, C. Mulvihill, McPhee, Wilder and Nasmyth.

Brookline's hockey teams played with their bitterest rivals, Newton, at Newton on Wednesday, November 16. The second team played first. Newton scored a goal. In the second half two balls were almost goals against the red and blue, but default saved the day. In the absence of Ellin Dowling, Catherine Mulvihill took her place as inner. Two goals were scored in the second half; one by Mary Taylor, and the other, a long shot, by "Mimo" Mulvihill, after which Jane McPhee surprised Newton's goal-keeper by catching the ball in the air with her stick and knocking it in.

Catherine "Sis" Mulvihill was elected captain of the second team, but Lorraine Wood acted in her stead at the Newton game.

Little Mary (getting her first sight of a peacock): "Look Auntie! One of your chickens is in bloom."

CERCLE FRANCAIS ELECTS JOAN RINES PRESIDENT

Silverman, Hunt, Dubinsky Also Elected Officers

The first meeting of the French Club, "Le Cercle Français," was held on Monday, November 7, 1932, in Room 5-A, with Miss O'Brien presiding. Last year's secretary, Marion Phillips, read the report of the last meeting, which had been held the previous May. The former Treasurer, Doris Reimer, gave a report on the amount of money left in the treasury. The amount was announced to be a little more than nine dollars.

Miss O'Brien told the class that the French teachers had selected officers for the Club, and that the results were as follows: Joan Rines, president; Eliot Silverman, vice-president; Norman Hunt, treasurer; Janet Dubinsky, secretary. The members of the executive committee are Marion Phillips, Norma Nasmyth, and Emil Lambrée. The officers were ordered out. They were discussed and one of the members proposed that the secretary cast one vote for each of the officers and members of the committee, as the rest of the members seemed to have no objections. The newly-elected president made a speech of acceptance. Miss O'Brien gave a few pointers concerning the Club this year, and told us that there would be about four meetings. Many interesting projects were made by both the teachers and the students, and it was decided that the group would have a better time this year than ever before. Much to the sorrow of the members, Miss O'Brien said that this year the committee would cut down on the refreshments, because she believed we had been too extravagant during previous years. The meeting was adjourned without any definite decision as to when the next meeting would be held.

Teacher: "Order! Order!"

Absent-minded pupil: "One hot dog and a cup of coffee."

* * * *

Son: "Mummy, why does it rain?"

Mother: "To make things grow. To give us apples, pears, corn, flowers——"

Son: "Then why does it rain on the pavement?"

* * * *

Doris: "I'm not going to school any more."

Mickey: "Why not?"

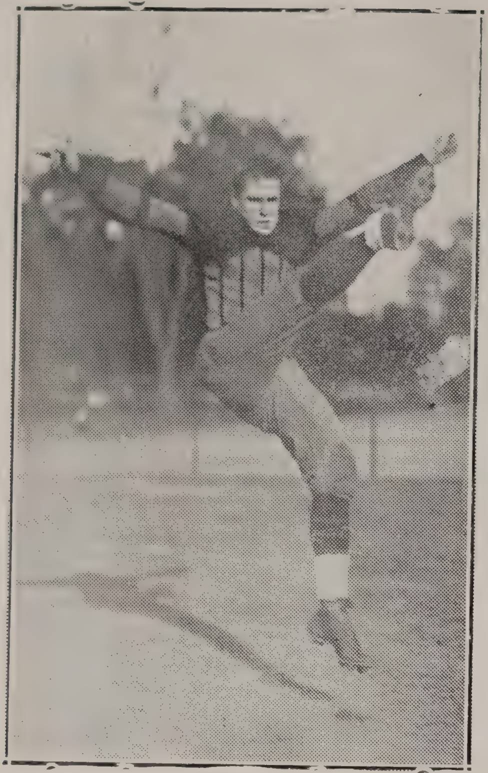
Doris: "I can't learn anything. The teachers keep changing the lessons every day!"

* * * *

She: "You remind me of the sea."

He: "Why? because I'm wild, restless and romantic?"

She: "Nope. Just because you make me sick."



CAPTAIN WARREN HUSTON

Triple threat and greatest Newton athlete since George Owen, who with his team hop·; to avenge theBrookline invasion of two years ago.

(Courtesy Boston Transcript)

SCHOOL GREATLY ENJOYS DR. HOLT AT ASSEMBLY

(continued from page one)

You remember that Dr. Holt said that an ideal college is one where the number of students is limited, the boys predominate and the professors are human. What do I mean by human? . . Dr. Holt puts it this way. You should be able when you pick your courses at school to choose the subject you want and know that the teacher will teach that subject interestingly and well. You should never have to give up a course of study because you've found out from other people that the teacher is not what any student wants. In other words all the teachers should be . . . "dandies."

The professors of all the colleges should be of the type who teaches his students; who is understanding, friendly, helpful, and intimate. A teacher who sits in a classroom with a lordly attitude, makes the student feel lost and will eventually become passive and no one ever got an education feeling that way.

These are only a few of the ideas Dr. Holt expressed, and when the bell rang he still could have gone on and on and it would have been an easy task to sit and listen. He has been one of the most impressive speakers to speak at Brookline High School.

Brookline-Newton Games from 1894 to 1931

Date	Winner	Score
1894	Brookline	6—0
1895	Brookline	22—0
1899	Brookline	11—6
1900	Newton	15—6
1901	Newton	5—0
1902	Brookline	6—0
1903	Newton	19—0
1904	Newton	16—5
1905	Brookline	5—0
1906	Newton	12—6
1907	Newton	15—0
1908	Newton	4—0
1909	Newton	6—0
1910	Brookline	6—0
1911	Newton	3—0
1912	Brookline	7—0
1913	Newton	31—10
1914	Newton	33—0
1915	Tie	5—5
1916	Brookline	16—7
1917	Newton	44—0
1918	Newton	39—7
1919	Newton	34—0
1920	Newton	13—0
1921	Newton	12—0
1922	Tie.	0—0
1923	Newton	16—13
1924	Tie	0—0
1925	Brookline	6—0
1926	Brookline	9—0
1927	Newton	3—0
1928	Newton	3—0
1929	Tie	0—0
1930	Brookline	37—6
1931	Tie	0—0

Newton has won 19 games.
Brookline has won 11 games.

GARDEN CITY TEAM CONFIDENT AFTER SUCCESSFUL SEASON

(continued from page one)

the Newton game. At the tackle positions Coach Fitzgerald has four or five hard-hitting, powerful linesmen, Langenheim, Levine, Bines, Rourke, and possibly Pease, from whom to choose as starters. All have had more or less previous eperience in this season's contests. The guard berths will be held down by either Berman, Glickman, Boles or Lipson, although the latter's choice is doubtful. Berman, a junior who has been on the squad for two years, the burly Glickman, and Boles have all proved towers of strength in the center of the line, while Lipson shows possibilities. Either Ned Gallagher or Bob Richey will play in the pivot position.

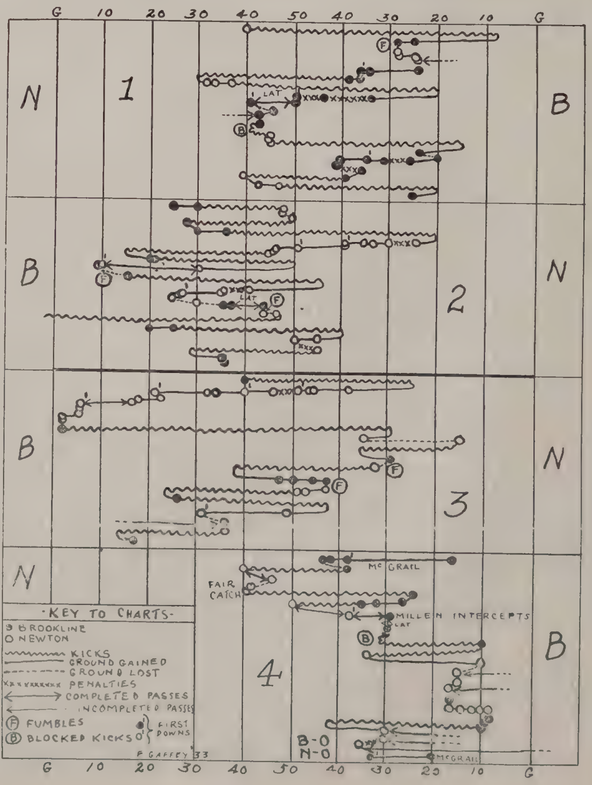
The forward wall will be ably backed up by a talented, smoothly-functioning group of backs. Most of the ball carrying will be done by Linehan and Pollina, who have amply proved their powers as running backs. The passing attack, one of Brookline's most salient offensive features will be in the hands of Conedy, Lewenstein, Van Dam, and DeBrill, all accomplished and accurate in the art of pigskin hurling. Lewenstein and Conedy will do most of the kicking, and their habitual long, high punts will count much towards a victory in Thursday's annual classic.

COACH FITZGERALD

Brookline's coach who has turned out a fine team, despite inexperienced material.

(Courtesy Boston Transcript)

LAST YEAR'S GAME



Library Lines

The centenary anniversary of Scott's ath has created much activity in the brary. All of the Scott material has en exhausted except the books that on the reserve staff and a few other scellaneous books of the countries out which he wrote. All kinds of jects are being undertaken and many idents are thus engaged. Minature ges are being constructed, themes are ing written, posters are being drawn d all other conceivable ideas are being t into practice to make the celebration success. I have not quite decided iether it is through the love of his rks or because of the cessation of the d material but I am inclined to believe former. While on the subject of ott let me tell you an amusing incident it occurred in the School Library. A dent happened to observe a picture a magazine showing the centenary ebration of Scott's birth, at Selkirk. e student said, "I thought he was ried at Dreyburg Abbey and not in a netery!"

The attendance in the library for tober, 1933, was 3,611 a gain of 5 over October, 1931. The average attendance was 180. These figures are only for study periods, exclusive of the students who dash in for three or four minutes in the morning to prepare the proverbial last minute oral theme or book report. The circulation for October was 1,825, a gain of 217 over the same period last year and a slight gain over September. One hundred pictures were circulated, probably 15 per cent of these were on Scott) and twenty-five pamphlets.

We have R. J. Tilden to thank for two copies of the newspaper "Crimson and White" of the University of Alabama.

Mr. Tilden is an alumnus of Brookline High and through this little gift he shows that all alumnae do not forget their "alma mammy" after they are out of it.

* * * *

The new books for this month are as follows:

Tarkington—Penrod: His complete story: Penrod, Penrod and Sam, and Penrod Hashber.

Miller—Thomas A. Edison—benefactor of mankind,—the romantic life story of the world's greatest inventor.

Buchan—Julius Cæsar.

Boy Scout's Handbook: Revised Edition 1931.

Crump—Boy's book of Forest Rangers..

Davis—From Gallagher to the Deserter.

Magruder—National governments and international relatives.

Oglesby—Business opportunities for women.

Hess—Buckaroo: A western ranch story.

Lownsberry—Out of the flame: Adventure in the middle ages.

Rebald—Scalawag: the story of a little dog.

Walsh—Blackcock's feather: A novel of adventure in England.

Harper—Windy Island: An Australian story.

BROOKLINE BOY WINS HONOR AT AMHERST

Walter J. Murphy, '29, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Junior Class at Amherst College. Murphy was captain of the freshman baseball team and played shortstop last year on the varsity, of which he was elected captain this year. He has starred this fall in the backfield for the varsity eleven.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Jean Single Thayer, daughter of Mr. Benjamin S. Thayer of 6733 Emlen St., Germantown, Penna., a member of the senior class of Pembroke College in Brown University, has been a member of the "Brun Mael" business board; of the Senior Social Committee; on the Publicity Committee for the Student Government Association; and Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer of her "dorm".

LIVES

By Gustav Eckstein

It isn't easy to state exactly what type of book this is. One might say that it is a group of animal biographies, sort of true human interest stories.

The author, Gustav Eckstein, accounts for himself thus: "Born, practised dentistry, studied medicine, taught physiology learned not much, read two or three men, learned a little, came to know two or three women, learned a good deal, made friends with two rats, learned prodigiously, wrote about the rats, continued to write." He is the author of *Noguchi* and several articles on animals in *Harper's*.

The book: We read of the intimate lives and accomplishments of two white mice, one million cockroaches, a vicious canary, a Portuguese gardner, seven cats, a family of eight canaries, a giant blue and gold macaw, three turtles, and a pigeon. The scene is in a present day chemical laboratory in a medical college. In each one of the absorbing sketches there are traces of romance, domestic difficulties, actions that are half reflex and half intelligence, and tragedy. The author reveals a strong affection and keen understanding of the "hoof, claw, and wing".

Interesting incident: There is a scene in a restaurant where the author is in the habit of taking his pet pigeon, Hato, to lunch with him. He describes the attitude of the diners. An old lady frowns, seeming to question the decorum of taking a pigeon to lunch. A few learned colleagues of the author sit near him. One warns him for the ninth time, "You admire that bird a lot. Be careful that you do not give it credit for intelligence where there is only instinct." At this the pigeon nods with gravity. Everyone regards the author with a sort of superior tolerance.

I found the book very refreshing after reading a few lengthy discourses on animal behaviour. I suspect that Mr. Eckstein exaggerates the intelligence of his pets somewhat. Although it will never rank in scientific circles with Pavlov's studies on dogs, it is to be recommended to those who like animals.

The author has a style that deals only with facts, laconically telling a long story. I doubt if there is a superfluous word in the entire volume, and on the other hand, Mr. Eckstein seems to begrudge the reader an extra adjective or so. However, we suppose that *Lives* would have to have been printed in twenty volumes if anyone so long-winded as Cooper had written it.

"All Nature is marvellous."—*Aristotle.*

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."—*Tennyson.*

"Life is too short for men to worry about it."—*George Bernard Shaw.*

"Death alone makes life possible."
—*Steele.*

THE GONDOLIERS

The Civic Light Opera Company is here again! It is presenting some of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas. Boston welcomes this company with a big hand. These operettas are managed by Tisdale.

"The Gondoliers" opened Monday, October 17. It was a hugh success, and was produced as a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta should be produced.

The singing was excellent, in fact, the whole thing was interpreted very well. It was so light, that it is a relief from drama and operas. The audience appreciated the music so much, that almost every song was sung twice.

William Danforth, Roy Cropper, and Joseph Macauley added a bit of humor that was very effective.

In one part, where two gondoliers are being taught to dance, they were so funny, and clumsy, that the whole theatre was in an uproar. The dance was repeated twice, to satisfy the audience.

Following this performance is "Trial by Jury," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "Ruddigore," and, "The Pirates of Penzance." Immediately following these Gilbert and Sullivan productions, are more light operas, that will interest everyone, I'm sure.

* * * *

"The test tube is mightier than the sword."—*Slosson.*

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MR. HARBOUR REVISIT SENES OF THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page)

before day light on my way to the first train for Conty, the little town where I actually joined my division. But at Conty I had my first disappointment, among many. Search as I might through the town with its chimneys all smoking through a light morning mist, I could not find, nor in any way recognize the house that was my familiar headquarters. Nor was anybody that I asked at all interested or informed, but looked at me blankly or a little askance when I spoke of the war. I was to find out later why.

In the one open café-bar I took a typical French farmer's breakfast of a bowl of black coffee (though the farmer often adds an admixture of wine or brandy) that tasted like a medicinal brew. Then, shouldering my pack, I was off up the hill, out of the village, and away upon the straight road stretching between the files of tall poplars, set with perfect regularity, towards what was the former front. When I last traversed this road it was one endless line of camions or military trucks, with men on bicycles or on motor-cycles threading in and out, before and behind, and airplanes zooming overhead. So what impressed me most on this September morning was the solitude—and the silence. Not a person in sight, and but the rarest of sounds. Only the wide, open fields rolling, heaving towards horizons along which the distant, regular lines of trees betokened other arrow-straight roads like that along which I walked.

But as I tramped on my way into the now clearing morning, my mind's eye filled with the pictures of the vanished armies that I had seen thronging this country-side, I began to perceive something military, something marital, symbol of the old grim heroic days, in the very landscape, and in nature about me. The regular lines of tall, erect trees began to take on the appearance of files of soldiers still marching, marching along the far hilltop horizons to the rhythm of unheard drum-beats. The stacks of wheat piled in even rows over the wide fields seemed like vast military encampments that the marching soldiers had left behind. Instead of resonant bugle-notes came the occasional clarion calls of the cocks from the villages whose church-steeples pricked above the folds of the hills. And reminders of the departed aviators were the swallows, skimming, swooping, dipping over the fields and orchards in the sweet autumn air. Even the flowers by the roadside, the red of the last, lingering poppies, the white of the yarrow and Queen Anne's lace, and the blue of chicory showed forth again the tricolor of France—and of America.

At noon I passed over the brow of a final hill, and began to descend a long slope into the town of Ailly-sur-Noye. And from here on increasingly, there were wide gaps in the files of poplars by the roadside, places where six or seven together were missing, whose stumps, sawed off close to the ground, were just visible in the grass. These I knew to have been broken down, destroyed by the fire or heavy artillery that beat upon this road in August of 1918 when the Germans made a desperate attempt to cross the narrow Noye river in the town below. Both sides performed prodigies of futile valor. I remember being told that five times a temporary wooden bridge, loaded with French and Algerian troops trying to establish a bridgehead on the German side, was swept clean by machine-gun fire. The sixth time the rush succeeded,

(To be continued)

"Do you think horseshoes are lucky

"If they are, then the horse I bet yesterday was running barefooted."

* * * *

Mother Cat: "Tommy, your neck not clean."

Tommy Cat: "I am sorry, Mother, was merely a slip of the tongue."

* * * *

He: "I've never seen such dream eyes."

She: "You've never stayed so la before."

* * * *

He: "See that fellow taking the hu dles now? Well, he'll be our best ma in a week."

She: "Oh, Charles, come let us te Father."

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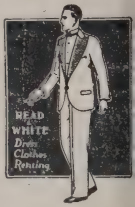

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, No. 4 BROOKLINE, MASS. ,DECEMBER 8, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE DEFEATED IN ANNUAL CLASSIC WITH NEWTON TEAM

Garden City Grid men Run Wild on Home Field

FINAL SCORE 66-0

The Brookline High School football team, winding up its poor season, played its annual Thanksgiving day classic, at Dickinson Field in Newton, and was crushed 66-0. The only bright spots of the Brookline team were twofold: the hard tackling of Howie Lowenstein, and the defensive game of Alan Swartz. Dubruil showed up quite well on the two opportunities he had, making two eight-yard gains through the center of the Newton line. Richey did not play a brilliant game, but rather was steady and dependable. Newton had possession of and Brookline had little chance to show its offensive. Brookline was uncertain. The team was continually bewildered by the Newton formations and plays.

The Wealthy-Towners had but one chance to score in the third quarter. Brookline got the better of two quick kicks. Lowenstein kicked from his own forty-yard stripe to the Newton twenty-yard line. On third down Huston kicked to mid-field. On the first down, Brookline tried a flat pass which failed, but

(continued on page five)

CIRCULO ESPANOL HOLDS FIRST MEETING OF YEAR

The first annual meeting of el Circulo Español was held Monday, November 14 at 2 o'clock in room 36 under the supervision of Miss Adams and Miss Wood.

After a short opening speech by Evelyn Lupton, this year's president, a charming one-act play was presented in which John Field took the part of a dashing caballero and Mimi Braganti a shy señorita.

Following this two amusing games were played of which Evelyn Lupton and John Field were adjudged the most brilliant conversationalists.

Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were then served and the meeting adjourned at 3:30.

As the number of those attending was rather small it is to be hoped that more members will avail themselves of the opportunity of having a splendid time by being present at the next meeting of the club.

NAME FACULTY MEMBERS OF TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

The faculty has selected its representatives on the Teacher-Student Council. They are: Mr. Packard, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Roman, Miss O'Brien, Miss Lewis, Miss Sawyer, Miss Allen, Mr. Severance, and Mr. Downing.

The student members have not yet been elected. A special meeting of the Council consisting of the newly elected teachers and last year's student representatives was held Monday, November 21 for the purpose of approving of the recently elected freshman marshals. The list was completed and now stands as follows: Mildred McClellan, Haskell Harris, Barbara Cohen, Stanley Livingston, Irma Kilsey, Harold Sklar, Christine Ferguson, Edna Tischendorf, Dale Metzler, and Robert Romanon. Various other matters were then discussed. A committee is to be appointed by the Chair to consider the possibility of revising the old Brookline High School Booklet.

Suggestions for improving the morale of the school were proferred and definite action will soon take place.

FRENCH CLUB ENJOYS LECTURE ON RUSSIA

The second meeting of the French Club, "Le Cercle Français", was held in room 325, at about 2:15, on Tuesday, November 29, 1932. The President, Joan Rines, spoke a few minutes on the plans of the French Club, and thus opened the meeting. Jant Dubinsky, the secretary, gave her report on the last meeting, which was accepted as read. This was followed by the treasurer, Norman Hunt's report. The speaker of the afternoon, who had been brought to the school by some courteous members of the group, was introduced as Mademoiselle Renoiard of the Winsor School. She proved to have such a good accent and wide vocabulary of French that none of the freshmen or sophomores, only three quarters of the juniors, and a half of the seniors could readily understand what she was saying. Mademoiselle Renoiard's talk was about Russia. She has just recently been there, and this helped to make the speech more interesting, as the thoughts and pictures were still fresh in her mind. The speaker illustrated her talk with very interesting pictures and maps. She told of the Russian government, the schools, the buildings, the industry, and many other things of great interest. A reflect-

(continued on page five)

COSMO HAMILTON SPEAKS AT ASSEMBLY NOV. 30

The juniors and seniors of Brookline High School have been well entertained, the last few assemblies by excellent speakers, obtained by various departments of the school. Wednesday, November 30, Miss Spaulding was able to secure for the second time, a former professor of Columbia University, a prolific writer, and an engaging speaker. Mr. Hamilton spoke on the Theatre and approached it in a very amusing and clever way.

He based his topic on these few facts: why we like to see a play often; why we do not like to see a play often; and why certain plays have a definite reaction on the audience. He said that a person should go to the theatre to enjoy himself, not to broaden his mind, but to get a big thrill out of the play while one is seeing it.

To use as examples he took two plays—Cyrano de Bergerac, which Mr. Hamilton says is the most thrilling, the most exciting play in the world, which, by the way, is coming to the Colonial Theatre soon and Shakespeare's play, The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Cyrano de Bergerac is decidedly the appealing type of play. It's the kind of play that makes one dream one is living the leading part. It makes one wish, and wish hard that he were able to think of a clever come-back to a person, but not a week after the discus-

(Continued from page four)

FOOTBALL TEAM ELECTS "SCOTTY" LARKIN CAPT.

Played Steady Game During Past Season

On Wednesday, the last day of November, the lettermen of the football team elected the captain of next year's team. The result was that "Scotty" Larkin had been elected unanimously to captain the Brookline eleven next season.

The new captain, playing in the backfield, has shown himself full of pep and always pushing the team on. "Scotty" weighs only 148 pounds but has proved to be a main factor in breaking up the opponents' plays.

The prospects for the 1933 season look very bright indeed as only a few of the regulars are to be lost by graduation and with Larkin at the helm, Brookline looks forward to a winning team next season.

COMMITTEES NAMED AT SENIOR MEETING

Mackey, Wiggin, Reimer and Howard, Chairmen

On Wednesday, November 30, the Senior Class held its third meeting. George Mackey, chairman of the Year Book Committee, asked for new suggestions, and advertisements from friends and business acquaintances. He also stated that the support of all was absolutely necessary.

Then, Roger Bernhardt read the list of those on the committees. These names are subject to changes on account of marks or any other justifiable circumstances. The Year Book Committee: George Mackey (chairman), Gordon McAleer, Beatrice Eisenman, Anne Wyner, Marybelle Finger, George Hartstone, Hulda Phillips, Anna Austin, Grace Coughlin, Theodore Bradley, Paul Silbert, and William Favorite. The Class Day Committee: Fred Wiggin (chairman), Warren Fox, Marion Phillips, Lorraine Wood, Ruth Wolf, Rupert Lewis, Leonard Tarlin, and Irving Cohen. The Ring and Pin Committee: Doris Reimer (chairman), Donald Spear, Rae Harris, Emily Klous, William Let, and Ralph Kaye. The Gift Committee: Elizabeth Howard (chairman), Jane McKnight, Harold Wyer, Jack Corbett, and Barbara Gordon.

After that, Mr. Hollingworth told us about the style of the yearbook, and emphasized the necessity of getting advertisements.

There will be no Picture Committee as Purdy is the official photographer. Mr. Sheerin, representative of Purdy, was introduced, and explained that Purdy was a graduate of Brookline High School, and has been established in Boston for the past forty years. Purdy completed the work for Simmons last year, besides doing almost one hundred year books of schools and colleges.

The remaining time was reserved for Miss Taft who has paid the class the

(continued on page five)

PRIZE SPEAKING FINAL LISTS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED

The results of the Second J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest try-outs have been posted on the bulletin board. They are as follows:—Peggy Bennett, Norma Green, Norma Nasmyth, Martha Turner, Leigh Dimond, Bruce Ehrman, Donald Graham, Norman Hunt, Hanley Norius. Harry Shooshan, Eliot Silverman, and Myron Wallace. The alternates are Esther Shain and Jerome Grossman.

FACE THE MUSIC

Face the music and is there music to face? Well. merely the mention of Irving Berlin answers that. This production is superb, in its own way. The music is delightful. Some of the songs familiar to most of us are, "Let's Have other Cup of Coffee", and "Soft Lights and Sweet Music". The theatre was crowded to the full extent of its capacity. The dancing under the direction of Albertina Rasch, is unique, and the costumes are all very dazzling. Mary Boland is as humorous as ever, and Nancy McCord, and John Barker are excellent as the hero and heroine.

As a whole, this production is probably one of the best musical comedies produced this year in Boston.

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON"

The Junior League of Boston, an organization doing a great deal of charity work, will give four performances of a delightful children's play "The Reluctant Dragon" in the Christmas holidays. It will be given on December twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth, at the Repertory Theatre to support two Community Health nurses and the League's own social service work. The dragons, and the knights will fascinate your younger brothers and sisters and there is entertainment and humour enough for grown-ups too. Tickets from 50 cents up are on sale at the League Club-house, Zero Marlboro Street, Boston, and at Herrick's.

EXCHANGES

New Hampton Mainton—New Hampton School for Boys, New Hampton, N.H. You have too many sport sections. The paper would be more complete with a greater assortment of articles. A joke column might help, also.

The Colby Echo—Colby College, Waterville, Maine. Your fraternity notes on the first page are good but suggest your putting them on another page. Your article concerning the statement of Norman Thomas was interesting.

The Imp—Brighton High School, Brighton, Massachusetts. Your paper is printed in magazine form but contains all that it should to make it interesting and worthwhile.

The Signboard—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Massachusetts. Suggest a larger editorial section.

The Scholastic News—Chelsea, Massachusetts. A good paper. Your clippings taken from other schools is an original idea.

B. H. S. News—Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts. An excellent paper.

The Huntington Record—Huntington School, Boston, Massachusetts. Your gossip column is cleverly written and very humorous.

ASSEMBLY NOVEMBER 23

SIX SENIORS ELECTED TO HONORARY SOCIETY

The Thanksgiving Assembly was dedicated to the use of the highest society in the school, Alpha Pi. President Elizabeth Howard spoke of the two-fold purpose of the organization which is to honor those who have succeeded in attaining a high enough record in scholarship and outside activities for admittance, and to incite others to follow in their foot-steps. Miss Howard then introduced Mr. Akers, our beloved former head-master, whom all rejoiced to have present. It was under Mr. Akers's authority that Alpha Pi was established with the co-operation of Mr. Snow and Barton Leach in 1916. Mr. Akers spoke of the society as one for students who come here to study and not for pupils who come to spend the morning; although at the same time he rejoiced that participation in school activities was also necessary for admittance, as the combination of the two tended to give one a complete foundation for a profitable life. He also inserted a word of warning to those gaining admission declaring that all efforts made heretofore should not have been made for purely selfish purposes, and that much was still to be expected from them. He remarked that there was honor in doing one's best even if it does not bring ostensible reward; and finally, that everyone is good for something. Each should choose the thing he is best suited for, and should stick to it with courage. The orchestra, which is certainly in very good form this year, then played under the leadership of Mr. Joslin. Mr. Ringer then announced that he was, for the second time, to have the pleasure of awarding the insignia of Alpha Pi. The following, with their total number of credits, are the new members of the Honorary Society.

Warren Fox	10 9/16
Marion Phillips	12 9/16
William Lett	8 1/4
Doris Reimer	15 5/8
Marjorie Frank	13 1/2
Anne Wyner	14 13/16

LAUGHS

Did you hear of the freshie who walked through the art museum and stepping in front of a mirror exclaimed, "It must be a Rembran?"

* * * *

Fond Mother: "Yes, Johnny is studying French and algebra."

"Say 'Good morning' to the lady in algebra, Johnny."

* * * *

"Let's run over a few things together," said the automobile instructor to his pupil.

Following is a list of Red Cross Home Room Representatives:

Red Cross Home Room Representatives

217	Anne Geoghegan
315	Irving Cohen
316	Beatrice Eiseman
317	Evelyn Greenspau
320	Valerie Monnier
321	Doris Reimer
322	Ruth Wolf
	Bernard Valkenier
212	Muriel Baer
213	Frances Bowser
219	Helaine Epstein
220	Rose Goldfarb
221	Francis Hughes
124	Selma Levine
125	Margaret Malcomson
324	Janet Printz
214	Charlotte Salzberg
226	Jeannette Silverstein
227	Muriel Wallace
229	Katherine Atwood
230	Sarah Couman
231	Myron Cohen
232	Anita de Vine
232	Gertrude Eagan
236	Eleanor Fisher
323	Adele Hirshberg
364	Myrtle Nichols
36	Guy Horton Hunt, Jr.
128	Milbert Rothberg
126	Nancy McCabe
129	Charlotte Therrill
326	Madelein Morganstein
131	Lorraine Wood
24	Elizabeth Green
26	Bernice Porosky
1	May Carlin
3	Norma Cunningham
4	Eleanor Fisher
5a	Haskell Harris
5b	Sarah Hornley
5c	Stanley Livingston
6	Mildred McClellan
7	Frederick Newcom
8	Virginia Ryan
9	Phyllis Slaman
27	Gertrude Welch
234	Ruth Sawyer

A few home rooms have not as yet reported their representatives.

ALUMNI NOTES

Samson Lincoln Price, 1931, is now enrolled at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He is working in the Mechanical Engineering Department with the Class of 1935. He is a member of the band and orchestra, and last year was among those who made third honors the first term.

She: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

He: "Certainly."

She: "Then close the door as you pass out."

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKING NOW BEING RE-ORGANIZE

After a lapse of one year, Four Minut Speaking, an important extra-curricul activity, is being re-organized with Mis Johnson, a new member of the Englis Department in charge. Tryouts were hel for all classes for four days in successio and the results will, no doubt, soon b announced.

The purpose of this organization is t give the students the opportunity of serving their school in advertising worth projects that the school may be effecting For example, in past years Four Minute Speakers have been sent around to hel secure aid for the Red Cross; to appea for subscriptions to the SAGAMORE; t announce the Senior Social and Dramatics. Another purpose is to give the students interested in public speaking a opportunity to put that ability into practical use.

The membership will be limited to 40 students this year and 1/4 point credit towards the Honorary Society will be given. Meetings will be held once in two weeks.

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Executive Committee

President, Secretary, and Ethel Davidson

The new books for this month are:

Reed—Earth for Sam.
The story of mountains, views dinosaurs, and men.
Leavitt and Brown—Elementary Social Science.
Earheart—The fun of it.
Woods—The Story of Uncle Sam's Money.
Fokker—The Flying Dutchman.
Rockne—Autobiography of Knute K. Rockne.

IR. HARBOUR REVISITS SCENES OF THE GREAT WAR

Last Tuesday at the former scene of ightful human carnage, one solitary ld man sat on the river-bank fishing, o doubt content if a three hours' sitting ould net him as many small perch.

I left behind me Ailly-sur-Noye, its ll church-spire once more risen from e jagged stump that I last saw it, to ominate the country round about, and assed again into the open fields. But ere was more human activity from here n. From time to time I met farmers riving along the road in heavily laden, igh, two-wheeled carts drawn by three agnificent horses in single file, the Percheron horses from Normandy than hich there can be no finer work-horses the world. On I would come upon hole families, whole villages rather, f men, women and children at work gether, stacking the wheat in mounds at looked for all the world like great ellow cabins with slanting roofs, or thers shaped like huge bee-hives, the omen with kerchiefs over their heads uite as hard at it as the men, the small oys scrambling up the steep sides of the acks like so many monkeys. In other laces threshing machines were centers f lively activity.

But for all these occasional hives of dustry, the fields for wide stretches ere empty and silent. At times not a ving creature was to be seen in any irection to the horizon's rim. It must be emembered that in this part of France, e north, there are no scattering farmouses, as in New England. The farmers ve in little huddled-together villages, o out with their wives and older children for long distances into the fields to ork, return at noon, and again in the vening. Who prepares the noon-meal nd the evening *soupe* I hardly know, nless it be the old grandmothers, who, ith occasional grandfathers and very ttle children were the only persons to e seen in the villages when I passed rough them during the hours of labor.

And one of the most charming, the ost consoling features of my walk, all hrough the week, was a sound I never nce heard in 1918, that of the angelus inging out from these village churchteeples, sometimes close by, sometimes ff in the distance from churches unseen, t the approach of evening. It is a sumons to man to pause in his labors uring its ringing, to think of God who ade him not a brute, but a being with soul. For some reason the sound alays made me think of that peasant girl, he Maid of France, toiling in the fields ery much as those I passed on my way, nd I am sure, heard her "voices" most learly during the ringing of the angelus ng centuries ago.

But during this first afternoon's tramp he signs and memorials of the world's greatest" war persisted, and increased. n the outskirts of some villages would be ragged brick walls, with gaping eye sockets or windows, the relic of a home destroyed. Late in the afternoon, as I approached the village of Grivesues I began to notice and to pick up bits of jagged rough-edged iron along the road. Shrapnel, still lying there after fourteen years! Nothing could better indicate the torrent of death-dealing iron rain that descended upon these roads in those "glorious" days.

Just beyond Grivesnes, over the wheat-fields, lies Cantigny, on its way to being forgotten now, but written large in the annals of the A. E. F. For here it was that on May 28, 1918, our First Division met the enemy, plunging down from Montdidier, and won the first major American victory of the war. But at a fearful cost. Almost eight hundred names are inscribed on the fine commemorative pillar, surrounded by an eagle with drooping wings, erected in their honor. Quite a way before I even entered the village I came upon a memorial that moved me even more, a stone pillar, only shoulder-high, standing solitary and inconspicuous in a wheat-field by the roadside, capped by a stone helmet, and bearing this proud inscription, *"Ici l'envahisseur fut reponssé."* It marks the farthest point reached by the Germans in their final desperate plunge towards Paris.

That night I spent in Montdidier, a little city set high on a table-plateau. It was battered into ruins during the bitter fighting that took place roundabout it in 1918, but today its houses and halls and churches stand bright and new—and generally far uglier than the old ones. One sign of the war's aftermath that I saw here greatly interested me: a beautiful, ancient, gray church of the Middle Ages had been all but destroyed by shell-fire; nothing but parts of the richly carved stone portals and the stumps of the towers remained. But these were being carefully, laboriously surrounded and encased as it were, in the walls of a white-stoned new church rising on the spot.

If any boys reading this have felt their hearts stirred by martial ardor, and a longing for "heroic war", it might well be dispersed by the sight I saw as I left Montdidier the next morning. Ahead of me down the road I caught sight of a great rectangular space, mysteriously white, a chalk-quarry, or a lime-pit, I thought. But as I drew nearer, realized —it was a French military cemetery, a small sea or lake of white wooden crosses (or round-topped slabs with Arabic lettering for the Algerian, Moroccan or Senegalese troops.) There must have been ten thousand of these graves in this single cemetery, and there are a hundred others like it, across France. This one was planted all through and about ten crosses with rose-bushes still in bloom. But over every such cemetery these seem to me to hover in the very air, even though they are never carved in stone, some such words as, "Behold and see the tragedy of war!"

I cannot go on with a detailed account of my daily journeyings across the former battle-fields and war-roads—from Mondidier to Roye, from Roye to Nesle, from Nesle to St. Quentin, from St. Quentin to Guise, all names familiar to those who have studied the annals of the French armies during those dire four years. Full seventy-five miles altogether, over a territory that in 1918 had hardly one house with its roof whole, where most were mere staring walls, and many had been pounded into unrecognizable dust. Today by far the most of these stand rebuilt.

But there was another mark of the havoc of war that I have hardly mentioned, and that is, its effect on the minds, the psychology of the people. I had many, many examples of this, but I have time for only one, the most striking of all, that happened on the final day of my pilgrimage.

I had turned aside from the *grande route* between St. Quentin and Guise where I "finished the war", to the sequestered hamlet of Marcie. I had spent here the ten days immediately preceding the eve of the first Armistice Day, encamped in the orchard of a beautiful and gracious old chateau—of what *had* been a beautiful and gracious chateau, for only a day or two before our arrival, a mine, placed in the cellar by the Germans on their departure *two weeks previously,* had exploded, bringing down a large part of the house, used by the French as a hospital, and burying a number of wounded soldiers in the ruins. In spite of the shadow of this tragedy, to which we were accustomed in those days, our two weeks in Marcy were happy, almost idyllic ones. We knew that the war was drawing to a close. The countryside was peaceful, serene, and comparatively unravaged by war. We had our *popote,* or military mess, in an old coach-house at the foot of the terraced garden through whose paths, and those of the venerable green wood adjoining we used to stroll in the calm of the evening. Over the whole place there was an air of old-world, story-book charm. I had always wanted to see the place again.

And last Saturday I did so. But alas! As I passed through the village I saw myself regarded on all sides by looks of doubt and suspicion. I had noticed such looks growing more marked as I penetrated deeper into the "ravaged territories." Perhaps I owed them partly to my costume, which was, to say the least an odd medley: my boots of a Maine logging-camp, my gaiters Irish, my trousers those of a French huntsman, bought in Paris, my coat and vest American, and my hat, though it has known the lockers of Brookline High School now of no country, or of any country at all. And the net impression created by this sar-

(continued on page six)

SIR WALTER SCOTT

By Jean Leslie

Years ago in a little, humble, Scottish Presbyterian home there was born to Anna and Walter Scott in 1771, a little boy by the name of Walter Scott. He was an exceptionally strong child and was placed immediately in the care of a peasant woman. When Sir Walter Scott was a grown man and she very old, she could proudly boast of her laddie as being what she called a "grand gentleman". He was full of life, especially at bedtime. One morning at eighteen months old he had a fever — unknown then — but in all probability infantile paralysis. After three days he had lost the use of his right leg. In the hope of strengthening him and curing him, the baby was sent up into the free, open lands of Sandy Knowne. He soon won his way into the hearts of that household, especially in that of the old shepherd who would carry the baby off, wrapped in a sheepskin, to the fields with him to watch the sheep. One day a terrible storm arose with a great wind blowing, gusts of rain, sudden claps of thunder, and bright flashes of lightning. In the rush of getting his flock within shelter, the old shepherd forgot the babe left alone on those rocky cliffs. His aunt, Miss Janet Scott, always greatly attached to the boy, rushed up in all the rain expecting to find a terror-stricken babe. But there he was lying on his back, laughing and clapping his hands at every clap of thunder and every flash of lightning crying "Bonny! Bonny!" All through his life the raw nature, its strength and power, appealed to Sir Walter. The love of the magnificent was in his blood. Walter gained great health there, and by degrees learned to walk. A dear old gentleman, a frequent visitor, would get down on his hands and knees, dragging his watch along the rug to attract the attention of the babe in hopes that it would try to follow it.

With the return to his own home, Sir Walter found it difficult to adapt himself to being one of a large family! Something that we who are of a large family can well appreciate. His mother's heart went out especially to this boy of hers because of his lameness. She had the same love for ballads which she passed on to her son. She seemed to understand the boy better than her husband did. When his love for romantic scenery sent him off on many trips by horse and foot, his father would say that he ought to have been born a strolling pedler. But that was life to Walter Scott. He'd people all the historical battle fields and would describe the scenes with such vividness as would fill his fellow comrade or listener with delight and amazement. Any scenery which was living appealed to him. One day when he was showing Washington Irving over Abbotsford he said that there was something in the gray, barren hills of Scotland and the heather that he loved. "I think that

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THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Will We Let Our Standards Be Lowered?

During the past year Brookline High School has been honored by having had some very distinguished persons as speakers at our assemblies. Many of these had chosen interesting topics, and were very entertaining to us. Others were not entertaining speakers in the point of view of some of us, but these two classes of speakers had something in common. They left the Brookline High School auditorium with the feeling that their audiences were not as courteous and as orderly as they might have been. If one of the speakers happened to "crack" a joke too much prolonged laughter and discussion by the audience would follow. On the other hand, if the speaker was not appealing to all of his audience, again a discourteous undertone of voices could be heard. This little, but yet so great, breach of the laws of etiquette does not tend to make a favorable impression upon the guest speakers, and if it persists it will lower the standards of our school. We would not want that to happen, so let's think it over!

The Hare and the Tortoise

One quarter of the school year has passed. Our first quarter's marks can serve as a barometer and can forecast our marks as they will be in June. However, the first quarterly marks are not always an accurate barometer. A person whose marks pointed to certain disaster in June, has been known to put his shoulder to the wheel by steady study, and avoid such a calamity as failing a subject for the year. If your marks are not entirely satisfactory they can be raised by you alone.

If your marks have been satisfactory a part of the race toward our goal has been won. However, we must not go to sleep now, and try to live on the honors that we have attained. You will recall the proverbial race of the hare and the tortoise. The outcome is known by all of us. If you plug along as the little turtle did, success is certain. We all know that to follow the example of the hare would be foolishness. Therefore if you are proud of your record, preserve it by steady work.

The Open Road

> "Afoot and light-hearted, I take the open road,
> Healthy, free, the world before me,
> The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose . . ."
>
> —WALT WHITMAN.

Sports are a vital part of school life, standing for its development and progress. All sports are splendid training and teach us team-work and fair play; we can learn on the gridiron or the baseball diamond as well as in the classroom.

Every big school encourages the major sports — football, baseball, track, swimming, tennis, field-hockey, and basket ball. In doing so they strengthen the fibre of American youth. Let us take part in some of the activities and support them all.

Athletics should be good for us. The dash through cold water, the crack of hard wood against a pitched ball, the click of steel against hard ice should thrill us. Francis Ouimet, National Amateur Golf Champion, speaking at B. H. S. advised everyone to choose some sport that he liked and play it hard.

THE POETS' CORNER

◆

EVENING STAR

When the twilight turns to dark,
 And we see the fireflies' spark,
In a sky a beacon does embark
 The evening star.

All is quiet, all is still
 On the top of yonder hill;
O'er the hill-top come it will,
 The evening star.

There two children one would play,
 Both so happy and so gay;
Now, alas, they've gone away,
 Evening star.

You have seen them happy be,
 Run and romp, quite full of glee;
This earth again they'll never see,
 Evening star.

Yet when darkness turns to dawn,
 I see them playing on the lawn,
But when daytime comes, they're gone,
 With the star.

—Lorraine "Polly" Abrams.

POLITICS

By EDGAR HIRSHBERG

Breathes there the man, so uninformed,
Who does not know why one man's scorned,
 Or why Democracy's strong hand,
Would like to change this country's course,
And kill Depression at its source
 By letting another head the land?
And furthermore, does that one know
The differences the parties show?
And can he differentiate
Twixt what Republicans would state
And what the Democrats contend
The rents Depression's made would mend?
And if he understands it all,
Then can he step up to the polls
With conscience clear and mind at rest
He knows why either man is best.
He takes no chances, no, not he,
On who next president will be.
If such there be, go, mark him well
(There may be one — you ne'er can tell.)
But if you'll take my word, I'll say
There's not a man on earth today
Who knows, and can exactly see
Just why the parties disagree.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial."
>
> *—Festus*

Mother—"You naughty boy; I'll send you to bed without any supper."

Naughty Boy—"Well, what about my medicine I have to take after meals?"

CAREERS

DENTISTRY AS A CAREER

Outlines taken from Institute of Research on Careers, for which material is on hand in the Guidance Department in Mr. Jewett's office.

Qualifications

1. Intelligent, superior mechanical ability, and aptitude for painstaking detailed work.
2. Sound secondary schooling.
3. Thoroughness, neatness.
4. Pleasing personality and appearance.
5. Highly developed sense of integrity.
6. Develop a sense of beauty and form, just as sculptor does.

Training

1. The high school freshman, who expects to be a dentist, should take the general four-year course, emphasizing:
   Chemistry Physiology
   Physics Latin
   Manual Training
2. Seek advice of some successful dentist.
3. Selection of a college of high standards and recognized by the dental profession.
4. Of the 40 dental schools in the U. S., 28 have entrance requirements of graduation from a 4 year high school course and 1 year of general college work.
5. Dental colleges offer 4, 5 or 6 year courses.
6. Cost of dental education is the highest of all professions.
   a. Tuition ranges from $50.00 to $200.00 a year, depending on the location, endowment, or standing of the college.
   b. Heavy laboratory fees.

Advantages

1. Broad and general culture from contact with people.
2. Lasting and valuable friendships in and out of professions.
3. Increasing knowledge and understanding of life.
4. Service to mankind.
5. Independent.
6. Profession becoming more and more important.

Disadvantages

1. Long hard hours of monotonous work.
2. Make little money during first few years.
3. Nervous strain, confining and tedious.
4. Follow diet suited to his individual constitution.
5. Steady hand.
6. Encounter unclean mouths and diseased conditions.

Opportunities

1. Private practice.
2. Supervisor of an industrial dispensary.
3. Teaching.

DENTISTRY AS A CAREER

4. Hospital clinics and school clinics.
5. City and county public health works.
6. Federal service, Army and Navy.
7. Positions open to women:
    a. Dental Technician.
    b. Dental Hygienist.
    c. Dental Assistant.

Salaries

1. Junior dentists $25 to $35 a week, according to ability.
2. $8,000 to $25,000 annually to some dentists, according to the community.
3. Some reach $75,000 to $100,000 annually.
4. $300 to $1,000 for a single filling.
5. During fourth and fifth years, incomes show a steady increase.
6. Technician receives $25 to $50 a a week.
7. Hygienist receives $35 to $75 a week depending upon the responsibility of the position held.
8. Assistants receive from $6 a week in small communities to $80 in larger communities.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

(continued from page one)

ionor of being on the Year Book Committee again. She stressed the need of o-operation of every member of the raduating class in this undertaking, hich has long since become a tradition f the school.

Thus, many of the vital questions of ur Senior Year have been decided.

FRENCH CLUB MEETING

(continued from page one)

scope was used to show the pictures, o that all the group could look at hem together. The meeting ended at :30. The members went home very isappointed because no refreshments ad been served; but trusted that there ould be an extraordinary meeting of he "Cercle Français" this year, so as hey could "get their 25 cent's worth!"

Another burst of poetry which at the noment seems appropriate to some eople:

'Beautiful and dumb my own true love
must be.
Beautiful, so I'll love her; dumb, so
she'll love me."

* * * *

"Do you think horseshoes are lucky?"

"If they are, then the horse I bet on esterday was running barefooted."

* * * *

Mother Cat: "Tommy, your neck is iot clean."

Tommy Cat: "I am sorry, Mother, it vas merely a slip of the tongue."

HORTICULTURE AS A CAREER

Qualifications

1. Love of Nature and growing things.
2. Willingness to do physical labor.
3. Health, intelligence, and some resistance to weather.
4. Patience.
5. Aptitude for science.
6. Mechanical turn of mind.
7. Optimistic.

Preparation

1. Vocational schools of agriculture.
2. Four year college course and two year apprenticeship best.
3. If not in high school take biology, zoology, chemistry, geology.
4. Work in the summer on a farm.

Opportunities

1. Positions directly connected with fruit, flower, and vegetable growers.
2. Positions with the government.
3. Positions with commercial and industrial firms.
4. College men have little difficuly in securing position.

Different Phases of Horticulture

1. Fruit growing.
2. Nut growing.
3. Vegetable growing.
4. Mushroom growing.
5. Diversified farming.
6. Seed growing.
7. Nurseries.
8. Tree surgery.
9. Landscape gardener.
10. Professional aspects such as research and teaching.

Advantages

1. Healthful occupation.
2. Independent.
3. Oldest and one of the most necessary occupations.
4. Variety.
5. Good outlook.

Disadvantages

1. Weather conditions.
2. Plant diseases and insect bugs.
3. Problem of marketing.
    a. Transportation
    b. Market over-supply
    c. Income uneven.

Salaries ....

1. Average farmer clears about $500 every year.
2. Average horticulturist clears a bit more.
3. Successful and well-trained fruit grower, vegetable and flower grower makes $1500 to $3000.
4. In exceptional cases men make $8,000 to $10,000.

Women In Horticulture

1. Go in on a small scale.
2. Obstacles for women:
    a. Labor problem.
    b. Lack of business ability.
3. One school for women, which is foremost of its kind and not conducted for profit, is very good. Tuition reasonable.
    a. Open to high school graduates.
    b. Open to others by examinations.
    c. To mature women at the discretion of the school authorities.
    d. Maintains employment bureau.
4. Plants more popular with women.
5. Supervisors of home gardens are usually women.
6. $750 to $2,000 a year. Figures vary in different localities.

DIETETICS AS A CAREER

Opportunities

1. Specialist in nutrition.
2. Teaching of nurses.
3. Administrative positions — budgeting.
4. Work in children's hospitals.
5. Clinical work.
6. Dietitian in old people's homes.
7. Commercial field, hotels, restaurants, etc.
8. Teaching the public.

Qualifications

1. Ability to study the peculiarities of human nature.
2. Encourage and interest children to eat foods which are good for them.
3. Instruct mothers tactfully to develop real food habits in children.
4. Good organizer.
5. Rigid economist.
6. Strict disciplinarian.
7. Tact and reserve in order to obtain co-operation of various heads of departments.
8. Sympathetic understanding of people.
9. Ability to adjust one's self to the personalities of patients.
10. Manifest an intelligent interest in the welfare of patients.
11. Enjoy serving the sick.
12. Scientific interest in Chemistry and Physiology.
13. Enjoy handling and preparing food.

Preparatins

1. 4 year college course in home economics most suitable.
2. Chemistry, physiology, food and nutrition, psychology, institutional management, cooking.
3. Receive a degree of Bachelor of Science.
4. This credential is for admission to the dietetics course in hospitals.

Salaries

1. Assistant in a hospital $85 to $125 a month—includes room, board and laundry.
2. Administrative dietitians receive $200 and up.
3. Commercial field varies, beginning a little higher than hospitals but the opportunities are not as clear for reaching the maximum salary as in a hospital.

COSMO HAMILTON SPEAKS AT ASSEMBLY OF NOV. 30

(continued from page one)

sion takes place. To be able to say something and get immediate reaction, to be able to suffer in silence, and to die a heroic death—That is what you'll find in the play called, Cyrano de Bergerac and you'll love it.

Now the Tragedy of Macbeth is an entirely different sort of play. It's full of bloody murders, creeps, thrills, and chills, yet it's the type that makes one think. After seeing a play like this, Mr. Hamilton says one wouldn't be so apt to go home and "kick grandmother down the front steps" without giving the idea some thought. Nevertheless this is not the play one would like to see every night, it doesn't make you dream . . that is, pleasant dreams.

BROOKLINE HUMBLED BY GARDEN CITY

(continued from page one)

on the next down, Conaty tossed a long pass to Schwartz, who received it amongst three Newton backs on Newton's own twenty-five-yard line. On the next play Newton recovered a fumble.

On the whole it was a poor showing for a Brookline team. But it must be remembered it was a green team. Better luck next year in our own stadium!

SENIORS GIVE UNUSUAL TEA FOR MOTHERS

The senior members of the Advisory Council of the Girls' League gave a mothers's tea on Thursday, December 1, with Hulda Phillips as head chairman, and Miss Miller as faculty adviser. This tea differed from previous ones, as all the senior boys and their mothers were invited. Mr. Jewett spoke and Jacqueline McGrath danced. Tea was served in room 125 which was decorated in the class colors, yellow and white, and there was a fire in the fireplace.

The members of the committees were as follows: Doris Reimer, Louise Burnham, Evelyn Burns, Margery Frank, Anne Geoghan, Barbara Gordon, Elizabeth Howard, Cecilia Huberman, Jane McKnight, Mary Mulvihill, Jean Murray, Isobel Patterson, Marion Phillips, Florence Stern, and Mary Taylor.

ALUMNI NOTES

Frank Cohen, Class of 1929
Studying at Ohio University
President of Classical and French clubs.
Ranking fourth in University.
Mentioned for Phi Beta Kappa.

He: "See that fellow taking the hurdles now? Well, he'll be our best man in a week."

She: "Oh, Charles, come let us tell Father."

MR. HARBOUR'S LETTER

(continued from page three)

torial medley was German, *Boche!*

For as I threw myself down on the grass at the end of a noble avenue of poplars outside the closed iron gates of the chateau, to rest, and to revive my memories, I became aware of a great scurrying-about inside. The old concierge at the gate ran to the chateau, heads appeared at the windows, men, women and children peered at me from the terrace.

Finally the gates opened. A young man of that pale and somewhat enervated elegance that marks certain types of the French aristocracy, approached me, accompanied by what was, I am sure, the largest dog on the place, a great, white-spotted coach-dog. He looked at me askance, with disapproval.

"Monsieur is looking for something or somebody?" he began.

"Just reviving old memories," I answered in my best French, inwardly secretly irritated, but guessing rightly the situation.

A frown came to his face.

"Monsieur is from far?" was the next question, curtly put.

"From America, Monsieur."

Instantly the situation changed. Out came a package of cigarettes, that modern peace-pipe of civilized man. After a few more explanations I was conducted within the walls of the chateau gardens, my bag taken from me. With the utmost courtesy and amiability I was led to all my old familiar haunts, down the garden walks to the coach-house, where I first and last, ate snails (and found them very good eating), through the walks of the noble wood, filled with a green light, as it filtered through dark, green glass, and finally back to the chateau, now rebuilt, but in a far more modest fashion.

Here, Madame his mother was summonded, and I was presented to her, a gaunt old lady with an air of reserved pride. For all of that there came tears to her eyes, and of mine, as she began to talk to me of the days of the war, Yes, it was true, I had been taken for a German. M. le curé had seen me on the streets of the village, and had telephoned to the chateau. One such had returned in the fourteen years since the war, and had been chased away. (The son here made a sweeping motion with his hands and emitted a sort of hissing whistle.) "But Monsieur would understand? Those jackals have no delicacy. Our home here, in the family for two hundred years—the furniture all treasured, all with memories and traditions—heirlooms—destroyed! During the four years of the war the place was occupied as the headquarters of a German Prince Imperial. He took good care of it. Then, just at the end, we, who had taken refuge in Belgium, I with my old mother and my baby, this boy—another son and two of my brothers were killed at the front—we had word that the Germans were gone, and our home safe, unharmed. And we were making our plans to return, to patch up our broken lives here in peace, when we heard the news, the chateau mined, French soldiers buried in the ruins, the old heirlooms gone, gone! My old mother died of the shock on hearing of it. Monsieur will understand *why* we dread to see any returning Germans.

"'But they will *not* return, Mother, while *we* are here!' said the son proudly, drawing back and tightening his rather narrow shoulders.

I understood everything, and I sympathized most deeply. But I shuddered inwardly, a little. As I took my leave, road, there was a burden on my heart and trudged down the lane to the main as well as on my back, the burden of the pitiableness of it all, that in 1932 people of civilization, of intelligence and refinement must live with such memories and such apprehensions. And a wave of thankfulness, and of homesickness, passed over me for that America and that New England, where we can live, free of ancient rancors, feuds, hostilities, terrors, forward-looking lives of industry and peace.

ALUMNI NOTES

Helen Finnerty, class of 1929, of Brookline High School was admitted recently to the Radcliffe Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. During her High School career, she won a history prize. A similar prize was awarded to Gertrude Lakson, another graduate of the class of 1929, who is a member of the Wellesley College Chapter.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(continued from page three)

if I didn't see the heather once a year, I'd die."

He had grown now very tall. His eyes were very clear and open, his forehead broad and high, his smile delightful and his teeth perfect. His friends told how they always knew when something had amused him greatly. His upper lip would lengthen slightly, then he'd cast a shy, sidelong glance at his neighbor to see if it would be safe to venture forth, and then the tide would come!

One day he said, "It was a proud night for me when I first found that a pretty woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me in a corner of the ball-room hour after hour while all the world were capering in view." He met a delightful lady, a French girl, whose parents had fled to London from the Revolution. They were married in 1797 with real affection for each other, but not exactly love. She never entered into his literary life, or was the real helpmate she might have been. Even his children never realized how famous and true a writer their dad was. One day when John Ballantyne was visiting their home, he asked one of Scott's daughters how she had enjoyed "The Lady of the Lake" which had just been published. And she in excusing her ignorance, replied, "Papa says there is nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry!"

In 1799 he was appointed the seat of Sheriff of Selkirkshire. His duties were not many and he worked steadily on his project of editing ballads.

Scott's great love for all the families and clans of Scotland made him want to form a line of his own. So he undertook Abbotsford. His servants had an absolute place in his household, for Scott had a very keen insight and recognized a fine personality of any rank. He loved his children and they were always welcome in his study whenever they wanted to speak to him. Both Sir Walter and his lady loved dogs. Abbotsford was a paradise for dogs. When he rose from the table they clustered around him, ran in front and leaped to his shoulder. He arose at five every morning and was able to get in three hours of undisturbed study till breakfast. He was a wonderful host. His wife loved to entertain also and their home was always filled with guests.

We know the terror that the failure of the Ballantyne and Co. must have brought to the heart of Sir Walter Scott. His partnership instead of bringing an increase in income, had left him absolutely nothing. But with great moral courage he went at the task of paying the debt of 117,000 pounds. He was by no means a well man and he said at one time, "My head aches — my eyes ache — my back aches — so does my breast and what can duty ask more?"

No. Walter Scott is more than an author of long ago. His is a living, distinct, powerful personality. Hardly any other literary man lived a life so rich, joyous, eager, successful, and satisfying. He had no artistic temperament, but was a human man of a fine agreeable temper.

There was no sign of jealousy in his makeup. It was his joy to praise famous men and encourage budding authors. When Byron's poetry was driving his from the market he said "Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." He was not a dependable critic. He thought far too much in terms of the feelings of the author whose books he was reviewing.

Sir Walter Scott was unselfish. The other fellow's need came always before his. He had great compassion for the poor.

In all his writings, Scott thought of the effect they would have on his readers. His books breathe courage and sacrifice. He never wrote a word or sentence of which he need be ashamed — a statement which has gone unchallenged.

He was loved most by those who knew him best. One intimate friend wrote "I found he went uniformly on one system. If he could any good to anyone he would do it, but he could harm no man."

Sir Walter was a loving father. His children confided in him first.

Scott had always to fight a tendency to avoid the unpleasant facts of life. In 1813 when he was hit with his first financial crisis he borrowed, but his standing was never secure. He realized this, but in the background of his mind was always the thought that his books would finally bring him into calm waters.

We can but admire him the more for his strength in bearing one after another of the misfortunes that rained down on him following his ruin in 1826. His motto was, "Don't let the ink dry on your pen until the task be done." During these hard, bitter days Scott would pour out his heart in his "Journal" which he had started just two days before there was any news of the failure. After two years of tremendous work he wrote, "I see before me a long, tedious and dark path, but it leads to true fame and a stainless reputation."

Scott had a deep religious faith. His home training had been too strict, but some of the serenity of that home of religious faith influenced his life.

In the last few days when he and Lockhart, his son-in-law were sitting out of doors at Abbotsford, he asked the latter to read to him. When Lockhart asked what he wished, Scott answered, "Need you ask? There is but one." Lockhart was reading to him from the Bible.

A man's writings are only as great as the man.

ABUSING THE OLFACTORY NERVE

I'm in the lab. An experiment has just been completed — the preparation and properties of chlorine. While the instructor disconnects the apparatus he assigns the advance work. I begin to make a note of this, when I suddenly appreciate an unusual sensation. I want to sneeze and I can't. My nasal cavity seems to be thickening; I must be catching cold. But I'm having difficulty in breathing and my eyes are brimming with involuntary tears. I'm choking! I writhe in agony for seconds which seem to be aeons, and soon recover my bearings. I realize that some chlorine must have escaped from the disconnected generator. I pity the soldiers who succumb to these greenish-yellow fumes, reaching the conclusion that no more destructive element ever damaged living tissues.

* * * *

I'm in the street car. A woman comes and sits beside me. In a few seconds I perceive that a sweetish, stupifying, sickening odor is being emanated from her profusely scented body. This type of chloroform permeates into my very soul. I'm sick. I long to return to the lab with its H_2S and its chlorine.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The winter program of girls' sports ns as follows:

onday: Junior and Senior basket ball or gym team.

uesday: Indoor tennis or Freshman basket ball at the Lincoln School.

ednesday: Swimming 2:05 — 2:40 and 2:45 — 3:30 or dancing.

hursday: Sophomore basket ball, outing club or Captain Ball, Volley Ball and Pinguard at the Lincoln School. Sign up for these sports at the gymnasium on the afternoons designated, the week of November 28. The actual sports begin the following week.

Fall letters are being given out at the m. Call for yours. Varsity hockey ayers, leave your uniforms in Miss erry's office. They do not need to be undered.

* * * *

"True humility, the highest virtue, other of them all."—*Tennyson.*

"He is all fault who hath no fault."
—*Tennyson.*

* * * *

What is mind?—Only matter. What matter?—Never mind!

"If eyes were made for seeing, Beauty its own excuse for being."—*Emerson.*

* * * *

"It is a shameful thing for men to ."—*Tennyson.*

LIBRARY STAFF HONORS LOUISA ALCOTT BY PARTY

The Library seldom has the opportunity to celebrate the birthday of a more universally popular author than Louisa May Alcott. On Tuesday afternoon, November 29, the Library Staff met at a party in her honor, which was proclaimed at the end a decided success.

While Grace Coughlan, the chairman, counted the votes for the favorite among Miss Alcott's books, Miss Stack read, in her usual charming manner Miss Alcott's "Recollections of My Childhood," the preface to "Lulu's Library." "Little Women" as might be expected, won the first choice with "An Old-fashioned Girl" as second.

The story of "Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy" was read in play form by several of the members; Mrs. Siebens then acquainted the group with the old-fashioned games of Louisa Alcott's day, such as, impersonating Christmas toys and spinning the cover, both quite as amusing as they sound.

Refreshments were served of hot cocoa with whipped cream and cakes which were the gifts of Mrs. Siebens and some of the girls; when Miss Allen and Mr. Packard and later Mr. Ringer "dropped in" to share them, many stories were told of present-day authors and of old Boston. At the end of their good time the Staff was certainly reluctant to leave.

If this account is not an incentive to some of you to join the Staff next year, it does not portray truthfully the real pleasure of such a meeting.

With the passing of the centenary celebration of Scott's death many memories of Scott are left pleasantly salient in our minds. The Library wishes to thank Richard Koopman for his fine photograph of the Scott exhibit in the trophy room; Richard MacLellan for lending Scotch post cards and pins; and Joe Malone, for assigning marshals to the Trophy Room.

A casual observer in the library might think that the freshmen are over zealous in their search for knowledge, but to the person who has seen this sight before, it is only the annual epidemic of freshman library lessons.

In the senior class Mrs. Henderson's while Mrs. Henderson's class had all A's.

Recently, during a meeting of the Teachers' Convention in Boston, the Salem High School Library Club visited the School Library. Great enthusiasm was shown by the visitors at all the

The pictures of Louisa Alcott that were exhibited in the library were given by the Little Brown Company of Boston. Miss Lucile Gulliver, a representative of this company, still has to answer letters addressed to Louisa May Alcott. These letters are sent in by children who read her books.

"Never yet was noble man, but made ignoble talk."—*Tennyson.*

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Co-operating with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
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WORDS OF THE WISE

"Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest."— *George Eliot.*

"Truth, sir, is a great coquette; she will not be sought with too much passion, but is often amenable to indifference. She escapes when apparently caught, but gives herself up when patiently waited for; revealing herself after farewells have been said, but inexorable when loved with too much fervor."
—*Renan*

"Nothing should be neglected."
—*Pasteur*

"Before the gates of excellence the high gods have placed sweat. Long is the road thereto and rough and steep at first. But when the height is achieved there is ease—though grieviously hard in the winning."—*Hesiod*

"Without courage there can be no truth and without truth there can be no other virtue."—*Sir Walter Scott*

"Our main business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance but to do what lies clearly at hand."—*Carlyle*

"Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—*Cowper*

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For ne'er a woman or man found yet
Who had so many that he cou
lend
What all of us need,
"A REAL GOOD FRIEND"

He: "I've never seen such drea
eyes."

She: "You've never stayed so la
before."

* * * *

"To give one's self earnestly to t service of men, and while respecting t spirits, to make no great to-do abo them—that is wisdom."

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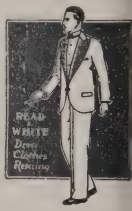

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXIX, No. 5 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE LOSES 1ST GAME TO LEXINGTON

Second Team Victorious

SCORES 26-17; 18-17

After the absence of many years, basket ball has come at last to Brookline. The first contest in which the team engaged was with Lexington on the fifteenth of the month at the Lexington gymnasium.

The Lexington quintet opened the game with fast playing and consequently piled up a large score in the beginning of the battle. The score at the end of the first period, Lexington 10, Brookline 0. In the second period, after starting slowly Brookline opened up and scored eleven points while Lexington scored six. The score at the half 16-11 with Lexington in the lead. The third period rendered eight points to the Lexington score, the point standing at the end of the third period 24-11, Lexington's favor. Brookline then began to get the feel of the ball and played a fine passing game, scoring six more points, but this was not enough. The final score was 26-17, Lexington being the victor. The outstanding players for Brookline were: Crowley, Rae, Cahill, Gallagher, and Freeman—Crowley being the main high scorer with ten points to his credit.

The second team game was won by Brookline in a hard and thrilling battle. After trailing until the third period, Brookline slowly crept up to Lexington. The opponents then ran up a score of 13-8 in their favor and things did not look so bright for Brookline. But the team then showed their ability to work together and come through in the pinch by tieing the score at 17-17. Then

(continued on page eight)

FOUR-MINUTE SPEAKERS BEGIN SEASON — ELECT RITA COHEN PRESIDENT

On Friday, Dec. 16, the Four-Minute Speakers held their first meeting in Rm. 4. Miss Johnson, the Faculty Adviser, told the group of the school's need of them for the publicizing of school projects. Then an election followed, and the following officers were chosen:

President, Rita Cohen.
Vice-President, June Bradfield.
Secretary, Henry Urrows.
Treasurer, Myron Cohen.

It was agreed that the treasurer would assume the duties of a publicity manager. The next meeting will be held at two o'clock in Room 4, on the first Friday after vacation.

NOMINATE CANDIDATES FOR SOPHOMORE OFFICES

At the first Sophomore class meeting ever to be held during school time, Norma Nasmyth, acting president, presided. After a short speech by the chairman regarding the advisability of considering your nominee before presenting his name, the nominations were open. Nominated for President were: Myron Cohen, Philip Ford, James Hines and Harry Shooshan. For Vice President: Hazel Armitage, Mary Dolbeare, Katherine Mulvihill Norma Nasmyth and Jeanette Thaxter. For Secretary: Charles Adams, Marie Clarke, Janet Dubinsky, Adele Hirshberg, and Myrtle Niccolls. For Treasurer: Carl Gustafson, James Hogg, Robert Malone, Myron Wallace and Victor Wolfe.

Last year's secretary, Janet Dubinsky, assisted the chairman on the platform. Mr. Ringer answered questions and spoke regarding class dues.

FACULTY PRESENTS "THE ROYAL FAMILY"

Charity Performances to be Given on January 21st and 22nd

On Friday and Saturday evening, January 20 and 21, the Brookline Teachers' Club will present *The Royal Family* in aid of the Brookline Welfare Fund.

The play, a comedy in three acts, by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, presents three generations of an actor family: There is Fanny Cavendish, wife of the deceased Aubrey Cavendish, "the first actor of his day," who, at the age of seventy is planning her tour for the coming season. There is her brother, Herbert Dean, a pompous player, now in his decline. Julie, her daughter, is at the crest of her career as a Broadway star. Tony, her son, having forsaken the stage for Hollwood, rushes home, only to flee to Europe to escape the attentions of a Polish picture actress. A granddaughter, Gruen, first coming into importance in genue rôles, upsets the family by marrying a stock-broker, and forsaking the stage, but only temporarily. Through it all Fanny Cavendish, ably supported by her manager, Oscar Wolfe, rules the household and carries on the great tradition of the theatre "once a trouper, always a trouper."

The household of the Cavendishes is a feverish spot. No one knows that better than the long-suffering and much-enduring housekeeper, Della, and the houseman, Jo, who serve meals, and answer all sorts of summons with dexterity and patience. To it come Herbert Dean and his wife, Kitty, to begin or continue their endless squabbles. The arrivals

(continued on page eight)

NAME COUNCIL AND COURT MEMBERS AT MEETING

The second Marshal Meeting of the year took place on Friday, December second. Captain Joseph Malone greeted the new Freshman Marshals and introduced Mr. Packard, faculty adviser for the marshals and chairman of the Teacher-Student Council. Mr. Packard spoke of the ideals for which the Marshals stand, and of the need in a school of this size, for an efficient marshal force, which can be made so only through the coöperation of the entire school.

Mr. Malone then suggested means by which the marshal system can improve its work and strengthen its authority. He announced, subsequently, that nominations were in order for the Court of Justice and Teacher-Student Council; each of which is partly composed of the President and a Representative from each class. The Freshman and Sophomore classes were obliged to select temporary delegates as their class elections have not yet taken place. The results of their selection will be printed later in the season. The results of the Senior and Junior elections are as follows.

Court of Justice

Chief Justice........................Warren Fox
Faculty Adviser......................Mr. Roman
Class Presidents............Roger Bernhardt
Frank Gardner
Class Representatives..Elizabeth Howard
Bertram Litman
Captain of Marshals........Joseph Malone

Teacher-Student Council

Faculty Advisers: Miss Lewis, Miss O'Brien, Miss Sawyer, Mr. Gifford, Miss Allen, Mr. Downing, Mr. Severance, Mr. Roman, Mr. Packard.

Class Presidents............Roger Bernhardt
Frank Gardner
Class Representatives........Fred Wiggin
Henry Urrows
Captain of Masrhals........Joseph Malone

The chairman of the Teacher-Student Council has always been a member of the faculty; but Mr. Packard proferred the suggestion that it was time for the student body to take control.

MR. RINGER AND MR. PACKARD SPEAK AT ANNUAL CONVENTION

There were two speakers from Brookline High at the forty-seventh annual meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools held at the Hotel Statler, December 2 and 3. On December 2, Mr. Ringer presided over the luncheon for delegates from public secondary schools, and Mr. Packard, Chairman of the Apparatus Committee of the Eastern Association of Physics, spoke on December 3.

J. MURRAY KAY PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST TO BE HELD JANUARY 6

Difficult To Predict Outcome

On the sixth of January the curtain will rise once more on the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking. An unusual and striking repertoire includes drama, poetry, oration, and classic prose. There will be several selections of keen humor. The coach, Miss Hannon, and the twelve speakers, chosen from seventeen hundred in the school, promise an evening of exceptional entertainment.

Everyone is invited to attend gratis. Tickets will be distributed through the rooms this week. The program will begin at eight o'clock sharp, and ushers are instructed to seat no one during the readings. So you are urged to be in the auditorium before eight o'clock. The speakers include:

Donald Graham
Norman Hunt
Norma Greene
Peggy Bennett
Norma Nasmyth
Martha Turner
Eliot Silverman
Myron Wallace
Bruce Ehrman
Hanley Norins
Leigh Dimond
Harry Shooshan

NEW LABORATORIES OCCUPIED BY CLASSES

Named John C. Packard Laboratories by Vote of School Committee

On the third floor of Brookline High's newest annex is found as fine a group of Science rooms as any high school in the country can boast of. These are to be known as the John C. Packard Laboratories by the vote of the School Committee. They consist of eight principal rooms arranged as follows: two for General Science; two for Biology; two for Chemistry; and two for Physics, with an exteremely well equipped apparatus room between each pair. In addition to these main rooms there is a visual education room wherein are shown moving pictures and lantern slides. Lectures can also be delivered in this room. There is a workshop to contain a scroll-saw, upright drill, lathe, carpenter's bench and necessary tools, a Dark room for developing photographs and a dynamo room which is also to be fitted with an air-compressing machine.

Mr. Packard, the head of the department, has an office in the center of the group.

The unit of instruction is to be twenty-four and the laboratories have been seated accordingly.

FRAGMENTS from a FRESHMAN

ITEM 1

Beatrice Rappaport defines "permanent"—a type of wave.

ITEM 2

Seen in a list of Roman deities—"Vulcan—God of hard labor and the forger."

ITEM 3

Even in this depression Satan can yet find work for idle hands. So can the teachers.

ITEM 4

We find that the reason why atheists lead moral lives is that they have no god to forgive them if they don't.

ITEM 5

An expiring student gave the following instructions to his lawyer: "See that my translations of Homer and Vergil go to a handwriting expert; he can read it I hope. My flivver goes to the biggest loafer you know; he will have to work to keep up its payments. I would like six of my creditors to be my pall-bearers; they have carried me so long, they may as well finish the job."

ITEM 6

To study, or not to study; that is the
question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The "D's" and "E's" of outraged
teachers,
Or to take thought about a sea of lessons,
And by gr-r-rinding get them. To work:
to toil;
No more; and by the work and toil to
win
The honors and the high resounding
plaudits
That grinds are heir to, 'tis a felicitation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

At the opening of the assembly the orchestra played so well that Mr. Ringer requested them to play again. He later suggested that we could be much more polite when in the auditorium. On leaving the assembly, he wants us all to remember that the first rows go out first and each row waits its turn. In a talk with references to the Bible we were reminded that all our hard, honest work will be rewarded sometime. If we want to get on the Honor Roll we must all get busy and work hard, upward towards the reward.

ALUMNI NOTES

Tony Dean, recent graduate of the class of 1932, has been kept pretty busy of late broadcasting twice weekly through the facilities of WHDH in Boston. If any of you are interested in hearing him he broadcasts Monday and Wednesday at 5:45 P. M. On the same program with him are Evelyn Burns, current senior, and George Webster, a Cambridge boy.

ROGUES' GALLERY

From all over the school come the queries: "Why the pictures?', "Are finger-prints next?", "Who's afraid of imposters in a school?"

Well, then, "why the pictures"? Brookline following the precedent of many other large high schools, is starting a new method of listing and remembering her pupils. It has been rather difficult during the past years for the faculty and secretaries to call to mind a certain pupil when asked about him. There often have been two or three in one class of the same name, or names almost identical. After the lapse of a few years, it has been increasingly difficult to remember the characteristics and attitude of any one of them.

The new system of photography will end all this difficulty. A glimpse at a snap-shot on the back of an office record card, will suffice to call anyone back to mind, be the remembrance good or bad. Marks alone will no longer be the foundation of a memory. Character and beauty (?) will also be remembered.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PLANS YEAR'S PROGRAM

The Girls' League which is one of the busiest organizations in the school, has planned a very interesting program for the year. The object of the League is to create "Service, Sociability, and Standards". The schedule is as follows:

January 13, Friday 2:15 P. M.
Hostess Group: Sophomore Class
Mothers' Tea
Chairman: Janet Dubinsky
January 23, Monday 1:30 P. M.
Business Meeting for nomination of Officers.
February 3, Friday 2:15 P. M.
Mothers' Tea
Hostess Group: Freshman Class
Chairman: To be announced
February 11, Saturday 5:30 P. M.
Supper Party and Annual Meeting
Hostess Group: Senior Class
Chairman: Lorraine Wood
March 10, Friday 2:15 P. M.
Mothers' Tea
Hostess Group: Junior Class
Chairman: La Reine Gardner
March 17, Friday 2:15 P. M.
Hostess Group: Freshman Class
Chairman: To be Announced
April 13, Thursday 2:15 P. M.
Eigth Grade Party
Hostess Group: Advisory Council
Chairman: Doris Reimer
May 15, Friday 2:15 P. M.
Hostess Group: Class Competition
Chairman: To be Announced

The Friday Afternoon Socials will take place on January 20, March 31, and April 7.

And here is some important news! All girls who neglected to take advantage of the membership drive at the first of the year, will have an opportunity to join from March 6, to March 10! Be sure and take advantage of this!

We are very happy to announce that there are two new faculty advisers, Miss Collins and Miss Johnson. Those teachers who already are on the board are Miss Sawyer, Miss Poland, Miss Miller, and Mrs. Potter.

The various committees are as follows:

Advisory Council	Doris Reimer '33
Senior Adviser	Elizabeth Howard '33
Social Committee	Marion Phillips '33
House	Margaret Green '33
Athletics	Barbara Logan '34
Bulletin	Anne Austin '33
Poster	Mary Meltzer '33
Supply Closet	Katherine Mulvihill '35
Spelling Tournament	Lillian Barrette '34

The meetings of the various boards are as follows:

Advisory Council 2nd Monday of eachf
Advisory Council
2nd Monday of each month
Senior Advisers
3rd Monday of each month
Home Room Representatives
Every Wednesday

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. HARBOUR

It is one of the penalties that travellers as well as soldiers, have to pay for their adventures, that they run the great risk of degenerating into mere bores, once they return home and settle down. This is generally because, living over in their own minds their experiences, they enter into too great detail in recounting them, vainly supposing that their listeners, if any there are, can see as vividly as they do the pictures teeming before their mind's eye.

In an endeavor to avoid this pitfall, I shall attempt no comprehensive account of what I have seen of the troubled Spain and Portugal of 1932 during the past fortnight. It will be better to confine myself to the pictures of just one day that already stands out in my memory as one of the most unreal, romantic, fantastic days of a lifetime, a day of pictures, part visions, and part nightmares.

This was the day that I travelled from Salamanca in the province of Castile in Spain to Oporto in Portugal, a distance not as great as that between Boston and New York, and yet a hard. all-day's journey. The day began with sitting up all night beforehand in my room in the ultra-modern Grace Hotel in Salamanca, fearing that the night porter (*camarero de noche*) would not call me, as he had promised, at four in the morning in time to take the five-thirty train, the only one in twenty-four hours, for the Portuguese frontier. My fears were well-grounded—he did not call me. Descending from my room at four-thirty I foud him, wrapped in a shawl, asleep on a bench in the lobby. It was I who woke *him,* got him to make me a cup of *café con leche* that had been promised, and to summon the hotel bus (*cache*) for the station.

Then the pictures of the day began: first, the narrow, winding streets of the venerable city, its balconied houses weirdly illuminated by the flashing headlights of the bus. [I insert a bracket here to tell you that Salamanca is one of the oldest cities in Europe, of which it was, four hundred years ago, the chief educational center, with a university to which every year flocked ten thousand students. This university still exists, but has sadly declined ranking now only sixth or seventh in Spain.] Then, the grim, cold station, dimly lighted in the blackness before dawn; and I standing before the ticket window (which in Spain never opens till ten minutes before a train is due; but the train is always from half an hour to an hour late) in a crowd of Spanish shepherds, and farmers, wrapped in shawls or blankets, and carrying staves; and then a farewell glimpse of the towers of Salamanca's cathedral, and the thirty churches,, and score of monasteries and convents, rising, a golden, honeyed brown in color, out of a sea of misty fog, irradiated by the glow of the rising sun.

There, the platforms of the little country stations, in the clear early morning sunshine before each of which the train loitered for full five minutes; platforms thronged with more shawled shepherds and farmers, black-hooded market-women, comic-opera guardsmen or carabiniers in gorgeous green-and-canary-yellow uniforms, or an occasional pair of black-robed priests pacing to and fro, muffled up to the eyes against the chill of early morning.

As the train idled slowly westward over the lonely Spanish plains, the country gradually changed before my eyes, assuming an almost Oriental character. We began to pass through orchards of widely separated trees, short, venerable, dull gray-green in color; there I soon made out to be olives, the fruit ripening in little clusters. Then appeared stone walls among the orchards, and fig trees by these walls. I was reminded strongly of pictures of the Holy Land or of parts of Asia Minor, and looked to see Arabs or Bedouins, or even a caravan, appear. But the only men I saw were occasional shepherds standing in solitary watch over flocks of sheep, white, black, and brown.

Mid-morning we arrived at Fregeneda, the final Spanish town before the frontier. Here the nightmare part of the journey began. Six or seven surly-looking Spanish soldiers, with rifles strapped across their back, entered the car. All the passengers were herded out into a barren baggage or freight shed. Then ensued a full hour of the most rigorous

(Continued to page six)

BROOKLINE'S EARLY SCHOOL

By J. N. Sills

The earliest school in the Town of Brookline, first called Muddy River Town, was located on what was known as Schoolhouse Lane, now School Street. In fact until 1844, it was the only building on the street, which consisted of a lane not much more than a cart road, bordered by trees. Even today, one or two of the oldest inhabitants recall childhood instructions in this crumbling hovel.

The arrangements in and about this edifice of learning for the accommodation of teacher and pupil were primitive and would hardly satisfy the needs or tastes of modern pedagogy. As in a trolley car the seats were disposed on either side of a wide aisle. A plank placed in front of the benches served as a desk. The books in use were the Bible, the Psalter, the Speller and the Arithmetic. Fearing softening of the brain the schoolmaster taught his pupils one subject to completion before starting another. The teacher at that time was the only one in the town. The Town Book shows a resolution passed in 1686 to the effect that beginning with that year Brookline maintain an able reading and writing master, and that in the following year a new schoolhouse be built.

The winter school, taught by a man, ised to begin on the Monday after Thanksgiving, and the boys took turns y the week in sawing and splitting vood and keeping the fire going. For nany years the town appropriated money or two terms of school per annum, each erm lasting three or four months.

Even in these depressing days, it is a nock to learn that the Master's salary nly amounted to about fifty-eight dollars er year. It is therefore hardly surprising nat the health or convenience of the cholars was not considered, so that the acations occurred in the comfortable eather of Spring and Fall when chilren are in good condition for work; hile throughout the sweltering dog ays both teacher and pupil kept their oses to the grindstone.

Years passed, and the little schoolouse on Schoolhuse Lane was neglected d sorely in need of repair. So the eacon (Mr. Thomas Griggs, who was e of the School Committee) urged on the assembled wisdom of the Town e necessity of a new schoolhouse with o floors. His plan was strenuously jected to by various provident persons, o had no children and had no special erest in the future of a developing nmunity. Nothing daunted, Deacon iggs, who was a persistent and public rited soul, prevailed upon his assotes to "push" the issue. But the maity of the Town Meeting violently isted this extravagant raid on the blic treasury. As a result, Muddy er Town remained without a new oolhouse until 1713, although the city fathers did with great reluctance consent to a niggardly outlay for minor repairs.

We must appreciate that in the early days the church and education were most closely related. Teaching the three "R's" and teaching respect for the divine power were equally important; which explains in part the origin of our modern Sunday school. Dr. Pierce, sole pastor of the only church in Brookline gathered the children together one week day a month during the summer, and instructed them in the Catechism, the Psalms and Hymns. All this took place in the schoolhouse.

Like their Puritan ancestors, whose first care was to found first a church and then a school, the people of Brookline at last provided for the moral and intellectual growth of the community in 1713 by appropriating the necessary capital for the building of a hall of learning which would be owned and operated by the people.

Thus Brookline's first public school, for the education of poor and rich alike, was built. It was small and inadequate, and stood on a triangular plot of ground where Warren and Walnut Streets converge. But with the increase of population it became uncomfortably apparent that an even larger structure was needed; and in 1793 the old wooden building was replaced by a brick structure.

Finally, in 1825, when the the new Town Hall was built in the center of the Town, it was made to serve also as a high school. It was a comfortable, pleasant looking structure, and was filled with young, eager youths who wished to learn in a real school under the right conditions. Brookline was beginning to see the light.

Teaching methods in the early Brookline schools were straightforward. There was no such thing as "spare the rod and spoil the child". Children taught their lessons without coercion or corporal punishment, and were better citizens for their efforts. The word "School" meant "Work".

This we evolved from our early Brookline Schools. Since those days our methods have advanced so greatly that now our public school system is widely famed for its efficiency and excellence. And in lieu of the four small buildings of 1800, we owned in 1900 fifteen modern buildings operated by a carefully organized force of 125 teachers.

Brookline schools have indeed gone far since the early days. Today they are famous: notably the Devotion School, which is carried on with all the system and thoroughness of an expensive, private school, notwithstanding that its curriculum covers only the primary grades. Imagine a public grammar school with a baseball, football, track team and gymnasium in charge of a skilled attendant, supplemented by the energetic and efficient efforts of the principal, Mr. Charles Taylor, whose administrative methods in managing a school of this type are unequalled the world over.

Nor is this excellence limited to the Devotion School, for the other primary schools of Brookline enjoy an administration of almost equal quality.

As for our High School, although coeducational, it is held up everywhere as a fine pattern of that type of secondary school.

But none of these fine examples of units in the American public school system could have emerged in such effulgence were they not evolved from the granddaddy of them all, Brookline's Early Schools.

PILGRIM FATHERS

What a striking contrast it presents to the hedge-rows, vast lawns, formal gardens, and age-old estates of their birthplace. Behold! a new England—undifiled by man's conceited projects, revelling in its own virgin beauty and natural magnificence. See its heights and vistas, its rocky coast, its wooded slope and fertile vales; breathe the pure air of its mountains and the salt air of the surrounding ocean; wonder at the miracle of New England spring and the glory of its autumn; notice, above all, the infinite and wonderful variety.

Nature's great canvas of rough, deep water, glinting in the sun and sparkling under the blue sky—Massachusetts Bay—stands out in contrast to the warm tides that roll on the golden shores to the south; and both are different from the huge breakers that surge and thunder and send up spray among the great rocks on the rough coast of Maine.

The Blue Hills of Massachusetts are wreathed in autumn smoke, rich in Indian lore, surrounding Boston harbor, like an amphitheatre of the gods. How unlike the dizzy heights and crystal lakes, set like jewels, deep in the notches of the Berkshire Hills—or grand old Mount Washington, buffeted by the force of the great Glacier, but still rearing its majestic summit above the clouds of a New Hampshire sky.

The broad Connecticut winds languid through its burdened orchards and fertile tobacco fields, and piling up great islands along its wide blue course. How different is the Kennebec, as it roars along through dark forests of pine, and tumbles over rocky slopes in great cataracts and rapids, eager to reach the sea.

In spite of the astonishing variety, each scene has been branded distinctively New England. There is a quaint charm in every rural hamlet and every fishing village. Yes, New York and Eastern Canada have the same climate, the same natural resources as New England. But there is a subtle difference between the vast, imposing beauty of these regions and the tempered roughness and mellowed sturdiness of little New England.

Perhaps the narrowness of its boundaries makes every section typical. For lack of space, Nature has crowded all her gifts into a few hundred square miles; while in a vast domain she would need be more frugal. Let the traveller follow the winding, broken coast for only a few miles; at every turn new wonders will attract his attention, new beauties will constantly change the tide of his reflections and he will say, "Surely nowhere else is the face of the earth so colorful as in New England."

Perhaps each scene is typical only to those of us who are its native children. In every stream we see the blood of the heroes that fell "by the rude bridge that arched the flood." The sun sets on every hill as it sets on Bunker Hill, where our forefathers died in their noble gesture of independence. Every rock by every new-born wave is to us a Plymouth Rock. For among these streams and hills and rocks once lived our Puritan ancestors, whose lives are written into a history, without a duplicate in its sternness.

Perhaps it is the way the people of New England have conserved its scenes of natural magnificence; have harnessed its streams; and erected monuments on its rocks and communities among its hills that gives the New England landscape its charms. And yet the wildest scenes are the most typical and perhaps the whole territory had an even more distinctive flavor before man ever began his work within its virgin glory. No one who has ever lived within its borders and come under the influence of its spell can either deny or explain the subtle atmosphere of the place.

Pilgrim Fathers, how you have changed since you came to these shores. New England has put her mark upon your lives. In the New World you cut your way through an unfriendly wilderness. You studied the ways of the natives in combatting the harsh winters and conquering the sterile soil. You toiled to build your homes and establish your government.

God suffered the people of Israel to wander forty years in the wilderness before they entered the Promised Land, that they might be strong, hardy, independent men. So you have been prepared in New England to colonize America with strength and fortitude.

Your stern, uncompromising natures have been somewhat softened by the beauty of New England. In the New World you found a rough verdure in the beauty of New England summer days and a majestic glory in its dark, winter nights. You became familiar with the poetry of each bursting bud and fallen leaf.

Poetry! That is the answer to New England's mystery; a new kind of poetry, born of the crumbling verse of the Old World—a sparkling rhythm, fresh from the young heart of America!—set to the music of the songsparrow, of the rustling leaves and windswept grass, rising on the west wind and dying away among the rafters of heaven.

—*Norman Hunt.*

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and mailed or brought to the SAGAMORE office, or deposited in the SAGAMORE box in the library. No copy will be accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Christmas this year will be a different one than we have ever before known, for now the rich are poor and the poor are in misery. No longer will there be such a world wide exchange of expensive gifts. Instead, some of us will be doing well to give even a card or a "merry Christmas". Many will give nothing and receive nothing, that is, nothing of material worth, and some of these will be more filled with the spirit of Christmas than those who will have everything their hearts desire, for it is an old axiom that it is not the gift but the spirit behind it that counts, even if the gift be only a greeting. Christmas is the time for giving, not for receiving. Even if you yourself have little, you have much more than others. Therefore give — give material things if possible, and if not, give a cheery smile or an encouraging word to spread the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward men" throughout the world.

LOOKING AHEAD

Many events are looming up on the horizon. On Friday, January the sixth we will again attend the annual J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Competition, which promises to be as fine as it was last year. Soon after that the Brookline Teachers' Club will present "The Royal Family". Everytime that this unit has enacted a play, the audience has been fully rewarded for its attendance. This year will be no exception. About this time the swimming team will make its debut, in a meet with Pawtucket High School, and the basket ball and track team, under the direction of Messrs. Bemis and Hines respectively, will be in the thick of a championship season. And of course, Scholarship Dramatics on March 4 and 5 is expected to be a certain success. There is much to be expected from every activity. Every student should go out for something. It has been a custom at B. H. S. for two or three deserving students to outshine all their classmates, covering themselves with honors. Although this is inevitable to a certain extent, activities should be distributed more equally. It is generally expected that everyone is good for something, but many are too bashful to reveal what that something is. This modesty is carried out to an extreme. How about it? Be active. It's not how much, but how well you do things. Perhaps you can't be the most versatile or most active one in your class, but be something!

BROOKLINE—LET'S GO!

The discouraging showing of our football team this season makes one think of the qualities of manhood that we have in Brookline High School. Are we smaller of less weight, or less courageous than boys of other districts? When only 75 boys out of 900 think of trying out for the football team, what is the matter with the other 825? The boys of B. H. S. on the outset are on a par with boys of other schools, but what spirit can move them? With the magnificent athletic department and equipment that we have and our able coaches, why can't we make a better showing in all branches of athletics!

As a suggestion, more interest in inter-class contests—more intimate knowledge of eligibility rules—and more coöperation by the teachers, faculty, and other members of the school.

BROOKLINE—WAKE UP!

SANTA CLAUS'S WORK SHOP

One of the busiest days of the whole year for the Girls' League, comes at Christmas time. If anyone happened to approach the door of the League room Friday, December 7, his first impression would have been a party had turned into a "Bee Hive". Inside the doors groups of girls were gathered together in small and busy circles, making toys, dolls and animals, painting over cast off toys, making the old look like new, and in every way doing something that will make someone else happy.

Numerous committee chairmen were appointed some time ago and the girls in every home room were given the opportunity to work on any committee they wished. These industrious and conscientious committees were headed by: Ann Austin, La Reine Gardner, Evelyn Greenspar and Myrtle Niccols.

From two fifteen until after four these girls were as busy as "bees". It certainly was a party. One might question the fact that working all afternoon could be called a party but it was. Remember, that when girls get together for any length of time there is no reason why they don't have a good time. The thought that perhaps some poor and sick little child would be overwhelmed with joy to receive one of the toys being made, makes it all the more fun to sit and work.

When the time comes to go home, the stacks of toys that were finished, proved that the afternoon was a success which fact was encouraging. There is still a chance to do more; don't stay away because you haven't been coaxed. Come! The Girls' League Room is open to anyone, any afternoon. And don't forget that if you have no time to spare in making dolls, the contribution box on Miss Sawyer's desk will receive your money instead.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

We've trod long paths in life, old friend,
We've always done it in any weather.
Have New Years seen, thru score and ten
We've been through life, Tom, shoulder
to shoulder,
Have kept our friendship as we've grown
older,
And now, Tom, let's dim the light,
And we'll go back o'er our years tonight,
We'll think in our hearts, of the time
When we were young and in our prime.
How we'd swim, Tom, in the deep old
pool;
How we'd play hookey from the school
And now we have grown old and grey,
We wait the dawn of another day;
A day that works another year
Old friend we'll see it together here
Somehow, this year it seems to me
Will be the last one we'll see
So lets' join hands and say again,
'Nothing but death can part us, friend.

MR. JOHN E. HINES GIVES READING IN AUDITORIUM

Mr. John E. Hines, brother of our athletic instructor and director, favoured us on Wednesday, December 14, 1932, in the auditorium, at 2:15, with a reading of the play *David Garrick*; the story of one of England's most famous Shakespearean actors. The story of the play, in a few words is as follows:

Mr. Simon Ingate, head of the East India Company, sends for David Garrick, the noted actor, and tells him that his daughter, having seen him play, has fallen deeply in love with him. Mr. Ingate's world is completely absorbed in financial matters, and he will have nothing to do with anything but material things. Therefore, when his daughter takes to the reading of Shakespearian plays, he, thinking that she is headed on the downward path, summons Mr. Garrick. He asks him how the love of his daughter can be turned from him to her cousin, Richard Chiway, Esq. The actor asks to be invited to dinner that night, and says he will fulfill the father's wishes. Garrick also declares that he will never marry the girl unless the father comes to ask him, hat in hand, to have the honor of being his father-in-law.

At dinner the actor discovers that the girl is a young lady whom he has seen before in the theatre, and with whom he is madly in love. However, remembering his promise to the father, he pretends to be intoxicated and acts very dishonorably. Of course, Ada, the daughter, loses her love for him, as she does not know that he is just acting. When she discovers it, through the blunder of her would-be husband, she goes to Garrick, and, with the willing consent of her father, she marries him.

Mr. Hines's intonation was so good, his actions were so plain and demonstrative, his facial expressions so changeful and appropriate, that it was impossible for anyone to mistake the characters as our very gifted speaker took the part of each of them in turn. He seemed to us to change completely into each part he was playing. Especially amusing was Mr. Hines's interpretation of Cousin "Dick", the Englishman with high airs and a monocle. All in all, the audience was very much delighted with the novel manner in which Mr. Hines presented this amusing play, and hoped that he would soon again honor us.

Hurwitt, Nasmyth, Waldstein Win Honors at Radcliffe

The names of three of our recent alumni were published on a list of students who were distinguishing themselves scholastically, issued by the Dean's office at Radcliffe. The students were Miriam Hurwitt, Carola Nasmyth, and Hodee Waldstein. All three were active at B. H. S. in the class of '32, and served on THE SAGAMORE.

The Breath of Thirty-Five
(non-alcoholic)

We dedicate this colim to "Minnie the Moocher" because we know how mooch you'll like it.

* * * *

Lincoln freed the slaves, but all the girls are slaves to Freed.

* * * *

When "Blondie" McKnight went out
one night
She found the Wolfe at her door!
Nice work, Viccy!

* * * *

Irene is figuring to Banash most of her suitors this winter including ——?

* * * *

To Sarah Cauman, the girl with the haircut,

Dear Sarah,
If Samson's tale is religiously true,
It's a pity to think what will happen
to you!

Yours,
C. Solomon.

* * * *

T'is a puzzle as, indeed, you see.
Looking, you say,"What ever can it be?"
But all we'll tell you is that the "M's"
the key!
What woMan does
Not Yield to
The chaRms of
VersaTile
And Light-hearted
J. HinEs?

* * * *

This space was reserved for Leigh Dimond, but we did not have enough room.

* * * *

Myron Cohen, we're telling no lies,
Is one of the ice-cream *cohens* in disguise.

* * * *

Alan Swartz: "This spaghetti reminds me of football."

Interested Listener: "Why?"

Swartz: "Aiways ten more yards to go."

* * * *

Mother: "What made you stay so late? Have a flat tire?"

Daughter, dreamily: "No, mother, I'd hardly call him that!"

* * * *

"Here's where I lose ground," said the tramp, as he slid into the bathtub.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY
By Jean Leslie

There is great poverty in Germany. Many are the men without work; many are the cold, fireless homes; many are the little hungry mouths. And it is Christmas time, when our hearts reach out to those less fortunate than we. Germany is a wonderful place to be at Christmas time. A certain radiance seems to fill the air.

Three years ago seated at a long, long table in a public hall in Berlin accompanied by one parent were approximately forty children, the poorest and most needy of Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. In the hand of each little child was a gift and on each face a look of such wonder and happiness as though this was another, new world. And something happened to us Americans as we watched them, as our Christmas service, the American Church in Berlin was giving a Christmas to these children who would have absolutely no other.

The city authorities, deeply appreciative for our interest, had provided a hall, Christmas decorations, a cake for each mother, coffee and cakes for the adults, and cocoa for the children. Forty American children had given the gifts to the forty German children, and one lady in memory of her little daughter had given 100 marks or $25.00 to provide a pair of woolen stockings for each child. With tears in her eyes she watched the children come up to receive their gifts as their names were called. They were so shy, and after a stiff bow or graceful curtesy would run back radiant to their parents. There was no child of less than five children in the family. One little girl was one of eighteen, only ten of whom are living. One father of six received twenty-eight marks or seven dollars.

A German nurse dressed as Santa Claus came in with a bag of apples on her head, which another kind American had contributed.

As we sat there together in that happy fellowship with only the soft light from candles, with the Christmas carols ringing in our ears, I wondered how war

(continued on page eight)

Light Lunch

"Waiter, please close that window."

"Are you subject to colds, sir?"

"No, but this is the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate."

* * * *

Waiter: "Were you kicking about the flies in here?"

Patron: "No, I was just knocking them about with my hand.

* * * *

Dale Metzler thinks nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears!

NEW SCIENCE LABORATORIES OPENED FOR CLASSES

(continued from page one)

One of the physics labratories is to be devoted to the teaching of practical applied physics and the other to the teaching of the college preparatory course. An attempt has been made this year to teach the biology from the use of living plants, and animals. To this end the biology rooms have been fitted with aquariums and two small vivariums.

The corridors have been lined with show cases which can be lighted by snapping on the switch by the side of the case. These will hold stuffed birds, animals and the large high school assortment of minerals. They will also hold exhibitions of model ships, aeroplanes, and other models made by students.

A great deal of credit and praise is due Mr. Packard, for the work of these science rooms was supervised at all stages of progress by him personally. He was there all during the summer and it is due primarily to his tireless work that these rooms of scientific study are among the best in the east and in fact in the whole country.

Mr. Packard extends his welcome to visitors to inspect this new addition to the High School's category of classrooms.

MARGERY FRANK ELECTED GERMAN CLUB PRESIDENT

On Thursday, December 8, in the various German classes, the German Club officers were voted for. The results were as follows:

President ....Margery Frank
Vice President ....Frank Gardner
Treasurer ....Billy Devine
Secretary ....Doris Reimer

but because Miss Reimer is dropping German, Ruth Kivitsky has been chosen in her place.

The officers met Miss Bailey on Friday, December 9, in the library, and they discussed the German Party which is to take place on December 19 in the Girls' League Room.

EXCHANGES

Boston Universtiy News — Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts. A very interesting paper.

The Jabberwock — The Girls' Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts. Suggest your putting in some articles on your athletics. Your stories are entertaining.

The Sooner Cub — University High School Journalism class. A few short stories or poems, as examples of your classwork might help.

Lawrence High School Bulletin — Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Suggest puting all of your advertisements in the back of your bulletin. Some of your articles are very good.

THINGS AND STUFF

Leon Pheypher is spending all his time going around corners. He's looking for prosperity.

* * * *

What a thrill to have a freshman stationed in the office let you sit down in his presence and wait for Mr. Gifford.

* * * *

The next event in Brookline High is to take finger prints and put our numbers on our pictures.

* * * *

We impatient party men of the upper classes wonder when the lunch room is going to start serving beer and pretzils.

* * * *

When you go into the V & X gift shop you almost think you are in school so many well-known people greet you from behind the counters.

* * * *

We hear that Charley Rollins is having company from New Jersey this Christmas. That explains where Charley was last year for the vacation.

* * * *

There are still a few who just come to school here. Why not wake up and come in out of the rain?

* * * *

A great many of the boys around here are going to be civil engineers. But instead of studying in books, they get their experience at Bridge.

* * * *

Of course a pun is the lowest form of humor, but then we must consider the intellect of our readers.

* * * *

Jacqueline MacGrath wears her hair in "bangs" now. Don't copy her though, girls, it may go out of style very soon. Every time she changes her mind, she changes her mode of wearing her hair too.

* * * *

And don't you love that cultivated dr-a-awl which Eleanor Saxe possesses?

* * * *

Perhaps some of you ardent comic strip readers can inform me who resembles "Shadow" more closely—David Lipsett or David Wolper.

* * * *

We welcome those alumnae who frequent our lunch periods about this season.

* * * *

Can anyone tell us why Fred Wiggin gazes so longingly down the corridor after J. M?

A BOOK TELLS ITS TROUBLES

When I first came to this school I wanted to be loaned to that nice looking child in the third row of this room. The books were given out, and look who has me now! Every morning I am yanked from the desk by one of my leaves. Then I am thrown carelessly on top of some other unfortunate books like myself. The bell rings. I am grasped hurriedly along with the other books and brought to a first period class. What a relief to be left untouched by those careless hands for a full period! Oh, dear! I am to be used the next period for which the bell has just rung. I am dropped on the floor the first thing. After arriving at the next class I am seized by a pair of unkempt and dirty hands which immediately begin to tumble my pages about in the most uncomfortable manner. Why can't I be taken care of as is the book which belongs to that careful child in the third row?

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. HARBOUR

(continued

customs examination I have ever undergone. It seemed the officials looked at everything. I remember particularly their inquiring into the uses of my "Aunt Jemima" clothes brush, seeming to think it could be opened, or perhaps might be an infernal machine of some sort.

What they were really after was money, banknotes, in the government's savage, and futile, attempt to stop the "flight of capital" with or to the exiled monarchists and ecclesiastics.

But my vexations were as nothing to those that were inflicted on a sad-faced, forlorn-looking priest, very plainly going into exile. Every one of his prayer-books and breviaries was opened, and shaken thoroughly. A closed box of books was hacked roughly open and the contents strewn about the floor. There he was closeted for some time alone with a sour-featured official (who had also questioned me thoroughly), undergoing, I suspect, a search of his person.

Finally, we were all herded back into the coaches, and the train trundled on its way across the frontier and the annoyances and imitations of the customs and passport officials were all but forgotten in the sublimity of the scenery we traversed. The train wound along in the upper reaches of a wild and desolate mountain gorge, treeless, looking as if it might well be the resort of smugglers and bandits (as I have no doubt it is). Along the tracks were hedges of cactus, as in Arizona, and between the spines I looked down, far, far down upon a river that seemed a mere trickle of brown mud. This was the Domo, whose valley we were to follow all afternoon into Oporto.

About noon we came to Barco de Alba the first Portuguese town. Here the customs and passport inspection had to be gone through all over again, almost as rigorously as before. [One pays, in more ways than money, for one's travels in Europe in this anxious, suspicious year of 1932!] And here in the little station *cantina* I had my first Portuguese luncheon, in company with the forlorn priest. Perhaps you will be interested to know of what it consisted—very well, first, a little mound of rice intermingled with strong fish—*not good;* next, a stew of beef and watery boiled potatoes—*less good;* next, a roast of stringy meat that might have been goat, mule, or camel, for all I could tell—*least* good of all! For dessert some speckled green grapes, and for drink, all decent water lacking, a bottle of the famous and much praised Portuguese *vinho verde*, which is not green, but dark red, and to my untutored palate, tasted as if it had been strained through old clothes.

But again, the customs nuisance, and the sorry repast were atoned for by the loveliness of the valley we now entered as the Portuguese train, very well equipped and modern, got under way. You have read of landscapes "smiling with peace and plenty." If other landscapes smile this valley of the Ronio laughed aloud and riotously all the way into Oporto. Or, changing the figure, it was as if an overture of color began with the first autumnal red-and-yellow vines on the gray mountain-sides, and swelled gradually to a dazzling symphonic outburst of sun-drenched gardens. Every hillside was terraced with vineyards, the grapes hanging dark purple among golden leaves, and among the vineyards little farmhouses, snow white, or rosy-pink, or azure, with red-tiled roofs. Olive trees, fig trees, and lemon trees, the branches burdened with fruit, half green, half yellow.Green fields dotted over with golden melons. Lanes, bordered with cactus, among which rioted crimson blossoms, and purple blossoms, and white blossoms all unknown to me. In places the vines, hanging heavy with clusters, were charmingly trained over the courses of clear brooks, or followed the banks of little rivers.

And along the roads lumbered ox-carts like no other ox-carts in the world, and drawn by oxen like no other known to me, with slender curving horns full three feet long. Over their heads was placed a peculiar-looking device, or ornament, that looked like nothing else so much as a music-rack of a piano, made of wood cut into open-work of intricate design.

And down the lanes; slanting up and down the hills, and between the hedges of cactus, among the riotous flowers walked peasant-girls, erect, free-striding, green-scarved, or orange-scarved, or vermilion-scarved, and carrying on their heads, perfectly poised, water-jars or metal vessels of strange contour, or baskets shaped like row-boats, and heaped high with fruit as if piled especially to tempt an artist's brush, or with vegetables, or melons, or flowers. It was amazing to watch how easily and fully they strode along, up or down, steep paths, only very rarely raising their hands to steady the objects carried on their heads.

(Continued to page 7)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

A few days ago an attempt was made in the school to sell at least fifty tickets to *Cyrano de Bergerac* which recently played in Boston. It is amazing to think that out of seventeen hundred students only *thirty* responded to the offer!

This would suggest that nearly all cultural interest had gone out of the school. If this is true, it has gone out of nearly all American schools, for we stand among the first ranks. Surprising? No.

For the last century, although education has advanced in many ways, little has been done in the schools to stimulate cultural interests outside of the academic work. In the days of Socrates students were vitally interested in the classic literature and classic music — now their interest is in dime novels and jazz. It cannot be their fault since they have introduced neither the novels nor the jazz and have been given no good substitute.

If you have once been gripped by the power of fine drama or fine poetry, you will soon lose your taste for cheap substitutes. Classic stories and paintings and songs are fascinating — that is why they are classics. Let us hope that we will realize this basic truth.

The Poets' Corner

THE GARDEN AND THE BROOK

By Norman Hunt

In evening when the shadows fall,
The brook flows through the garden
small;
It rests beside the garden wall,
And chats with all the flowers.

It slows the tempo of its song,
And murmurs gently all night long,
Of all it's seen of right and wrong,
In all its years of travel.

The flowers listen to the brook,
From crannied wall and hidden nook,
Like strange, grey ghosts in the dusk
they look,
Silently watching the traveller.

The perfume of the new-blown rose,
Hanging from the lattice, grows
Sweeter with each breeze that blows
Through the quiet garden.

The green ferns grow among the rocks,
Sweet and cool, and the crimson phlox;
And by the wall, the hollyhocks
Lift their heads to heaven.

And through the heavy velvet night,
Golden in the moon's soft light,
Hidden away from human sight,
The brook rests in the garden.

But when the East is streaked with gray,
The brook awakens with the day,
And once more goes its merry way,
Leaving the flow'rs in the garden.

AM I BLUE?

Why have we said we were blue and sad
Blue is a color to make us glad.
So many tints, so many hues
So many shades there are of Blues:
Blue ragged "sailors" in a tall blue vase,
The soft blue fuzz on a violet's face,
The sky at midnight, the bluebirds'
wings:
Blue is a color for pleasant things:
Mist in the valley, midday skies,
A cheerful greeting in deep blue eyes,
No more can I say I am blue and sad
Blue is a color that makes me glad.

—*Betty Sue Moment.*

ALLEGRO

By Norman Hunt

Up the hill the knights are riding:
Their banners stream,
Their lances gleam,
As they catch the gold of the morning's
beam
That falls on the hill, where the knights
are riding.

Through the forest the knights are riding
The branches crash,
The horses dash,
And their shields of polished copper
flash
Through the forest shade where the
knights are riding.

Across the ford the knights are riding:
The torrent rushes,
The water gushes
All 'round, and each horse slushes
Through the ford where the knights
are riding.

Over the moor the knights are riding:
And each plumed feather,
And jacket of leather
Matches the royal carpet of heather
Spread on the moor where the knights
are riding.

Prize Speaking
January 6

MR. HARBOUR

(Continued to page Two)

About five in the afternoon the train w into the station of Oporto. I erged into the street of a more strange, ore foreign, a more exotic city than I have seen yet. There were palms iding above vari-colored flower beds; reat rectangular Praça Mayor (as they the Plaza Mayor here) lined with dings more spick-and-span, more d new than any similar group of dings in Boston, and rising on both s of this square, little, dark, narrow ets that seemed of the Middle Ages. re were churches looking as if they nged in Mexico, with outer walls, enting one immense religious picture lue and white tiling.

nd all about, across this modern a Mayor, and up the narrow hillside ets, in all the thick of motor traffic, ng taxis and trucks and limousines bered the strange ox-carts, drawn by huge-horned beasts, their heads sur-inted by the ornate music-racks, ed now and then with hair. And here there and everywhere strode the len-carrying women. In the city their ds were topped with an even more ildering variety of articles, among , typrewriters, suitcases, good-sized ks, boxes, cages containing hens or ons (I counted a dozen birds in one such] tables, mattresses, and boxes and trays heaped with every variety of merchandise.

I went to the movies that night in Oporto just to see what going to the "movies" would be like in Portugal. Well, the movies themselves were of course, as they are in Brookline and the world over, except that the audience was fully two thirds men. Women seem far rarer attendants than in our country. But coming home from the movies was entirely different, for I kept encountering the ox-carts, preceding now, each one, by a man carrying what seemed a lighted candle enclosed in a paper bag. All about the streets, and up the steep hills, I saw these lights bobbing oddly.

Oporto, however, will remain ever fixed in my memory as the city of the erect, burden-carrying women.

* * *

From the Rediro, I walked last Sunday along broad avenues, many of them strangely silent and deserted. Several times on my way troops of cavalry clattered past me. Finally I came out on the Puerto del Sol, the city's central square, in its very heart. This was crowded enough, even to blocking my passing, the cafés and the tables before them, jammed with people. But everywhere, every dozen feet or so, among the crowds stood pairs of armed soldiers, attentive. And I noted the shop windows, lined inside with iron bars—as if against street mobs. All the book shop windows were filled with lives of Levine, books of Karl Marx, books on socialism, books on Russia. The walls are often pasted over with posters, containing "appeals to workers", notices of workmen's rallies, "councils of international workers" and the like.

Yesterday morning I visited the former royal palace, that surely has no superior for magnificence among the palaces of Europe. It is now a public museum. I paid five pesetos at the main entrance, and was allowed to roam at will through its overwhelming halls, audience rooms, reception rooms, banqueting hall, even to the great throne room, and then to the former royal kitchens. A guide conducted a group, of which I made one, through the private apartments of the former king Alfonso, and his English queen, Victoria Eugenia. Everything is exactly as they left it in haste on that fateful, April 14, 1931 when the republic was proclaimed. And I thought it a tribute to the essential honesty of the Spanish people, and their freedom from our American craze for souvenirs, that, although the rooms are very negligently guarded, and though there lay on the former king's desks and work-tables his papers, pens, pencils, his daily calendar, torn off to the date April 14, his books, his pictures, many of them within easy reach of any passer's hands, they are all left untouched. We were told that many of his clothes, as well as those of the queen, and the young infanta's (or princesses) still hang in the wardrobes, or lie folded away in drawers. In the great kitchens, the array of pots, pans, kettles, molds, ice-ceam freezers stand in brightly polished array on the shelves, as if for an imminent banquet.

We were shown among other rooms, a little inner salon de thé at the rear, the farthest possible from the street, where the royal family took their last meal together before flight, that they might not hear the crowds in the streets without, shouting "Viva la republica!"

All this was strangely reminicent of the story of Versailles in 1789, or of the Winter Palace of the Czars in 1917. Madrid seems to me now as Paris of the one decade, or Petrograd of the other. The first blast of the storm has passed, comparatively mild, but there is an air of apphehension, a tension, a latent rage and hatred, verified by a score of items in each morning's paper, ominously portentous of a more devastating blast to come.

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CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

By Jean Leslie

(Continued from page five)

could ever be. How far is war from the hopes of the Prince of Peace whose birthday we were celebrating! Perhaps in the hearts of those German children has been sown the seed of live for Americans. Perhaps it has helped to bring Germany closer to America, and America closer to Germany.

BROOKLINE DROPS FIRST BASKET BALL GAME

(Continued from page o ·)

with but a very short time to play, "Vic" Wolfe received a foul from a Lexington man which shook him up quite a bit. He was entitled, according to the rules, to a free shot, which if good would count one point and win the game for Brookline. Wolfe shot the basket and made the point which put Brookline in the lead by a point. The remainder of the period did not result in any score for either team, and the score at the end of the game was Brookline 18, Lexington 17. The teams, by their first showing, lived up to all expectations, and although they did not win both games, they have shown outstanding qualities and with a bit more experience and practice should be among the best in competition. The next game on January 12, 1933, will be against Rindge Tech at the Brookline gym. Your season ticket will admit you to the game. Be sure and be there; the team needs your support!

"THE ROYAL FAMILY"

and the departures of Tony are like unto a hurricane. Yet, when Gilbert Marshall, prosperous and faithful, tries to lure Julie away from its mad confusion, and into the peace and quiet, well-ordered wealth, she finds the call of the stage too potent.

The cast, in order of appearance, is:

Della	Miss Allen
Jo	Mr. Hammond
McDermott	Mr. Severence
Dean	Mr. Wilkinson
Kitty	Miss O'Brien
Gwen	Miss Bowker
Perry	Mr. Mather
Fanny	Miss Hannon
Wolfe	Mr. Jewett
Julie	Miss Wadsworh
Anthony	Mr. Flemings
Marshall	Mr. Caverly
Miss Peake	Miss Rhoads
Gunga	Mr. Roman
Chauffeur	Mr. McGuinness

The action takes place in the duplex apartment of the Cavendishes in New York City.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXIX, No. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 20, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SILVERMAN, TURNER WIN PRIZE SPEAKING

Dimond and Bennet Receive Honorable Mention

Miss Hannon's request that everyone be in his seat before eight o'clock certainly was successfully carried out on the evening of January sixth, so much so that those who came just on time, or were unfortunate enough to miss the first speaker, were turned away from the crowded auditorium to find available seats in the balcony. A most enthusiastic and appreciative audience applauded the excellent performance presented here.

Each speaker appeared on the platform with something different; each one was determined to arouse and hold the interest of everyone in the audience; and each speaker was quite successful. Throughout each selection, tense and hushed silence prevailed among those listening, until this silence was broken by thunderous applause.

One of the most interesting things to notice about the program was the fact that it was completely varied and well arranged. Those whose intention it was to bring only smiles to the faces of their listeners were surprised and pleased when the audience broke into hearty laughter. The same may be said concerning those who only intended to pro-

(*Continued on page five*)

CAMERON BECK ADDRESSES BROOKLINE WOMAN'S CLUB

President N. Y. Stock Exchange Lauds the Younger Generation

The Brookline High School seniors who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to accept the hospitality of the Brookline Woman's Club at their meeting on Monday, January 9, 1933, in Whitney Hall, missed a rare treat. Mr. Cameron Beck, Personnel director of the New York Stock Exchange was the speaker. He thrilled his audience with his enthusiasm for the youth of this generation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ringer, Miss Sawyer, Mr. Gifford, and other members of the faculty attended. Mr. Taylor, the beloved principal of Devotion School, was also present.

A social half hour followed when the Club members served most acceptable refreshments. A very pleasant and instructive afternoon was enjoyed by all.

MISS MAWHINNEY IS GIVEN WEDDING PARTY BY B. H. S. FACULTY

Miss Mawhinney, head secretary, is no longer. For eight years she has worked in the Office, winning the friendship and respect of the entire school by her efficient and pleasant manner. . . . However, this is not an obituary. She is merely married, and Mrs. Harry Stanfield, née Mawhinney, of Walnut Hill, is now the head secretary.

The faculty of the school took this opportunity to express their gratitude for her services, by tend to her a wedding tea on Wednesday, January fourth, at 3 o'clock. Miss Parker offered the Art Room as the meeting place.

In his usual inimitable style, Mr. Packard presented the blushing bride with a pretty speech, a gift of gold, and a small blue-leather booklet in which the teachers signed their names as an expression of their congratulations.

Refreshments were served in a dimly lighted room. The soft glow of candles in the silver candlesticks gave added beauty to the roses in the low bowl, and the white napery created a quiet but festive atmosphere, admirably suited to a wedding party.

BASKET BALL TEAM LOSES TO EVERETT AND CANTABS

The basket ball team was defeated by a score of 30-23 by Cambridge Latin. The seconds also lost.

On Monday, January ninth, at the hands of Cambridge Latin, Brookline's basket ball team went down to defeat in its first suburban league game of the season.

Cambridge led at the half way mark by 20-16 and with the two "Latin" stars Kleeman and Rogert each scoring ten points, Brookline was not able to overcome the Cambridge lead. Cahill, Crowley, Broadhurst and Friedman showed up well for Brookline. Crowley was again the high scorer.

The second team game was won by the Cambridge seconds in a hard battle.

Keep in contact with the basket ball schedule and give the team your loyal support.

On Thursday, January twelfth, the Brookline basket ball team was nosed out by Rindge Tech in a last minuute win. Up to the last period Brookline had a substantial lead and then came the surprise of the contest. A guard in the remaining time pepped up the team so that Rindge scored 16 points! This defeat is the second setback for Brookline

(*Continued on page five*)

PLOTKIN STARS AS BROOKLINE TRACK TEAM EDGES ARLINGTON

Field Events Account For Red and Blue Victory

SCORE 39—38

Led by the brawny Captain Alan Swartz and his versatile running-mate, Tod Plotkin, the Brookline High School track team nosed out a close 39 to 38 victory over a surprisingly powerful Arlington High aggregation last Saturday at Brookline. It was the first time the newly-built track saw actual competition. Amassing a total of 21 out of the 39 Brookline points, Swartz and Plotkin led in individual performance, with Swartz tieing for first in the high jump with Plotkin and taking second in the shot-put, while the latter also won the broad jump and hurdles events.

The 1000 yard run was the feature of the meet, in which the rangy Eddie Rae, trotting along behind Hanlon of Arlington until almost the finish of the gruelling grind, suddenly uncorked a beautiful spurt in the next to the last lap to leave his rival in the dust and coast into the tape a good fifteen yards ahead of the Arlington entry, in the very excellent time of two minutes 33 1/5 seconds.

Brookline placed first in two other track events, the 35-yard dash which James Johnson won handily in 4 and 2/5 seconds, and the 40-yard hurdles, where Plotkin registered his third first place of the day, topping the timbers in 5 and 3/5 seconds. Leon Rogers, a sophomore, competing in his initial varsity track competition, garnered a third place in both of these events.

The Hinesmen were most outstanding in the field events, with a clean sweep of every place in the broad jump, first and second tallies in the high jump, and a second in the shot-put. Tod Plotkin won the broad jump with the greatest of ease as he left the other contestants to fight it out for second and third laurels when he made one colossal leap of 10 feet, one inch, to outdistance his nearest competitor, Charley Pollina, who took second with a 9 foot, ¼ inch effort, by over a foot. Bob Grenier made it a purely Brookline affair as he jumped 8 feet, 10¾ inches for the third place. In the high-jump, Swartz and Plotkin were carried to 5 feet, 7½ inches by the one likely Arlington entry, Jean Graf, before the latter finally failed in his third attempt, which left the two Brookline contestants tied for first with the bar at 5 feet 8½ inches.

(continued on page five)

DR. LINDSAY SPEAKS ON CALVIN COOLIDGE, JAN. 9

Mr. Ringer opened the junior and senior assembly with a selection from eth ninetieth Psalm. After the opening exercises, Mr. Ringer read part of a poem which was based on the topic to be discussed; then he introduced Dr. Lindsay, who emphasized the wonderful life of the late Calvin Coolidge. Dr. Lindsay gave a brief review of Coolidge's life, bringing the following expressive facts to the attention of the students.

Coolidge was born in Plymouth, Vermont, on July 4, 1873. His mother died when he was but 13 years of age. As a boy, he worked industriously on a farm and in an humble grocery store. He graduated from Amherst College in 1895 and married Miss Grace Goodhue in 1905. He became Governor of Massachusetts during which time his name became known throughout the world. Next he became Vice-President and then President of our country.

"New England at its best is represented in Coolidge," Dr. Lindsay assured his audience.

"When President Coolidge passed away, it was as if a tree crashed in the forest leaving a great gap against the sky."

BUY TICKETS FOR "ROYAL FAMILY" NOW

Forget your troubles, save your pennies, and have some of your teachers provide you with an evening of entertainment, for the Brookline Teachers Club is to present the comedy, "The Royal Family." This play is to be given on Friday and Saturday evenings, January 20 and 21,, in the Brookline High School Auditorium, for the benefit of the Brookline Welfare Fund. Some of those who are in the cast are Mr. Flemings, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Hannon, Mr. Jewett, Mr. Severence, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Caverly, Miss Allen, and others. Tickets at 50c, 75c, and $1.00 may be purchased from Mr. Downing.

Better hurry and buy your tickets for one or the other of these performances. Do your part in helping this to be a complete success as a production.

NOTICE

Only a Few Seats Left For "The Royal Family"

THE TURMOIL

By Booth Tarkington

The Sheridan family was one to be proud of. Mr. Sheridan had worked up from about nothing to his present state, one of wealth and position. He had four children. One was married, and making a good living. Jim, his pride, was working for him, and doing well. Sheridan's only grief was his last son, Bibbs, who was not well. His constitution was weak, and he was unable to undertake any strenuous work. He was the black sheep of the family. He appreciated literature, and was inclined to write. His father, however, insisted that he work at some sort of machinery.

Mary Vertrees, a neighbor, decided to marry Jim for his money. Jim really loved Mary, and in time she realized that what she was doing was drastically wrong. She wrote a letter of explanation, and apology to Jim. He never received it, for there was a blow-up in the factory in which he worked, and he was killed.

Soon Sheridan's married son took to drink, and could no longer work. With one son dead, and one turned against him, Mr. Sheridan turned to Bibbs for help.

By this time Bibbs and Mary had become good friends. With her as an inspiration, he decided to follow his father's course, and work in the factory.

Mary's father became very poor, although Bibbs knew nothing of this. One day Sibyl, his brother's wife, decided to hurt Mary and Bibbs; for she had a mean character.

When she knew that Bibbs was in his room, she stood outside talking to his mother. She said, "You know, the Vertree's sold their piano. They're very poor. I guess Mary feels she's got to marry someone in this household. Jim's dead, and Harry's married, so now she's after Bibbs. Poor, dear, Bibbs!"

So there was a bit of a shake-up in the romance. But time settled that.

In the end, Bibbs showed that there was some real stuff in him. He made his father proud of him,—and married Mary.

This book is very enjoyable to read. Once you start it, you hate to leave until it's finished. I like it because it is unique. Tarkington gives his characters such a distinct personality! His characters are, also, true to life, and it seems as though the story itself might have happened.

—*Esther Shain.*

ALUMNI NOTES

Charles F. Nayor, '31, has been selected as business manager of the reorganized board of the Dartmouth Pictorial.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

By Roberta Marsh

"To Broadway
Tinsel-plated;
Pleasure-sated;
Loved and hated!

"To Broadway
Human-freighted
Sucker baited!

"To Broadway
Celebrated;
Uneducated!

"To Broadway
Dedicated!"

You come out of the Grand Central Station, turn right, stroll down Forty-second Street, past Fifth Avenue, turn right at the corner of Times Square, and before you, you have the most famous, most glittering, most sophisticated street in the world! Broadway, with its blaze of lights, its beckoning call, its gay, artificial smile, its blasé, "hard boiled" philosophy, awaits you.

You cannot help but sense the ever-quickening tempo, the throbbing rhythm, the pulsating beat of hundreds of feet on the pavement, hundreds of voices, yelling of newsboys, all mingled together in this pot-pourri of humanity.

Promenading down Broadway you see twinkling lights and a huge poster of a chap with a slightly quizzical stare and a pair of protruding orbs, which announce to the world at large that Eddie Cantor is in town. Famous names sparkle on gaily lighted marquees. Broadway embraces each new celebrity with hearty welcome, but forsakes them with equal rapidity in search of newer loves, upon which to lavish its attention.

Beneath its dazzling surface there is a sterner, duller side.To some, it is a cruel, heartless place, without pity for its less fortunate subjects. Whether or not it has a soul is a moot question, but no one can deny it has a personality, magnetic, carefree and captivating, however heartless and fickle.

Desperate, pathetically shabby little chorus girls tread the pavement, determined to "make the Big Time," rubbing shoulders with the "once-famous" who, having toppled from their pedestals, live continually in the past, reflecting upon the days when their own names shone in the bright lights.

But enough of the darker side, it is Broadway, the Gay, which interests you. Bitter-sweet, effervescent, sparkling, and stimulating, to be taken with a "grain of salt," (or to be modern, "a dash of absinthe.") That's New York's Great White Way, Incandescent Lane, Mazda Boulevard, Hardened Artery, Two Times Square, Double Cross-Roads of the World, or, as somebody once called it, Broadway!

BRIGHT BROOKLINE SWIMMING OUTLOOK

First Meet with Pawtucket at Brookline, January 24

One of Brookline's most successful indoor athletic seasons is expected this current season. With a promising basket ball and an excellent track team already in the making, B. H. S. is going to be represented by an equally fine swimming outfit. The last two or three seasons have not quite been excellent years for the red and blue but this year there's going to be plenty of power in the Brookline machine.

The team will be built around the following veterans who have already earned their letters in swimming. They are: Captain Fred Wiggin in the backstroke; Bob Ritchie, utility man; Bill Murray, freestyle; Roger Bernhardt, backstroke; Herby Wein, freestyle, and Jimmy Logue.

Led by powerful Fred Wiggen, who shapes up as a strong contender for scholastic leads in the backstroke, and with the aid of a few more stars, such as Bob Ritchie, Roger Bernhardt, and Lenny Salkis, Brookline hopes to tear through each and every one of her eight meets with more than an even share of victories.

Besides these main cogs in the Brookline machine, there are several other cogs which are pressing the stronger ones and forcing them to fight hard to keep their positions.

In the breastroke Eddie Ryan and Henry Kaplan are keeping Roger Bernhardt on his toes every minute. Jason Selton is not far behind Captain Wiggen in the backstroke. In the 50 yard freestyle Herbie Kein and Lenny Salkis join in presenting a rather hopeless task for Brookline's opponents. Besides these prospective celebrities, there are a couple of fellows named Lloyd Burten and Bill Cotter who are going to be in there also. Houghton Whittecombe shapes up as a promising youngster in the 100-yard freestyle. Diving is well taken care of by little Murray Swartz, Sherman, Withington and Henry Kaplan, freshman; and Bill Northrop and Frank Gardner; Frank being the only upper-classman in the group.

Last but not the least by a long shot among these promising swimming stars is former Captain Bob Ritchie, a fine swimmer in every department of the game, which is why we didn't mention him sooner because Bob is in no one swimming event yet in every event. Last year, owing to an eligibility rule, he was unable to contend, but wait 'till you see him this year!

Swimming practice is only twice a week but the swimmers will have plenty of time to practice because the first meet doesn't roll around until January 24th when Pawtucket travels up to Brookline. Coach Couts is looking forward to that meet with a wicked gleam in his eye for he expects to pull a smart underdog victory stunt and upset the dope. Don't be surprised if Brookline does turn the tables, for Coach Couts, although outwardly pessimistic, about Brookline's chances, is suspected to have something up his sleeve for that date.

The almost complete swimming schedule for the year 1933 is as follows:

Jan. 24	Pawtucket at Brookline
Feb. 2	Hutington at Brookline
Feb. 7	Open prob bly Dean Acad'my
Feb. 17	Pawtucket at Pawtucket
Feb. 22	Harvard Freshmen at ——
Feb. 28	Moses Brown at Brookline
Mar. 9	M. I. T. Freshman at Br'klne

Take a piece of advice from us and hang on to your season tickets, for when you see the interest and competition these meets arouse, you'll be wishing you could only see them!

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

The plot of that immortal French play by Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac,* has become familiar to us all by constant repetition. We have all sympathized with the gallant Cyrano, who, although born with a poetic soul and a rapier-like wit, was cursed by the Fates with a grotesque, mis-shapen nose, so that when he fell in love with the beautiful and fastidious Roxane he did not dare offer himself to her, although their temperaments were ideally matched. Instead, poor Cyrano was forced to step aside for the handsome, if somewhat slow-witted Christian, even aiding his rival's suit by declaring his love for Roxane under her balcony one night, when poor Christian could find none of the flowing terms demanded by Roxane, in which to couch his love.

Through the perpetration of this ruse, Roxane was won by Christian, and shortly after their marriage, Christian was called to war and killed. Overcome with grief, Roxane retired to a convent, and spent her remaining days mourning her "clever" Christian, only to find from the dying Cyrano that it was he whom she really loved.

Cyrano de Bergerac is one of the most popular plays that has ever been written, as Mr. Hamilton told us. Ever since it was first written it has captivated the affection of audiences everywhere. The performance of this play given by Mr. Walter Hampden last week at the Colonial Theatre will do much to add to the popularity already possessed by this comedy, for Mr. Hampden's interpretation of Cyrano was truly remarkable. He brought all the gay, scintillating wit, and swashbuckling bravado necessary to a true interpretation of this exacting rôle. Cyrano de Bergerac, as Mr. Hamilton forewarned us, "is also the most exciting play in the world."

LYRIC POETS OF ENGLAND

By Norman Hunt

Charles II had come to the throne. The gay court life and cavalier society were in great favor at London. The natural simplicity of Puritan days had been forgotten, and poets and play-writers turned to the literary art of the new "classical school".

The greatest writer of the new age was John Dryden. He, born in 1631 entered the political arena just as Milton was departing from it.

His family was Puritan, but his own religion was "fashioned to the varying hour". So was his elegantly turned verse: *Annus Mirabilis* is a chronicle of the great fire of London and the war in Holland; *The Hind and the Panther* is an argumentation on the *Roman Church; Absalom and Achitophel* is a clever political satire. The world of poets still repeats those immortal lines:

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd
The next in majesty; in both the last
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she'd joined the former two.

The second great poet of the "Classical school" was Joseph Addison. Though born in 1672 and educated at Oxford, his first great poem, *Letters from Italy,* was not written until he was thirty. Other poems and countless essays show his careful style and love of court society. Many of us are familiar with his majestic ode, *The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.*

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

This third well-known writer of the classical school was Alexander Pope, perhaps the most learned of them all. Pope's birth occurred in 1688. While still a youth, he composed those well-known lines:

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground.

. . . and the rest of the classic *Ode in Solitude. The Rape of the Lock* he wrote a few years later and also a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey.* The English language and literature owes much to Pope.

Soon after Pope's death there appeared signs of opposition to the verse of court and politics. William Collins, born in 1721, graduated from Oxford, poor and visionary, turned to the realm of imagination for his inspiration. His great benefactor and biographer, Dr. Johnson, criticized his love for the strange and supernatural, but praised his character and talent. We can see the great contrast between the works of Dryden and of Collins in these lines from *The Passions:*

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled:
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,—
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

We cannot mention Collins without speaking of Gray, whom many critics consider a greater poet. Thomas Gray, born in 1716, was educated at Cambridge. He traveled on the Continent, then returned, to live quietly in rural England. The beauties of nature always attracted him, and drawing away from the brilliant town life, for which he was so well suited, he became a veritable hermit. Wolfe, upon storming the heights of Abraham, declared that he would have preferred to write Gray's immortal *Elegy* than to win his great military coup:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades, the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinkling lull the distant fold.

William Cowper, born 1731, also contributed several splendid poems to our great heritage of verse. Like Gray, he withdrew from London and spent his life in the country. The shadow of insanity overhung his entire career and influenced many of his writings. But others, *Loss of the "Royal George"* and *To a Young Lady,* are poems of natural simplicity and lyric beauty:

Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng:
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does.
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass
And Heaven reflected in her face.

The first real poet of the people was Oliver Goldsmith. Born in 1728, son of a poor Irish vicar, he had a rough adventuresome life. He was barred from the ministry by his bishop, he squandered his college tuition, he followed a vagabond trail across Europe to Italy, and, finally, appeared in London, under the wing of the ever-kind Dr. Johnson. He wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer;* also the well-known poem, *The Deserted Village,* in which he boldly declares:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Last we come to Robert Burns, the bard of Scotland. No greater picture of his turbulent career can be drawn than the words of Professor Croll of Princeton University:

"Burns's life was like one of Shakespeare's tragedies, full of storm and passion, and ending in gloom, but shot through with the light of human sympathy, mirth, and tenderness, and enriched by an infinite variety of emotion."

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense an' worth, o'er the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that:
For a' that an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

.. ASSEMBLY, JANUARY 4 ..

The assembly of January fourth was opened by a selection of the orchestra. After this, Hiss Hannon spoke briefly about Prize Speaking, which is to be held Friday, January 6th. The next speaker on the program was Mr. Jewett. He told us about an experiment he is going to try. During the following periods: Tuesday 4th, Wednesday 5th (1st part), Thursday 6th, and Friday 1st and 3rd, pupils may go to the auditorium, where Mr. Jewett will discuss the problem of "How to Study". This information will be "gratis" and entirely voluntary on the part of the student. To attend this discussion a pupil has only to present one-half a sheet of block paper on which is written his name, studyroom, date and period. These slips will be collected at the door and will serve as admission tickets.

Mr. Ringer spoke at the close of the period, reminding us that the auditorium period is not a social period but that there is a definite purpose for it. To the amazement of some, he told us that Midyear examinations are but twelve days away. In conclusion, Mr. Ringer said there is only one important reason for examinations, namely, as an opportunity for the pupil to demonstrate the power he has gained.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

Many have been worried about the qualifications requisite for a member of the advisory council, wondering either why some are included in that group or why some are not. In determining these qualifications, the Girls' League has tried to select those girls who shall have succeeded through their own efforts alone. Therefore, positions which require election are not counted among the qualifications. The Advisory Council, in this way, is composed of fairly steady, dependable, intelligent, and efficient girls. Ten points are necessary for membership to be obtained in the following way:

First Honor Roll—4 points
Second Honor Roll—2 points
Third Honor Roll—1 point
Perfect Attendance for quarter — 2 points
Class Team—1 point
Varsity Team—3 points
Spelling Tournament — five ranking highest on each team—2 points each

One point is deducted for every absence above two, and also a point is subtracted for every failure for the quarter

At present the Council is composed of about seventy girls who are called together as an advisory board to settle not only Girls' League questions, but also questions pertaining to the school as a whole.

CONVENTION ELECTS MR. RINGER, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE

At the recent December meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, Mr. Ringer, the Headmaster of the Brookline High School, was elected Chairman of the Committee on Public Secondary Schools, succeeding Mr. William C. Hill, Principal of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Central High School. This important committee receives applications from public secondary schools which desire to join the association. A survey of the equipment, personnel and standards of such schools is made, particular emphasis being placed upon the success of their graduates in representative colleges.

When a school has satisfied the exacting requirements of the association, membership is proposed by the examining committee. All member schools maintain their rating as long as they meet the standards of the association. As Chairman of the committee, Mr. Ringer becomes a member of the Executive Board.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on Wednesday from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and mailed or brought to the SAGAMORE office, or deposited in the SAGAMORE box in the library. No copy will be accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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A Timely Warning

The hours were long and dreary, thought Fabia as she sat down to study the last night before mid-years. Why had she not spent more time on her lessons? But she could do it and she would, or "Dick's" Senior Prom would be "all off" for her. Her mind wandered, and soon she was thinking of the people she would meet, of how she would dress, and of how well she liked "Dick".

"Mmmm,—now what was the answer to that last . . . "

"Fabia, you must come to bed now."

And so came the night, which, as Fabia put it, passed away almost too soon for her to close her eyes and open them again. But that was about all *that was passed*. She had failed in two of her exams, and now it was too late to make them up. Have you been warned in time to pass your papers?

LINCOLN

The responsibility of a ruler under so great a destiny, descended, with a weight which could never become greater, upon the shoulders of that lonely man in the White House. He was a solitary man indeed, in a solitude impressive and painful to contemplate, having none of those unofficial counsellors, those favorites, those privy confidants and friends from whom men in chief authority are so apt to seek relief. Lincoln therefore, secretively held his most important thoughts in his own mind, wrought out his own conclusions by the toil of his own brain, carried his entire burden wholly upon his own shoulders, and in every way met the full responsibility of his office in and by himself alone. He does not appear ever to have sought to be sustained amid disaster, nor does it appear that he ever sought, then, to be comforted or encouraged, or that he ever endeavored to shift upon others even the most trifling fragment of the load which rested upon himself, certainly never desiring that anyone should ever be a sharer in any ill repute attendant upon a real or supposed mistake. He was silent and self-sustained as to matters of deep import, facing alone all the grave duties, solving alone all difficult problems, enduring alone all consequences.

ATTACK
AND COUNTER ATTACK

By HANLEY NORINS

It may be the birth
Of a little boy,
Or the birth of woe
Or the birth of joy.
The birth of our hopes
Of great plans and schemes,
Of bubbles and dreams.
The smoke may be born
The birth of genius
And the snow and dew,
The cold and rawness
And warm summer, too.
The birth of flowers
In the early spring
And of little birds
That fly and that sing.

Smoke may be born
But will fade and die
Warm summer will come,
But will soon pass by.
The birds and bubbles,
The winter and snow,
They will all be born
And they all will go.
All things may be born
And live for a day
But night will arrive
And they all drift away.
For they all are born
But to live and die
And no one knows how,
Nor the reason why . . .

Attack

Norins, you are
An idiot;
There's a lot of things
That you forgot.
You say that things
Are born to die,
You are a fool,
Here's my reply:
As man may die,
But his deeds live on,
And his soul is left,
Though his body's gone.
His anatomy
May disintegrate,
But a memory
Shall ne'er abate.
An author may write
And pass away,
But his books live on,
For e'er and aye.
Though a man may die,
He leaves a part,
For his money's left,
And, perhaps, his heart.
A battle is fought,
And the vanquished flee,
But the struggle's left
In history.

So, you see, young fool,
What a fruitless lie
It is to say,
"Things are born to die." . . .

Counter Attack

I have but one
Reply to make,
That you're committing
A great mistake.
For, though deeds live on,
They'll cease to be,
For the years erase
A memory.
An author may die
And his books remain,
But the years will make
Them rot and stain . . .

"HOW TO READ"

Countless numbers through the ages have professed to know how to read. Very few of these really know how, and in our times when we have such exceedingly better facilities, it seems strange that only a small minority of those who are able to understand black letters on a white page can really read them.

"How to Read" covers a great multitude of points. First of all, the question of proper reading material is *raised* Improper and harmful reading will most emphatically create more harm and evil tendencies than most of the present day evils that assail the modern person. Naturally it goes without saying that even reading the Bible will not make one a paragon of virtue, but it will help towards the forming of a good and strong character, which is so needful today. If you will pick literature that will do you good by your reading of it, you are doing yourself a good turn. Leave the sensational and cheap alone. Keep away from that which is injurious.

Once you have chosen your book wisely and well, find out from some source, such as the author's biography (if he is famous enough to have one) the expressed purpose which lies behind the writing. Once you have this information, you will be better able to understand the author and his works.

Now for the actual reading of the book. Hide yourself in some secluded place where you are sure you will not be interrupted. Leave notice that you are not to be disturbed even though your best girl phones or some one wishes to give you a ten-dollar gold piece. Take with you into your retreat any little luxury you might have a craving for, then go ahead and read. If you can't do as I have suggested, turn your radio on full blast, answer every ring of the phone, every knock on the door, and I'll guarantee you will get as much enjoyment out of the book as you would from an extra page of "Cæsar" homework. A book is like a musical composition: any discordant noises will mar its effect.

The book has been read. Now you can answer your phone calls—and—so forth. The hardest part in reading is yet to come. To get the full value and flavor out of a work you must reflect and think on what you have just read. Perhaps thinking for some of you is quite a laborious or even strange experience, but I assure you that it will have no ill effects.

There is still one more move to make. You have chosen your book, read it, reflected upon, and now you should return it. Then you will have completed your lesson in "How to read". And don't forget to return the book to him from whom you borrowed it.

The Snooper

If the third girl you call Saturday ıight accepts your invitation, don't take ıer to the Chateau.

* * * *

Paul Silbert wrote a letter to his girl hat went something like this:

My Darling beloved:

I would fight an army at your comnand. I would go through fire and vater for you. Nothing can keep me rom your side.

Love,
PAUL.

'. S. Will see you Saturday if it doesn't ain.

* * * *

Laurie Daniels is going to have a conest with Ed. Wynn to see who really ; the "Perfect Fool". Poor Ed. Wynn.

* * * *

The police are trying to stop the ommunists from making speeches. By oing this, they hope to keep Boston ut of the red.

* * * *

Sign in the lunch room: "If the steak too tough for you, get out; this is no ace for weaklings.

* * * *

Even if we bought a Red Cross seal, e wouldn't have known what to feed

* * * *

The new five-day week will give the rger families a better crack at the thtub.

* * * *

There comes a time in every bald man's 'e when he says, "Toupee or not toue; that is the question?"

* * * *

George Hartstone drives so well he n turn around on a dime and have a ckle in change.

* * * *

When George Mackey started a speech th the words, "I've got an idea," me wise student called out, 'Just ginner's luck."

* * * *

Lincoln Moss is still trying to find t who's buried in Grant's tomb.

* * * *

Every time we went to class we saw ferent girls.

* * * *

We just found out that they weren't w girls at all. They were just the old es painted over.

* * * *

Well, I'll come around and haunt ya in sometime.

* * * *

Goom bye.

BROOKLINE TRACKSTERS EDGE ARLINGTON 39-38

Rae's Win in "1000" Features First Dual Meet

(Continued from page one)

The feature field event was the shot-put duel between the huge and burly Anthony "Husky" Crovo of Arlington and Alan Swartz. The latter was greatly handicapped by a boil on his arm, so could not put through his best efforts, with the result that the best he could do heave of 42 feet, 9 inches, while Crovo threw the 12-pound weight 45 feet, 4½ inches for first honors.

The 600 yard run started off auspiciously for Brookline as "Pie" Traynor, stepping into the lead at a terrific pace, led the pack for a lap or two until forced to drop out. After that, no home team competitor seemed able to make a successful bid for first, which left two visiting runners, Hall and Foster, to coast in at a tie for first, while Lawrence Anderson, another Sophomore running in his first varsity meet, came in a good third. The 300 yard dash, which was run in three heats and based on the time alone of each performer, was tied for first, with Garfield and McLean, both of Arlington, doing the distance in 37 2/5 seconds, while Irving "Red" Perkins, despite the fact that he caught his spike on an obstacle on the track at the start of the second lap and momentarily lost his stride, managed to come in at third place. No other Brookline entry save Rae placed in the 1000, with Hanlon and Pond, of Arlington, taking second and third, respectively.

The relay race was won by Arlington, with the team consisting of Phinney, Garfield, Foster, and McLean, in two minutes, 2 1/5 seconds. Phinney got the jump on Johnson, the Brookline lead-off man, around the first turn, held his scant advantage for the rest of his two laps, and the other three Brookline men, Sklar, Perkins, and Lewenstein, never could overcome the small advantage. Despite the loss of this race, the one-point margin of victory for the Hines-coached tracksters still held, and, with a little more strength in the running events, the team promises great things for the future by its performance in this initial meeting.

We will celebrate the completion of the first half year's work by showing in Mid Year Exams just what we don't know.

* * * *

Student: "Do your football men get up bright and early?"

Football Coach: "No, just early."

SILVERMAN AND TURNER PRIZE-SPEAKING WINNERS

(Continued from page one)

duce a feeling of awe among the listeners, for on looking about, it was not hard to find persons whose eyes were filled and sometimes brimming over.

As each person gave his or her selection, the question as to the final decisions became more and more difficult. When Leigh Diamond finished "Lincoln's soliloquy," he had stirred the hearts of everyone; and when Martha Turner completed her reading of "The Minuet," a story of the French Revolution, the situation had been portrayd so realistically that the audience as a whole felt as if it had been miraculously transplanted to the eighteenth century. From the moment she appeared on the platform until she left it, Martha Turner had complete control over her audience. "My Last Duchess," a poem which is extremely difficult to present, was given excellently by Norman Hunt. Donald Graham's negro selection, "Go Down, Death," was so forcefully and clearly presented that the feelings of all present were moved. Margaret Bennett's imitation of a lady in a modern art gallery was humorous, to say the least. Her stage presence and ability to act her part, as well as her excellent audibility and intonation, are unforgettable. It is doubted whether anyone could find words that would appropriately express the feeling that Eliot Silverman's portrayal of King Arthur produced in the hearts of everyone. No one can realize how true this statement is, unless he or she was there, Friday evening. Being the last on the program, he, without doubt, brought the performance to a successful climax.

When the judges — Mr. Winfred Akers, Mr. Wallace Fowlie, and Mr. Irwin Cowper—returned to the auditorium, and Mr. Cowper, introduced by Ringer, announced the decision, the following people were justly awarded prizes and honorable mention:

Martha Turner—*prize for girls*
Elliot Silverman—*prize for boys*
Margaret Bennett—*honorable mention*
Leigh Diamond—*honorable mention*

Mr. Cowper, Chief Announcer at WNAC and an alumnus of B. H. S., declared that the judges had had a difficult task in deciding the winners. This was probably the case with most of those who were present, for each selection, from beginning to end, was presented with perfect audibility, intonation, pronunciation, posture, and stage presence; and each speaker held the attention of the audience from the moment he appeared on the stage until he left it.

Miss Hannon, who has been coaching the speakers for weeks, is to be congratulated for the excellent piece of work they did, due, in large part, to her tireless efforts. She is also to be thanked for giving us such an enjoyable evening.

THINGS AND STUFF

Did you know that Virginia Aronson belongs to the local chapter of the Mickie Mouse club?

* * * *

Ross has a strained back; he has been trying to learn the four hundred.

* * * *

Billy Devine agrees that prosperity is just around the corner but he believes that we are all on a merry-go-round.

* * * *

Barbara Mahon, so they say, puts pop corn in her pancakes so that they will turn over themselves.

* * * *

There will be a pie party in the printing room at two o'clock. Any one who thinks that they could do away with some, do come over.

* * * *

Marjorie Ahearn is studying barbering. She gets her practice cutting off her cat's whiskers.

* * * *

We do not appreciate the entertainment that was offered us by people sitting in the back row at Prize Speaking.

* * * *

Lewis Lappin thinks that what this country needs is a good seven cent nickle.

* * * *

Ray Rich is still, vainly, trying to buy that good five dollar car on the installment plan.

* * * *

Hve you ever stopped to think how many of the people that kick about things around school kick just for the kick they get out of kicking?

* * * *

A certain person of our acquaintance no longer chases the wolf from the door, he brings him in and eats him.

* * * *

Some people were born lazy and have been getting tireder every day since.

* * * *

A camel can go seven days without water but who wants to be a camel anyway.

* * * *

There seems to be much more room in the parking space nowdays. I wonder if it's the depression.

* * * *

Leigh Dimond has become an inflationist, he wants a cheaper dollar.

BASKET BALL TEAM LOSES TO EVERETT AND CANTABS

(Continued from page one)

in the suburban league. The first was inflicted by Cambridge Latin. Cahill, Crowley, and Broadhurst played an exceedingly fine game for Brookline.

Rindge ran up a decisive score against the second team to win 27 to 16. Sullivan, the Rosoffs and King were the outstanding players for the team.

Although Brookline lost, the team showed a decided improvement over its previous encounter with Cambridge Latin.

THE GORGEOUS EAST

A Travelogue from Morocco
Further Adventures of Mr. Homer Harbour

Fez! The little three-letter name of an ancient city has always summoned to my imagination, since the long-ago days in grammar school when I learned of it in my large square geography as the capital of Morocco, vague pictures of something odd, remote and barbaric. I no more thought that I should ever walk its streets than that I should tread those of Singapore, Baghdad, or Timbuctoo.

Yet only last evening I stood upon a height above the city, watching the light of an autumn sunset fade upon its vast extent of ivory-tinted houses, its green-tiled sacred pavilions and schools and its two score minarets. All about the city rise irregular swelling hills of reddish-brown earth seamed and fissured with crevices and caves, here and there grown over with groves of venerable dull green olive trees, or spiny cactus hedges. At rare intervals stood a ruined fort, or castle, of the same ruddy-brown color as the earth, or a small white-washed domed pavilion, the tomb of a saint of centuries gone. And to the south the far horizon was walled by a line of dimly blue mountains, faintly streaked with white, the snows of the Atlas! The general aspect of the landscape was that of a wide desert wilderness.

And then, looking directly down from my height, in all this loneliness, I saw a far-extending city, as if carved with infinite variations and complications, out of a single immense block of old ivory. And this ivory whiteness circuited and girdled by dark gray-stone walls, turreted, battlemented, old, old as those of Tyre and Sidon. From the houses terraced about the slopes rose the tall green fingers of poplar trees, vying with the lighter green inlaid in the minarets, and the exquisite green tiling on the roofs of other sacred buildings. Here and there upon the rooftops as I looked down upon them from high above were specks of bright color moving about. These were the dresses of the women taking the cool air of the evening, unveiled (as I was told) at this evening hour, when by a special prerogative. centuries old, the rooftops belong to them alone.

Just as the last colors of the sunset faded, a white cloth banner was hoisted at the top of each minaret throughout the city and faintly borne to me in the quiet of evening, came the calls of the muezzins to evening prayer, blended as in a harmonius chorus in the distance. I could not distinguish the words but well knew what they were. "Allah is Allah. There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah."

I have now looked on many great cities of the world from points of vantage, New York from the Empire Building, London from Hampstead Heath, Paris from Montmartre, and they all present varying aspects of might, splendor, magnificence. But for sheer glamour, charm, unspoiled romance none can vie with this sunset over Fez, once the sacred city of the western Mohammedan world, at the hour when the muezzins called to prayer.

As the shadows deepened I made my way down from my high point of vantage, and passing between rows of cactus in barren gullies, and skirting along stretches of crumbling walls, I came to a great towering grade, dimly lit, of an amazing beauty.

As I approached it, three camels in single file emerged, white-cloaked drivers running beside them. I stepped aside to let them pass, and gazed at them as fascinated as if they were creatures I had never seen before. For I had never seen them before except in circus processions or behind the wire-netting of public zoos. And here they belonged. fitted their settings, as limousines on Fifth Avenue.

Then I stopped under the arch of the gate, and penetrated the street within. It was not the first ancient city gate of Morocco that I had entered. Already I had passed under similar, tho generally smaller gates, at Tetouan, capital of Spanish Morocco, at Rabat, at Mehues, at Moulay-Idriss. But the magic, the glamour of the entrance door carries me not only thousands of miles away into the staid East, but a thousand years back in time into the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, and of the teller of the immortal Thousand-and-One Tales.

Here at Fez the glamour was of an unusual and a fascinating kind: all outside, the darkness, the loneliness; the mystery of a lovely countryside at dusk, and then suddenly, as if stepping from a darkened theatre auditorium upon a stage all brilliantly lighted and set for the opening act of a gorgeous Oriental opera.

Only the opera is real, being lived instead of acted and sung.

Here at Fez the magic begins with a narrow and long street slipping down and down into the heart of the city. At no point is it any wider than one of our ordinary Boston sidewalks, say of Tremont Street. Nor is any street of Fez at all wider, and some are narrower yet. But this street is a teeming mass, a confusion, a babel of colors and sounds beside which the most brilliant thoroughfares of Europe seem to me drab, colorless, gloomy.

On either side are the shops, raised some three feet above the ground, each of about the dimensions of a good-sized packing case, on the floor of which sits cross-legged the merchant among his brilliantly colored wares. (A purchaser never enters one of these shops, but stands outside in the street, choosing, bargaining) and every individual shop outlined in light of varying degrees of

(continued on page eight)

SIGN OF THE CROSS

This movie, the latest of the super-spectacles" offered every so often by Hollywood, is truly worthy of the title. A true picture of the debauchery and indolence of the wealthy Romans, which finally led to the downfall of the great Roman Empire, is presented in this movie. We are also shown the way in which the early Christians were tortured because of their faith.

Marcus Superbius, prefect of Rome, is infatuated by Mercia, a lovely Christian girl. Marcus and his soldiers seize the Christians at a meeting, and put them in prison. Later Mercia is released by Marcus and taken to his home, where she is forced to attend one of the orgies so popular at the time.

Learning of the girl's presence in the home of Marcus, the jealous Empress Poppaea influences Nero, her husband, to order the girl to be sent to the dungeon with the rest of the Christians. This is done, much to Marcus's despair, and Mercia is condemned to be fed to the lions in the arena. Inspired by Mercia's promise of reunion after death and by his love for her, Marcus accompanies her into the arena.

"Sign of the Cross" should be seen by all because of the enlightening picture it gives of the "grandeur that was Rome" and because of its sincere attempt to reveal the sufferings of the first Christians.

RED CROSS NEWS

Once every two months, the Red Cross is to hold meetings and if the Grammar School delegates in conjunction with the high school Red Cross representatives in Shailer Hall. The first meeting of this kind was begun by a violin solo by John Blackwood, '36, after which the business meeting was carried on. Members of the various primary and elementary grade schools gave accounts of what their schools were doing for the Red Cross. Short speeches were made by Miss Smith, Warren Fox and Irving Cohen. The roll of High School Representatives was called by Mildred Friedman, the Junior delegate to the Metropolitan Chapter of Boston. The meeting was closed bv two choice selections extremely well played by Bernard Falkenier, '33.

There were two omissions in the list of Red Cross Representatives published in a recent edition of the SAGAMORE: Norma Nasmyth, '35 from room 36A, and John Blackwood, '36 from room B4.

The weekly meeting of the Red Cross in Room 39, Friday afternoons 1.30-2:30 is open to all who would care to join the Brookline pioneers in their good work for the benefit of mankind. The girls make surgical dressings and the boys paint toys. Jigsaw puzzles would be a welcome addition to some poor family's scant Christmas gifts under a sprig or two of spruce.

Gratis

Oh of course it's not that Ralph Werman won't pay those debts, it's just his French blood cropping out.

* * * *

Sylvia Dulman's coat must have been custom made since she evidently had enough material left over for a skirt.

* * * *

Since Anne Cohen wants to see her name in print, we'll tell you she's the first blond Eskimo we've seen.

* * * *

Sherman Rose is going to M. I. T. That explains all. He's not being exactly Frank.

* * * *

It is our opinion that Eleanor Saxe must have been the inspiration for the popular song "You're Blasé."

* * * *

While on that subject, did you hear the one, "She was only a fly-caster's daughter, but she could certainly 'throw a mean line.' "

* * * *

We wonder if any one ever feels as sleepy as Myron Ka[illegible] looks.

* * * *

Why most certainly Bernice Halpern is a typical blond.

* * * *

The only person we ever saw study during a study period is Priscilla Dienes.

* * * *

Our idea of the ideal gigolo is a "cross" between Bill Lebowich and Irving Perkins.

* * * *

And can you imagine! During this time of depression Norma Marcus was offered ten dollars to haunt a house She refused because she thought she was worth more.

* * * *

The walks may be red,

The roads may be blue,

But George Hawley says

That he's chasing her, too.

THE GORGEOUS EAST

(continued from page six

dimness or intensity is like a framed picture of the Orient, glowing, and alive.

And the narrow thoroughfare between the shops is a torrent of movement and color: a bobbing of red fezes upon white burnouses, kaftans of pale blue, of pearl gray, of every delicate shade of red and lavender and green, hooded cloaks of Berbers from the mountains and plains, the brilliant red uniforms, or blue-cloaked uniforms of Moroccan soldiers, Algerian spahis, Tunisian cavalry, uniforms of a brilliance unequalled, I am sure, elsewhere in the world. Occasionally a French soldier passes, his cap wound about with white, signifying that he is a member of the famous Foreign Legion, of whose reckless audacity so many tales are told.

Women form a considerable portion of this human cataract descending into the city, struggling with that ascending from it: women, heavily veiled, all in white, with dark eyes gleaming through narrow slits, if they are of good Moorish stock and free, their faces unveiled only in the case that they are servants or slaves, and then, generally black. Slavery, though it has been abolished by law throughout North Africa, flourishes in thinly disguised form, though without abuses. Other women sit in rows at corners selling round dishes of bread.

Through the thick of this turbulent flood of humanity pass donkeys, or an occasional camel laden with every conceivable burden their drivers clearing the way with continual calls of "Baaleh! Baaleh!" which means, "Look out! Look out!" And one of the amazing things is that in all this press and congestion of humanity, there is no pushing, no shoving aside, no slightest show of discourtesy. Even a ten days' experience has convinced me that the Moors (and in general the Arabic stock of North Africa) are not equalled in Europe for noble gravity and courtesy.

One proof of this is that I have been less stared at, less noticed for my peculiarity of costume (which must seem to them odd and outlandish, in spite of the frequency of Europeans in these parts) than anywhere else in my travels. It is not that I am avoided or looked at askance, but simply unheeded, courteously unnoticed.

I wish it were possible for me to set to paper one tenth part of the fascination of the vast labyrinth of these narrow lanes, bazaars (which they call here soules), palaces, hovels, courts, palaces and mosques that make up Fez. But the thing can't be done in pen and ink, that is, with my pen and ink. I could enumerate the quarters of the various industries, and branches of commerce; how one lane is bordered by twenty shops in which nothing is sold but spices, another with a dozen shops selling the same sort of saddles, and nothing else, another where there are nothing but barbers. Or clang of iron where a dozen blacksmiths are at work all at once. In another shaded covered square two score weavers are at work, each with his attendant troop of little boys from, five to ten years old, standing in the street holding the long threads straight while the weavers stitch. There is no child labor law in Morocco. I have seen youngsters of ten and twelve taking their father's places during his absence, in practically every one of the industries of Fez. And the industries of Fez cover very much the complete range of human activity before the arrival of machines.

But it needs a far more abundant admixture of care, skill, brains and pen and ink than are now at my disposal to bring the marvels and enchantments of Fez before a reader's inner eye. I feel that I can do no more now than to state that it is a city in which any story out of the Arabian Nights could find its perfect setting, still unspoiled in this year of 1932. Here is a sultans' palace, vast in extent, surrounded by walls enclosing gardens, courts, fountains, mosques still barred to the eyes of all but privileged Mohammedans. Here are mosques of surpassing beauty whose portals no profane feet may cross, with courtyards in which play constantly fountains of ablution where the feet of the faithful are washed three times every day before prayer. Here, from inner courts and beyond mysterious gateways sounds barbaric music, the pounding of drums and the wailing of pipes for rites and ceremonies that can only be guessed, never seen by alien eyes.

(*Continued in the next issue*)

EVENING

The smooth, oily surface of the lake was interrupted by a path of blazing gold, leading to a red-orange sun which was setting down into the mammoth trees. One of the tallest trees pierced the glowing orb slowly and surely, and the very soul of the sun seemed to cry out with joy as it drank in the gently swaying tree-top.

The silence was broken by a distant splash in the water. Something moved toward the shore, and the ripples on the surface followed it and cuddled about its head. As the thing approached, two gleaming eyes became visible in the dusk. Suddenly, a small head shot out of the water, straight up twelve feet, and a long, rough-skinned neck gave the impression of the trunk of a black tree, growing out of the lake.

The sound of crunching twigs and crackling leaves announced the approach of another prehistoric creature. The plesiosaurus dove under the surface of the lake. The tranquil shore was caressed by ripples of heavy, greasy water. The reflection of the sun, which had disappeared behind the trees, produced a preternatural atmosphere. It was evening.

Jane McKnight: "There are several things I can always count on."

Eileen McElroy: "What are they?"

June: "My fingers."

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LIBRARY LINES

The Scotsman is a newspaper published in Edinburgh, Scotland. We have a special edition of this journal in celebration of the centenary of Scott's death. In Scotland, more than in our own country, pupils of schools presented pageants and plays on the life of Scott and his works. Photographs of the pageants, unusual advertisements, and a variety of interesting details about Scott's life are to be found in this newspaper.

* * * *

Like many students, your reporter suspected that Russel Gordon Carter, who writes so valiantly of battles, tourneys, and jousts in *The King's Spurs* had never seen a real battle field, except in pictures. This opinion is entirely erroneous. The *Transcript* of January 4 says that Mr. Carter recently received the Silver Star Insignia for gallantry in action.

* * * *

The total circulation for the year 1932: January to December was 14,103, a gain of 2,241 over the preceding year. The pictures circulated amounted to 2,053, a gain of 438 over last year's figures.

The Brookline High School Library was selected as one of a group, to help make a survey of the types of work being done in School Libraries. Each student will help the librarian in this survey by letting her know the kind of work he is doing in library periods. This may include reference work in various subjects, book reports, or voluntary reading.

* * * *

We read that a Medford principal forbade girls to bring their lipstick to school. Now we know why so many girls are to be found in the office.

* * * *

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXIX, No. BROOKLINE, MAS FEB. 8, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS SWAMP HUNTINGTON

Wein, Richie Star

In a flashing exhibition of swimming superiority, Brookline overcame Huntington School by a score of 35 to 19.

Huntington took three first places: backstroke, diving, and the 50-yard dash. Brookline took firsts in the breaststroke, 100-yard dash, and the 200-yard swim. Brookline finished the relay nearly a full lap in the lead, but both teams were disqualified, so the score of six points was nullified. The most thrilling race was the tussle between Capt. Fred Wiggin and Latham of Huntington in the backstroke. Both boys are noted high school backstrokers but Latham proved the stronger swimmer, doing the stretch in 1 minute 9 seconds. Another fierce battle was made by Herbert Wein and William Murray in the 100-yard dash, which Wein won by a small margin.

Bernhardt, Richey, and Kilman, all of Brookline, also made a spectacular show-

(*Continued on page eight*)

BROOKLINE DEFEATED BY NEWTON AT BASKETBALL

Close Game Ends With Close Score 29-25

In a last minute drive the Newton basketball team led by Warren Huston defeated the Brookline five in the most spectacular game played on the Brookline court this season. It was anybody's game all through, and only in the last minute did Newton score the winning baskets.

In the first period, Brookline started fast, aided by "Fido" Burton's three baskets, and led 7 to 5. The second period resulted in scoring on both sides and at the half the score stood even, 12 to 12. The game was featured by ong shots from both teams. In the hird period Newton scored point for point against Brookline and ended that period two points ahead; score: 20-18. The last period was the most thrilling f all and had the crowd in frenzied ex-itement till the finish of the contest which netted a victory for Newton, 29 to 25.

The second team game was won by Newton in an easy match for the victors, 20—10. The majority of the scoring for Brookline and the general all-round play was shown by Wolfe, King, nd A. Rossoff. The outstanding play-rs of the first contest were Burton, ahill, Broadhurst and Rae for Brook-ne, and Huston and York for Newton. here is to be a second clash between e two teams later.

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL SENDS FOUR DELEGATES TO FALL RIVER CONVENTION

On February 18, at Fall River, in the B. M. C. Durfee High School, the eighth annual convention of the Associated Body of Student Councils of Massachusetts will be made. Three members of the B. H. S. Teacher-Student Council will journey to that city with a faculty delegate to represent Brookline in this state-wide conference. Roger Bernhardt, President of the Teacher-Student Council here at the high school, was chosen presiding officer last year by this Massachusetts Body, and will act as chairman at the coming meeting.

The meeting will open in the morning, at which time, Dr. Speare, President of Northwestern University, will address the gathering as the principal speaker. Edward Hornby, a prominent Holy Cross Senior, is also on the morning program. A luncheon will be served at 2 P. M., in the High School lunch room, to be followed by the afternoon business session.

The Executive Board of the A.B.S.C. have evolved an entirely new plan of meetings, which is to be carried out in the following year and will very likely become a policy of the organization. The schools of Massachusetts are to be divided into four sections: Western, Central, Eastern, and South-eastern, wherein there will occur sectional meetings three or four times yearly. Heretofore, there has been but one annual assemblage, in

(*Continued on page eight*)

SWARTZ NEW N. E. A. A. U. HIGH JUMP CHAMPION

Beats Out College Champion

Once more a member of Brookline High School comes to the fore in the sports world. A New England Amateur Athletic Union title has been annexed by Alan Swartz!

Saturday, January 28th, proved an eventful day for Alan Swartz, erstwhile shot-putter and high-jumper of the Red and Blue, for on this date he garnered two titles, two wins, and one second place. In the afternoon, at the Northeastern meet, Al took a first in the high jump, eclipsing his previous record of 5:11 1-2, when he cleared the bar at 6 feet, 1-2 inch. He lost by a scant margin to Ed Crovo of Arlington in the shot-put, which he undoubtedly would have won had it not been for the boils on his putting arm.

In the evening at the Prout Memorial Games, Al did what supposedly couldn't be done.

(*Continued on page five*)

BROOKLINE TRACKSTERS REPEAT 1932 VICTORY OVER NEWTON

Rae's Win in "1000" Features Annual Indoor Classic

RED AND BLUE TAKE 7 FIRST PLACES SCORING 49 POINTS

Taking seven out of eight first places, and piling up an overwhelming lead, the Brookline High School track team scored an easy victory over the Newton High aggregation last Saturday afternoon, at the Brookline track, to the tune of 49-28.

The high scorers of the afternoon were Alan Swartz and Tod Plotkin, Al winning the shot-put and tying for first in the high jump, while Tod took first in the hurdles and the broad jump, and tied for first with Swartz and Lewenstein in the high jump.

In the field event, Brookline made practically a clean sweep, taking first, second, and third in everything except the broad jump.

The outstanding race of the meet was the 1000-yard run. It was a close fight between Fitzgerald of Newton and Rae of Brookline. The Garden City man led for the first five laps, at which point Eddie passed him and held the lead the rest of the way. Incidentally, the exceptionally fast time of 2 minutes, 28 and 4/5 seconds was turned in.

Two other fine pieces of running were recorded in the dash and the hurdles. In the dash, Jimmy Johnson upset the dope by winning from Sloane of Newton in 4 1/5 seconds; while in the hurdles Tod Plotkin took the race from York of the Orange and Black in 5 seconds flat.

(*Continued on page five*)

MR. SNOW LEAVES ON MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

On Thursday, February 9, Mr. and Mrs. Snow are sailing for Mediterranean ports. They will visit Spain, Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Palestine, the Islands of the Algean Sea, Constantinople, Athens, and the Dalmatian coast. Special objectives will be Carthage, Troy, Crete and ruins of Roman colonial cities in Africa and Asia Minor. Mr. Snow has leave-of-absence until next September.

Bon voyage, Mr. Snow!

FACULTY PLAY SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL SUCCESS

On the evenings of January 20 and 21 in the High School Auditorium, the Brookline Teachers' Club added to its long list of theatrical successes an outstanding presentation of *The Royal Family* by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. The proceeds of the performance went to the Brookline Welfare Fund. The capacity audiences on both evenings assured its financial success.

The performance had a distinctly professional flavor. We enjoyed every moment of Miss Hannon's interpretation of the rather difficult part of Fanny Cavendish. In fact, it was Miss Hannon's exquisite acting in the last scene that saved that most dramatic moment of the play from being a total loss, emotionally. We applaud Miss Allen for her fine performance as Della, the much-worked maid of the household. Mr. Jewett contributed a natural and sympathetic piece of acting in his part of Oscar Wolfe, theatrical manager and friend of the Cavendish family. As for Mr. Flemings' portrayal of the devilish Tony Cavendish, we were quite overcome. Either Mr. Flemings has been hiding his true character from us in the guise of a quiet and unobtrusive man or he is an exceptionally clever actor. Which is it?

We must also mention the convincing quarrels given us by Miss O'Brien and Mr. Wilkinson as the husband and wife who didn't get along any too well.

On the whole, the play was remarkably well cast. And who can forget the touching little scene which seemed to please our fellow-students immensely—that scene in which Miss Wadsworth and Mr. Caverly as former sweethearts, are reunited. Three cheers for our former principal whom we unanimously award the title of "a good sport."

(*Continued on page five*)

PRIZE WINNER NAMED IN SAGAMORE CONTEST

The Sagamore of October 26th announced a contest for the best, essay, poem, and story presented in its first few issues by a student.

Miss Spaulding, head of the English Department, and Mr. Newsom, Sagamore adviser, were the judges.

Jean Leslie was awarded the prize for her essay, "Constantinople." "Life" by Aaron Levine received first place in poetry and "Solitude" by Thedore Hewitt was judged the finest story. Although no prizes are given for the contributions rightly deserving second place, special mention should be made of the poem "Soliloquy" by Donald Graham and of the story, "Castle Macabre," by Charles Osgood. These pieces were judged from the standpoint of form and interest.

THE ROAD TO CRIPPLE CREEK

No visitor to Colorado should miss the trip to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold-mining district in the world. It is a combination of a ride through some of Colorado's vast rugged mountains and a visit to America's most famous gold fields.

Leaving Colorado Springs, the road passes through Manitou and immediately begins its climb up historic Ute Pass Canon, following the famous old Ute Indian Trail. Here the road runs along ledges cut from sheer mountain precipices of solid granite. The road, after twisting and turning for many miles, winds it way into the beautiful summer resorts of Cascade and Green Mountain Falls. Here the wildly racing waters of the mountain streams drop hundreds of feet over gigantic rock cliffs to break into great billows of foam which crown the foot of the falls in a halo of spray. The sun shines through the mist, presenting a sight so superb that it could only have been formed by the hand of The Master Craftsman.

The next little hamlet nestling in the shadow of one of the great rocky sentinels of the west is Woodland Park. It is high above Colorado Springs and affords an unsurpassed view of mountains and plains. Your journey carries you around the North and then the West sides of old Pike's Peak, crossing Hayden's Divide and winding through a stretch of country untouched by the hand of man, but always climbing to higher mountains with wonderful views of the main chain of the Rockies to the westward, glittering superbly with eternal ice and snow. Rounding an inspiring natural structure of stone, we find Gellette, one of America's deserted cities, crouching desolate and forlorn under the overhanging cliffs of Victor Pass. Just beyond Gellette the road enters the Cripple Creek mining district and for the next ten miles it passes over and among the world's treasure vaults, close to the shafts and tunnels of the great gold mines. The views along this last ten miles are a combination of scenic grandeur and gold mining unequaled anywhere.

The view of the main range of the Rockies, including Pike's Peak and Cameron's Cave, from the road to Cripple Creek is undoubtedly the grandest and most extensive in America.

ALUMNI NOTES

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., January 19.—Roger F. Burkhardt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Burkhardt, of 48 Park St., has been elected Senior Editor of the Wesleyan Argus, campus newspaper. Burkhardt, who is a junior at Wesleyan, has served two years on the Argus Board as junior editor and as assistant editor. He is a member of Sigma Nu and prepared for Wesleyan at Brookline High School.

FOR THE READER

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Are you tired of sentimentality? Do you want characters that live the modern life and live it to the end? Lloyd C. Douglas in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" introduces Dinny who, as quoted from the flyleaf, "at twenty-five had been successively typesetter, reporter, football star and columnist. He had rocked a small mid-Western college to its foundation by blacking the eyes of its Y.M.C.A. Secretary in defense of his college president. For this he had been expelled. But expulsion had only given him the chance to use his biting pen to better advantage."

You'll marvel at Dinny's incomparable skill in stinging sarcasm as you will likewise laud the remarkably keen insight into the lives of modern young people that characterizes the author.

"The Philadelphia Ledger says great days for clean, hopeful, and inspiring novels have not passed forever."

JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield, the son of a lawyer, was born in Ledbury, Herefordshire, England, on June 1st, 1874. Both his mother and father died when he was still a boy and he with his brothers and sisters went to Ledbury to live with an aunt. He remained there attending local schools until he was fourteen.

In an endeavor to restrain a rash spirit and rather wild nature he was indentured to a merchant ship at the age of fourteen. He remained in the service for three years, visiting most all parts of the globe. He left the ship while in New York in port sometime in April, 1895. His total possessions amounted to five dollars and a chest of clothes. He secured a room at 53 Greenwich Avenue, in the section known as Greenwich Village. Here he worked at any odd job he could get, in a bakery, livery stable, and along the water front.

From here he went to Yonkers and worked two years in a carpet factory, rising to a position which paid $8.50 per week. He became acquainted with Mr. William Palmer East's bookshop, which is still in existence, then began a period of intense reading. Chaucer came first, then Keats, Shelley, Spencer, and Sir Philip Sidney. He started to write poetry and friends in Yonkers have some original copies. For prose he read De Quincey, Hazlitt, Dickens, Kipling, Stevenson, and Sir Thomas Browne.

He left for England in 1897. In London he wrote poems for his first volume of verses, "Salt Water Ballads," which appeared in 1902. "Cargoes" and "Sea Fever" are included in this book. "Captain Margaret" was his first novel, being published in 1908. He ranks high-

(continued on page six)

WHAT WE LIVE BY

By ELIOT N. SILVERMAN

"Ars artium regimen animarum——" the art of arts is the discipline of the soul.

It is upon this principle that Abbe Dimnet has written *What We Live By*. In setting forth his subject he treats of three major abstractions: Verum, Pulchrum, and Bonum.

In Verum he summarizes the physical and mental development of created man, stressing the enormous gulf which separates the faculties of human beings from those of even the highest developed animals. Chief among these faculties is the ability to meditate upon the great speculative questions concerning man and his universe. The Abbe maintains that in the exercise of this power of meditation lies true culture; that it is the habitual consideration of the everlastingly great questions of life which lifts the most ordinary of men above the trivial and the inconsequential.

In the second part, Pulchrum, the writer points out that a sincere appreciation of the beautiful in the fine arts tends to develop a sense of the underlying principles which make for beauty, and will, in the end, create in one a desire for the purest beauty of all—moral beauty. This, according to the author, consists in the greatest possible unity between the individual and the divine scheme of which he is a part.

Bonum, or the beauty in life, is a fitting subject with which to conclude this guide to a more noble existence. In the view of Abbe Dimnet it is the freedom from useless consideration of the tempting diversions offered by a complicated and often deceiving civilization which secures to life a tranquility that compensates for its lack of excitement by its fullness of resulting happiness.

To secure this serenity of living is a goal to achieve which the practice of silence and meditation is essential. For its pursuit the Abbe recommends a deliberate withdrawal of the individual, for a period in which he shall "take stock" of himself; consider whether or not minor matters have the upper hand in his life; and shall examine the principles which motivate his conduct.

In these days of fallen idols and of rather cynical depression it is encouraging to encounter a mind which in no way denies the obvious defects of our civilization, yet offers a practicable and constructive philosophy of life.

Mr. X: "I am dismissing this class early, but go out through the halls quietly or you will wake up the other classes."

FRAGMENTS FROM A FRESHMAN

Wonder who the Latin teacher is who when asked by the judge if he was attacked by a crowd of hoodlums replied "Hoodla! Your honor, hoodla!"

* * * *

One of our most reliable sources has at last failed us. They told us that Huey P. Long was full of the incorrect pronunciation of his first name, but we have found out that it is just baloney.

* * * *

Someone once defined a Snooper as a crawling worm who seeks to extort the very essence of our life by the knowledge he has gained. Now Laurie Daniels would you be THAT!

* * * *

The saddest words of tongue and pen are not "it might have been," but these, "we're in again!"—*The jailbird.*

* * * *

The person in the last issue who told us that we should consider the intellect of our readers should practice what he preaches before he writes again.

* * * *

Charles Blood claims that he leads his class. Felicitations! Felicitations again! Excuse us, we mean hallucinations!

McStevey's First Reader

Who is this? This is Limb.

What is his last name? Burgher of course.

As a child he showed great strength.

He ran away to join the army when he was a boy.

Limb became known as the strongest man in the regiment.

In fact the only one who was *ranker* than he was his brother who was much older.

After a battle a man mistook him for Swiss, he was so full of holes.

At the end of his service he disappeared.

Finally he was found by some friends.

Where do you suppose he was?

I think I saw him there.

Moral: Never put all your eggs in one pocket.

* * *

The mathematics master noticed that one of his pupils was day-dreaming, and not following his work on the blackboard. To recall his attention he said sharply:

"Brown, Brown, board!"

The boy, startled, looked up.

"Yes, sir, very," came the reply.

* * *

"Why does the whistle blow for a fire?"

Johnnie—"It doesn't blow for the fire, it blows for water. They've got the fire."

KINGS CHAPEL

[This is the first in a series of visits in and around Old Boston. Too many residents are entirely too unfamiliar with some of our most famous landmarks. These articles will serve to enlighten and interest us in our city and its treasures.]

R. R. HASKELL

In 1686, during the term of Governor Andros, an order was sent from the King to build an Episcopal Church in Boston. No Puritan landowners would sell him any property for this purpose; so he had to annex it by some very high-handed method and at the corner of what is now School and Tremont Streets he had the First King's Chapel built. It was a wooden building which after fifty years was found inadequate for the needs of a growing congregation, and a new stone building was constructed of Quincy granite. The rather drab exterior in no wise prepares you for the interior, a delight to the antiquarian's heart.

The lower floor is divided into rows of high, stall-like pews, which are lined with old red damask sprinkled with fleur de lys. Each pew had a name plate of he family holding it and some are still n evidence. Many pews had arm rests and foot warmers for the convenience of heir owners.

Down in the first row of pews stands he pulpit, one of the most interesting ights in the church. It is of the three-leck Georgian style and reminds one of n inverted bell with the head of the ninister as a clapper. A sound box is uspended above the pulpit and was often lowered to inform the speaker that his time was up.

On either side of the main floor is a ow of delicately fluted columns which upport the balcony. This balcony is lso divided into pews but above this is second gallery with benches on it which was used by the slaves. Hence he term "nigger's heaven" which we ow use.

In the tower is a bell which is sounded ach day during the season of week-day ervices as well as on Sunday. This is ne of the original Londonderry bells rom Ireland, but it cracked in 1815 and as recast by none other than Paul Revere and Son. Revere in his records says hat the King's Chapel bell is the sweetst he ever cast.

Another point of interest in this edifice is its organ. This instrument was hosen for the church by the immortal rganist and composer, Handel. On this rgan are some gilded blocks carved in he form of a Bishop's mitre and the ing's crown. These blocks disappeared uring the Revolution and were missing or 109 years after which they returned ust as mysteriously as they were lost.

All around the sides of the church are emorials to many people, and the space etween the columns is taken up by nely-carved filigree work. The entire nside is in wonderfully fine condition r its age, and the whiteness and cleanliness of the interior in contrast with the exterior is striking.

Back in the days of our forefathers, wooden sawhorses barricaded the streets during services in the Chapel, so that there would be no sinful driving of carriages during the service. Now in the midst of the hum and noise of traffic, services still go on, automobiles roar by, subway trains rumble within yards of the tombs of the dead, giant tri-motored airplanes roar overhead and look down at the diminutive steeple, the same one which once was the pride of the city, the first stone building in Boston.

POETS' CORNER

BEFORE AND AFTER

By SIDNEY KAFKA

I

A youth, yet I carried a heavy gun.
I learned to walk, march and run.
Campaigns, mud, and drizzling rains.
A new uniform; now, full of rents and stains.

II

I've felt the heat of Hell's breath.
I've seen the approach of tragic death.
I've charged with the charging thousand.
I've marched with the drumming band.
I've seen men killed, dying by the hundred.
Life quickly ebbing through streams of red.

III

It was all too quiet that last day.
The zero hour, I tried to pray.
Running, falling, we quickly advanced.
I was hit, by the shells that around me glanced.
I thought, "Live and let live." Oh that law!
So quickly forgotten in horror of war.

IV

A youth, I carried ink and pen.
I learned that five and five are ten,
English, Latin, and complicated Math.
All forgotten in a moment of wrath.
Soon a near-sighted student I became.
Knowledge, for this, I could easily blame.

V

I've often dreaded orations.
I've seen many difficult situations.
I've studied like many a thousand.
I've lent many and many a helping hand.
I've seen boys flunked, failing by the hundred.
Ambition quickly lost through marks of red.

VI

Hours were like years during the suspense.
What had I to offer in defense?
I crammed too hard that last night.
The tests were finished, not one was right.
Chills down my back, my heart full of fears.
I had flunked the midyears!

The Trodden Path

By BLANCHE TARLIN

I know a little pathway
Near the forest of despair,
That winds and twists all in and out,
And leads to Heaven knows where.
Some travelers find that roadway rough,
And others find it smooth,
But that depends on us of course,
And how we make it prove.
We must take the hardships with the rest,
And take life as it goes,
Are we to fail and soon drop out?—
We can't be one of those;
We must round the bend and win the race
Though it cuts us like a knife,
Endure the things we're doomed to face!
Such is the path of Life.

DAWN

At the end of the night,—
With a pale, quiet light,—
Not too dim, not too bright;
Comes the dawn.

Over meadow and stream,—
Like a mid-summer's dream,—
With a soft, silent beam;
Comes the dawn.

Near the pond, by the mill—
Where all's quiet and still,—
And with warmth or with chill;
Comes the dawn.

In a dark city street,—
There the night winds to meet,—
With a warm heart to greet;
Comes the dawn.

And wherever you are,—
At the morn, with a star,—
Comes the gold-ribbon'd bar;
Comes the dawn.

LORRAINE "POLLY" ABRAMS.

The Girls' League Nominates Next Year's Officers

Friday, the twenty-seventh, the Girls' League members relaxed after a strenuous week of examinations and held a social and business meeting. Next year's officers were nominated as follows:

For President:
- La Reine Gardner
- June Bradfield
- Deborah Kinsman
- Jean Leslie

For Vice-President:
- Janet Dubinsky
- Norma Nasmyth
- Catherine Mulvihill
- Charlotte Sherrill

For Secretary:
- Bernice Greenspan
- Myrtle Niccolls
- Nora O'Leary
- Sara Cauman

For Treasurer:
- Edna Maddox
- Frances Bowser
- Marion Peterson
- Edith Levine
- Barbara Wilder

After the nominations were made, there was a spelling match and a ping pong tournament for all those interested. Jig-saw puzzles and dancing drew the attention of others.

Gratis

I don't know why it is that nobody laughs at the jokes in this column. They laugh at them when Eddie Cantor tells them.

* * *

Statistics prove that face powder has ruined more men than gun powder.

* * *

I just found out that Adam was born before Eve to give him a chance to say something.

* * *

Henry Urrows reminds me of a politician. He has two hats, the one that he throws in the ring and the one he talks through.

* * *

Did you notice the improvement in the orchestra? The last time I heard them they all stopped at the same time.

* * *

"Red" Perkins was arrested for smuggling clams into the steam room of a Turkish bath.

* * *

Those pictures of the seniors in the Art corridor look Purdy good to me.

* * *

Every time that Bill Lebowitch opens his mouth I think "Gee, what a swell place for old razor blades."

* * *

It's a good thing they don't teach bomb-making at B. H. S. So many pupils are dropping subjects.

* * *

Somebody said they couldn't see anything funnie in Laurie Daniel's last column. Neither could Laurie after the censor got through with it.

* * *

Everybody buy the Sagamore because of its architecture, you know, the columns.

* * *

If you fell into a manhole would you be willing to pay the cover charges? Sewer.

* * *

Freshman: "What are you looking for?"

Miss S——: "Adam Bede."

Freshman: "Perhaps it rolled under the desk."

* * *

Everyone thinks that Beer is coming back because of the hops on the dance floor.

* * *

What do you mean, I didn't get "A's" on all my midyears? "Wuz you dere, Scharlie?"

* * *

The Sagamore

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Interviewing the Teachers

I don't know where you get the idea, but most of you students labor under the impression that teachers have a pretty soft job. Nothing to do but ask questions, give exams, and hand out E's. Somehow, you seem to think that the faculty consists of a group of men and women who are paid to sit behind big desks and look intelligent, or cross, whichever the case may be.

If you are one of the unchosen multitudes who look upon teaching as a simple, easy way to earn a living, there's a funny kind of machine up in your head in the space where your brain ought to be.

The profession of teaching is anything but a bed of roses. There exists no more nerve-wrecking, effort-demanding, strength-sapping work in the whole professional field. Nothing is more discouraging and disheartening than to try to drum knowledge into a class of students who seem to care little whether they learn anything or not, and among whom some go so far as to put up a practically impenetrable barrier between themselves and their education. A few of us know how tiresome it is to repeat a subject and go over the same ground we have once trod. Think of the teachers, reiterating the same facts, retelling the same stories, rereading the same books day after day, year after year.

But what a picture I have painted! Don't teachers get any joy out of their work, you ask! Teachers feel that they are repaid for their efforts when they happen upon a student who wants to learn, who is interested in the subject, and who grasps instruction the first time it is given.

Those among us who are honor students repay teachers in something that is priceless; the satisfaction and the consolation that they are succeeding, in some instances at least, in building up a strong, firm, well prepared generation to carry on!

Let's get together and help that list of honor pupils to grow. Give the teachers a break!

Brookline High School Lunchroom

Luncheon time in the Brookline High School is a period of pandemonium, chaos, and gross manners!

The milling throng, using every degree of elbow-thrusting, according to individual bulk, and "horse power," resembles a mob of "starving Armenians."

Surely there is no need for this daily rehearsal of violence in quest of sustenance.

Our students take liberties with their Alma Mater, override the impotent marshals; and disregard the most primitive instincts of law and order.

The remedy lies in the co-operation of students and marshals, and in the demonstration of better manners and less ribald behavior.

Let us make it possible to eat in an atmosphere of more refinement, and better breeding.

Our marshals should be chosen for their firmness and ability to discipline; surely there are many such persons in our student body.

Take your place in line, and keep it until you have received your luncheon, and behave as you would in any decently conducted restaurant, where blatant behavior would bring upon you the outraged stares of the other diners.

We are a cosmopolitan crowd, but we have many advantages, and should show our appreciation by acting as though we were proud to be members of such a fine organization,—the Brookline High School!

TO EVERY STUDENT IN BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

Read Thoughtfully

The Brookline High School Bank is to be re-opened after Mid Years.

This Bank is really a *Branch Bank* instituted for the *convenience* of all High School students. To make it as great a convenience as possible, it is contemplated having the Bank so organized that depositing may be possible every day in the school week, instead of one day a week as formerly. This would make special trips to the Main Bank outside of school hours unnecessary. Of course, deposits made at school receive the same rate of interest, and are subject to the same regulations as deposits made at the Main Bank.

You are requested to think over this matter carefully; to consider the opportunity for *regular, systematic banking* afforded thereby; and to indicate to your home room teacher tomorrow morning whether you would like to take advantage of such an opportunity. Plans for your convenience will then be made accordingly.

REMEMBER, it is not the *amount* of deposit that is important, but the *regular habit* that is *all-important.* The contents of the pamphlet distributed on Tuesday morning shows conclusively the advantages to be gained by regular depositing in an institution which affords *compound interest returns.*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy, British novelist, dramatist and 1932 Nobel Prize Winner, died in London, January 31, 1933, aged 65. About a month ago he contracted a severe cold which prevented him from going to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize.

John Galsworthy was very popular as an author in the United States and published more than fifty plays, novels, essays and addresses in this country. He was a hard worker and never dictated, writing everything by hands. Mornings he devoted to novels and afternoons to his plays.

Most of his writings were concerned with the life of England's upper middle class. He spent most of his life critically examining the conventions of British landed aristocracy.

He was educated at Harrow and Oxford University for the bar and admitted to practice at the age of 23, but after a brief period he deserted the profession and used his legal training making a searching analysis of the social circles in which he moved.

Galsworthy traveled extensively after he decided upon a literary career and learned to write according to his confession by unlearning everything else.

THE RACE

"I am Colonel Goodwin's best horse, Wildfire.

"I am standing in my stall in nervous excitement just before the big race.

"I was thinking of the conversation I overheard between my owner and my jockey. I realized that my dearly beloved master had bet every cent he owned on me and if I won he would be clear of all his debts and be comfortably well off, with the money he won.

"As I was led out of the stable by my groom, Tom, every nerve in my body was tensed up to the highest pitch.

"The track was very muddy because of the rain we had had for the last three days. But that suited me, as on a heavy track I could run faster.

"As Tiny, my jockey, slowly walked me down to the track, Colonel Goodwin went along with us. I could hear them talking.

" 'You've just got to win, Tiny. My last dollar is on that horse.'

" 'Don't worry, sir; we'll do our best.'

" 'Well, good luck, my boy, and try your hardest.' The Colonel stroked my head and returned to his seat.

"Then I lined up with eleven other horses in front of the barrier.

"One one side of me was 'Peter the Great,' who was my greatest rival, because he did not mind a muddy track. I knew that if I could outrun him, I would easily win the race.

"The barrier was raised and we leaped out from beneath it.

"In the first lap I passed four of my friends, but Peter the Great was still ahead of me. Two of my rivals fell as we passed the water jumps, but Peter the Great was still in the lead. I urged myself to a greater speed and left three more contestants behind. Tiny was letting me have my head which helped immensely Peter the Great and a horse named Chestnut were still ahead of me.

"As we started the last lap, Tiny leaned over and spoke to me.

" 'It's now or never, old boy,' he breathed. With this incentive I could do nothing but my best. I lengthened my stride and passed Chestnut and then crept up on Peter the Great. With the last bit of my remaining strength, I spurted forward to victory by a nose.

"The cheering of the crowds was nothing to the gratitude that shone in the Colonel's eyes when I crossed the tape."

Some of his well-known novels are Island Pharisees," "Man of Prosperity," "The Country House," "The Freelands." "Jocelyn," "The Villa Rubein,"

"The Forsyte Saga," "Fraternity," "The Patrician," "The Dark Flower," "Saint's Progress," and "In Chancery" have been regarded as the most famous of his novels.

JUNE BRADFIELD.

BROOKLINE TRACKSTERS OVERCOME NEWTON 49-28

(continued from page one)

In the 600-yard run, our old stand-by, Joe Enwright, trotted home without ever being threatened in 1 minute, 20 and 1/5 seconds.

From Saturday's exhibition, Brookline seems to stand a good chance to come out on top in the State meet.

The summary follows:

Shot-put won by Swartz (B); 2nd Bines (B); 3rd Hill (B).

Distance 44 ft. 4 3/4 in.

Broad-jump won by T. Plotkin (B); 2nd R. Plotkin (B); 3rd Brown (N).

Distance 10 ft. 3/4 in.

High-jump won by Swartz, T. Plotkin, Lewenstein (B).

Height 5 ft. 3/4 in.

35-yard dash won by Johnson (B); 2nd Sloane (N); 3rd Francis (N).

Time 4 1/5 seconds.

40-yard hurdles won by T. Plotkin (B); 2nd York (N); 3rd McLellan (N).

Time 5 seconds.

300-yard dash won by McLellan (N); 2nd Johnson (B); 3rd Sloane (N).

Time 35 1/5 seconds.

600-yard run won by Enwright (B); 2nd Smith (N); 3rd Connolly (N).

Time 1 min. 20 1/5 seconds.

1000-yard run won by Rae (B); 2nd Fitzgerald (N); 3rd Maynard (N).

Time 2 minutes, 28 4/5 seconds.

Relay won by Newton (York, Miller, Wilke, McLellan) 2nd Brookline (Perkins, Schmidt, Lewenstein, Rogers).

Time 1 minute, 57 4/5 seconds.

SWARTZ NEW N.E.A.A.U. HIGH JUMP CHAMPION

(continued from page one)

The field in the high jump had narowed down to two entries, Alan Swartz f Brookline, and Woodbury of Dartnouth. The bar was set at 6 feet, 4 nches. Woodbury leaped, but the crossbar fell. Then, up came the dark horse, Alan Swartz. He measured the distance with his eyes, tensed, ran a few steps, ook off and was over, taking with him he N. E. A. A. U. high-jumping title!

Immediately he was claimed by every ollege; but you can imagine the ovation e received when it was announced that e came from Brookline High School.

Alan did an almost unheard of thing. He entered a major competition; and rom older and more experienced entries, e took the honors. More power to him n future meets.

Teacher—Now, Mary, can you tell me o which family the gorilla belongs?

Mary—No, Miss; we have only lived n one flat a month and don't know the eighbors.

FACULTY PLAY SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL SUCCESS

(*Continued from page one*)

The cast in order of appearance was as follows:

Della	Miss Allen
Jo	Mr. Hammond
Hall Boy	Richard Vincens, '33
McDermott	Mr. Severance
Herbert Dean	Mr. Wilkinson
Kitty Dean	Miss O'Brien
Given	Miss Bowker
Perry Stewart	Mr. Mather
Fanny Cavendish	Miss Hannon
Oscar Wolfe	Mr. Jewett
Julie Cavendish	Miss Wadsworth
Anthony Cavendish	Mr. Flemings
Gilbert Marshall	Mr. Caverly
Gunga	Mr. Roman
Miss Peake	Miss Rhoads
Chauffeur	Mr. McGinnis

Yes, sir, we certainly enjoyed "The Royal Family." They'll have to go a long way next year to erase the memory of this performance from our minds, but leave it to the Brookline Teachers' Club.

RONNY

Another of the popular German films is playing currently at the Fine Arts Theatre. "Ronny" is a musical comedy somewhat in the frivolous Chevalier vein, starring the Handsome Hero, Willie Fritsch, and the Lovely Lady, Kathe von Nagy. Plot, scenario, dances and songs are light as they can be, with a pleasing fancy as the joining thread. Willie makes a debonair young prince; a prince mournfully unconcerned with matters of state, who derives his greatest pleasure from composing musical comedies, which situation, you will admit, is disastrous to his princedom. The harassed ministers produce the intended object of adoration and medium of influence, none other than Kathe—and things began to happen, if mildly.

The chief assets of this production lie not in the dialogue, which occasionally acquires a different flavor in the transition from German to English, but in the lilting, ear-catching songs, and the clever treatment of simple chorus dance routines. Photography, as is usual in German films, is very satisfying; the acting admirably suited to the picture.

All in all, this is a picture well worth seeing, and promises an afternoon or evening delightfully spent.

GET
YEARBOOK
ADS NOW

BROOKLINE CRUSHES NEEDHAM AT BASKETBALL

Second Team Loses

The Brookline basketball team, working together at a fast pace, hammered a victory from the crack Needham High team at the latter's gym. The team showed Needham their heels in the first period and kept that pace till the end, the final score being 32—22 in favor of Brookline.

Minus the services of "Joe" Crowley, who was out on account of illness, Brookline did not appear to be troubled by the Needham quintet, with "Eddie" Rae and "Fido" Burton each scoring 12 points for the red and blue cause.

Cahill, Gallagher and Broadhurst also played a fine game for the winners.

The second team failed to shake their jinx and lost to a more aggressive five, 29—15. The outstanding performers in this contest were Captain "Vic" Wolfe, King and Mullins, the latter scoring 8 points.

ASSEMBLY, FEBRUARY 1

The freshmen were entertained during the assembly period today by a group of their own students who told of the organizations and activities carried on for the benefit of pupils in the high school. The freshmen who took part in the program were: Mildred McClellan, Mary Flutie, Donald Leamy, and Melvin Finger.

The program was opened with a few introductory remarks by Mr. Ringer and two selections by the orchestra. James Love, as chairman, introduced each speaker in turn.

The first speaker, Mildred McClellan, explained the purpose of the freshman House Plan. The idea is to separate the new students from the upper-classmen so that they will have a better chance to become acquainted with the rules and regulations of High School.

Mary Flutie, the next speaker, told of the afternoon sports, and the opportunities for students interested in public-speaking. She also spoke of the importance of the French, German, and Spanish clubs.

Donald Leamy, who was next on the program, gave an entertaining and instructive talk on the Rules and Regulations of High School.

The last speaker was Melvin Finger who illustrated the value and importance of scholastic achievements.

Mr. Ringer remarked that Miss Johnson was in a large measure responsible for the great success of the first all-freshman assembly that has taken place this year.

In conclusion, Mr. Atticks made an announcement concerning the signature cards which must be filled out before making deposits in the school bank. These cards are not necessary if the student already has an account in the Brookline Savings Bank.

R COLYUM

From all present indications Brookline stands a good chance to gain national prestige thru one Alan Schwartz . . . from the way he was soaring the other Sat. one gent named Spitz better watch his steps (or should I say, leaps) . . did you ever notice that both names end in "tz" . . . the Capital on Sat. aft. rivals the Georgian on Fri. nite . . . as a good place not to hide . . . Competition is keen between Messr. Bernhardt, Malone, Fox & Hartstone to see who can chisel the most pictures . . . Our president seems to be leading at present with about 64 but Joe Malone promises a spurt soon. . . . When asked to state all he knew about nitrates, one clever stewd (probably Bines) answered, "well, night rates are usually lower than day rates . . . when asked what course he was going to take in college young Field answered "the course of least resistance" .... she to he "I'll be at the dance with bells on," says he to she "Oke I'll give you a ring" . . . the inquisitive Ware boy can now rest in peace . . . when he inquired the best position for sleeping some wag promptly retorted, a night watchman . . . so he is now studying to be a nite watchman instead of an idiot.

By the way, if anyone sees Louis Bonelli hanging around 316, you may be assured he's just "Lally-gagging" around.

* * *

Mind Reader—Now I have finished your reading—$2 please!

Customer—Sorry, but if you had correctly read my mind when I came in here you would have known I didn't have $2 with me.

* * *

Traveler—I found this dozen of eggs on the train.

Station Agent—If they're not claimed in 30 days, they're yours.

* * *

Mistress—But why do you call your boy "Prescription"?

Jane—'Cause he's so hard to git filled.

* * *

A police officer met an organ grinder on the street and said: "Have you a license to play? If not accompany me."

"With pleasure," answered the street musician, "what will you sing?"

* * * *

High-school Hattie was sniffling. She and her boy friend, so she informed her mother, had parted forever.

"Good. If he doesn't call up by tomorrow night, you'll get a chance to wash your hair."

WALLACE FOWLIE SPEAKER AT FRENCH CLUB MEETING

On Monday, Jan. 16, the members of the French Club met in Room 36 for the third meeting of the year. After the secretary and treasurer had given their reports, our president, Joan Rines, introduced Mr. Robert Fowlie, once president of the Brookline High School French Club and winner of the coveted French Prize. His talk about "Montaigne—Father of the Essay," was very enjoyable to all those present. In fact, it was so well understood that when Mr. Fowlie had finished, his hearers were even able to ask him questions. He told about Montaigne's life, the purpose of his essays, and showed that the writer put his own life into his work.

Our meetings this year have been so interesting and delightful that we do not understand the comparatively small attendance. Surely there are many members who, if they would attend only one meeting, would find that the French Club is a very worthy organization.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The question: "Resolved that mid-year examinations be abolished at Brookline High School" made an interesting debate at the meeting of the Debating Club on January 30. The negative side, John Williams, Joe Hooban and Eliot Silverman, convinced the club more thoroughly than the affirmative side composed of Sidney Kafka, Norman Hunt and Leigh Diamond. At the business meeting held after the debate Eliot Silverman was elected president, Leigh Diamond, moderator, and June Bradfield, secretary. It was decided after a heated argument that the next question would be: Resolved, that military discipline should be instituted in this school, and that it would be discussed Monday, February 6th.

GEORGINA COHEN.

THE CHESS CLUB

The numerous appeals that the Chess Club has been making in the daily bulletin and Sagamore, are at last being responded to. The membership for the New Year has increased from six to eighteen, a great improvement. If this wave of enthusiasm does not diminish, it surely shall uncover many latent chess abilities in many of the new members, presently enabling us to compete with chess clubs from other schools.

The game offers an unlimited amount of real enjoyment and gives an opportunity to use one's brains.

Don't be one who is in seclusion in the background. All those who are interested in the club come down to Room 122 at 2 o'clock on Friday. Here anyone will always be welcome to play or learn the game and spend an enjoyable afternoon.

JOHN MASEFIELD

(Continued from page one)

est as a poet although he wrote a great deal of other work in fiction, drama, and essays. "The Everlasting Mercy" (1911) and "The Widow in Bye Street" created intense excitement and discussion. "The Wanderer of Liverpool" (1930) was his first book after he received the Poet Laureateship.

Masefield married Constance de la Cherois-Crommelin in 1903. They have one son and one daughter, Judith, who illustrates some of her father's books. Their home is at Boar's Hill near Oxford, the home of Gilbert Murray and the late Poet Laureate Robert Bridges. Masefield is often described as "shy and frightened-looking."

He writes in a hut in his garden surrounded by tall gorse bushes and appears only at meal times. At night he and Mrs. Masefield correct the work together.

His war experience consisted of service with the Red Cross in France and on Gallipoli Peninsula.

His best novels of adventure are "Sard Harker" (1924) and "Odtaa" (1926).

He became Poet Laureate of England by order of King George on May 9th, 1930, following the death of Robert Bridges.

JUNE BRADFIELD.

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS

The fourth regular meeting of the Four Minute Speakers was called to order in Room 4 on Friday, January 27, by the President. A discussion followed concerning the advisability of having speakers talk before their own home rooms.

No definite action followed the discussion. Those who have had any problems asked questions of Miss Johnson, the Faculty Adviser. It was announced that the group would speak before the home rooms on February 10, on School Citizenship. This action has been suggested by Mr. Ringer. After assignments were given to members, the meeting was adjourned at about 3 o'clock.

The membership of the group has been slowly increasing, although there is still room enough in the organization for many more. Anyone who is interested should speak to Miss Johnson in Room 4. Those who take advantage of the Four Minute Speakers organization surely will reap much benefit from it.

"Ever hear the story about the two men?"

"No, what is it?"

"He—He!"

* * *

Dale Metzler says:—

"A little spark, a little coil, a little gas, a little oil, a piece of tin, a little board. Put them together and you'll have a Ford."

BROOKLINE SECOND IN NORTHEASTERN MEET

Swartz Breaks High Jump Record

By PHILIP E. LEVINE

Gathering a total sum of 18½ points, Brookline placed second to a very well-balanced Medford High outfit, which collected 25 points, in the Sixth Annual Northeastern Interscholastics held last Saturday, January 28th, at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium.

The wearers of the red and blue gave n excellent account of themselves, completely upsetting the dope which coneded them fourth place.

Of course, the star of the meet was our own Alan Swartz who leaped to a new Northeastern Interscholastic record in the high jump with a jump of six feet and one-half inch. Not only did Swartz capture first place in the high jump but in spite of an attack of boils on his throwing arm, he put the shot 41½ feet to cop second place in the hot put. That was not all that the porting world saw of Swartz that eventful day for in the evening at the K. of C. games he won the New England A. A. A. U. running high jump championship, leaping 6 feet, 4 inches.

Besides Capt. Swartz's brilliant work, Joe Enright thrilled the crowd by stepping 600 yards in the record-equalling time of 1 minute, 22 seconds. Joe, you know, has been troubled with a sore knee, but despite the bandaged member he outraced one of the finest arrays of schoolboy "600" stars in the state.

In the "1,000" Eddie Rae gallopped behind Kozowyk of Medford to place second in his heat which, on a time basis, also took second in the finals.

Tod Plotkin did considerably well in the high jump tieing for second place with a leap of 5 feet, 8½ inches. Had there been a broad jump, Tod would have shot Brookline to a first place for, as you know, he has done 10 feet, 3 inches in competition already.

Much credit is due Jimmy Johnson's valiant efforts in the 45-yard dash and Tod Plotkin's in the 45-yard low hurdles. Both unfortunately did not place, although they were not eliminated until the finals.

Gerstein, in his heat in the "300", ran a clever race but was just "nosed" at the tape. "Chuck" Pollena in the dash and Leon Rogers in the hurdles both put up a good fight and with a little more experience will be among the leaders soon.

What promised to be an exciting relay race between Brookline and Everett proved disappointing when both teams were disqualified. The first two Brooklineites, Johnson and Perkins, gained a 2-yard lead on the Everett men when "Pie" Trainor received the baton. Fighting on even terms with the Everett man at the last corner, "Pie" unfortunately fell, lost the baton, and after picking himself up, tapped Joe Enright, the anchor man. With the Everett anchor man about 40 yards ahead of him, Joe dashed away but it was in vain as both teams were disqualified.

The results of this meet show that Brookline possesses more than uncommon strength which together with a first and a probable second in the broad-jump plus the extra points which Alan will get for breaking the record (not awarded in the N. U. meet) will undoubtedly clinch the Andover and State Meets for the red and blue.

PAWTUCKET 35, BROOKLINE 30

The Brookline Swimming Team, led by Capt. Fred Wiggin, dropped its first contest to the Pawtucket High School Mermen on Tuesday, January 24th, at the Brookline Pool. Both teams showed up in excellent fashion throughout the meet, and it was through the loss of the last two events, the relays, that Brookline lost the contest.

"Herbie" Wein easily won the 50-yd. free style in the excellent time of 26.1 seconds. The second and third places were taken by Rimmer and Perry of Pawtucket in that order. The 100-yd. breast stroke was won by Henry Kaplan of Brookline with Bob Ritchie inches behind him to take second, while Campbell of Pawtucket took third. Next came the closest race of the day, the 200-yd. free style, which was won by Bill Murry of Brookline, nosing out Berry of Pawtucket while George Kilman coasted into third. In the 100-yd. back stroke, Fred Wiggin was forced to be content with a third place, being inches behind Ferry and Judson of Pawtucket. The score at the end of this event, 20—16, Brookline ahead.

In the 100-yard free style again "Herbie" Wein won, defeating the Pawtucket aces, Rimmer and Mongeon who took second and third respectively. The dive was won by "Bob" Richie in a fine exhibition; second was Campbell of Pawtucket, while Wally barely edged Frank Gardner for third place. The score thus far was 30—24, Brookline still leading.

Then came the two defeats in the Medley Relay and the 200-yd. Relay which won the meet for the Pawtucket team, 35—30.

"A little song entitled: "He asked for Bread, and the curtain came down with a roll."

* * *

"What is the difference between a cat and a bull frog?"

A cat has nine lives and a bull frog croaks every night.

* * *

Doctor: "I am afraid, my little man, you have been eating too much cake and sweet stuff; let me see your tongue."

Jimmy: "Oh, you can look at it, but it won't tell you.

BROOKLINE HIGH, 2433

Or a Sophomore's Nightmare

Professor Herman J. Feffer is Headnaster and it is remarkable to see how he school is progressing under his earned and able hand. Why! They ay five hundred years ago a person who wanted a little education had to go to school five hours each day. Mr. Feffer has reduced the hours until, at last, there s but one solitary hour each day, that he school is occupied. The subjects hat are now being taught are vastly diferent from what they were; gone are Latin and Mathematics, which have been eplaced by Aeronautics, Crooning, and Radio Announcing.

The building itself has architecturally hanged. The exterior walls, which used o be of stone, are made of unbreakable lass. The interior walls are now covred with soup and soap advertisements, which are supposed to give the radio nnouncers practice.

Although the same subjects are taught every student, there are three courses which determine your stay at the school. The longest is entitled, the "Loafing ourse," then the "Bide a While ourse," and then there is a course which he Headmaster is very proud of: it is an xceedingly short one called "Quick etaway."

The students like to study, although ost of them would rather try out their ew airplanes. They all look up respectfully to the Headmaster, but they dmire and are more proud of their assmate, Whataway Dames, who invented the rumble-seat airplane.

The students have no homework, and o books, except the one they all read nd cherish, the "Ballyho." Many pu-ls carry small bundles, which are tied gether and hang over their backs. These ndles contain wireless telephones, powering machines, talking trots, and other hoolboy implements. The students are essed in fancy rainbow cellophane, hich has come back again into style.

Do not let me give you the impreson that the spirit of the school has anged, for the students still take deght in being naughty. Whispering is rried on through telephones, and alost at any time playful school fellows n be seen taking shots at each other th automatic cannons. The boys still t with the girls, and although the le of courtship has changed, there is vays the same love. [illegible] ys, is conducted easily and unembarsedly. If I want a sweetheart all I ve to do is to point my distiller ray at and by magnetic force she is drawn me. Then I inject a needle into her n which will change her mind and ce her instantly to fall in love with . Eating is still the same, happy dision and the lunchroom is capably naged by a squad of well trained obots.

Richard Arlen and Mickey Mouse

Coming to Brookline High School

The Red Cross of the Brookline High School is sponsoring a talking motion picture show, the first one of its kind in the High School, on Feb. 8, from 2:15 to 4 o'clock in the Auditorium.

The program for the afternoon will be as follows: The High School Band will play from 2:00 to 2:15. Then comes Richard Arlen, James Gleason, Gloria Stuart, and the 1931 All-American Team in "The All American." This is the greatest football game in history on the screen. It was directed by Russel Mack, presented and produced by Carl Laemmle and Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Walt Disney's famous Mickey Mouse will appear in "The Grocery Boy." The latest Paramount News will be shown on the High School screen before it appears in any Boston Theatre.

This program has been highly approved by The Teacher-Student Council and Mr. Ringer. It is to be given in order to raise money for the National Children's Fund and Milk Fund.

The Auditorium will be equipped with a fireproof asbestos box and a Western Electric machine, one of the newest type, to be in charge of two licensed operators.

Admission for High School students and teachers will be 20c; Grammar school pupils will be admitted for 15c. Tickets may be purchased from the Home Room representatives any day up to Feb. 8, but please buy them before Feb. 3 as this will greatly be appreciated by the committee in charge.

We would like everyone, teachers and students alike, to support this drive enthusiastically. It is truly worth while.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Girls' afternoon sports for the Winter season are in full swing. Captains have been elected for some of the sports. The Gym Team will choose their captains Monday. There are two sessions of swimming Wednesday afternoons. Attendance is taken for the advanced class from 2:00—2:10 and the second class of intermediates and beginners from 2:25—2:30. Bathing caps can be bought at the desk for fifteen cents.

The basket ball players are divided into separate classes. Junior and senior basket ball Monday, freshman basket ball Tuesday, and sophomore basket ball Thursday. The sophomores have elected their basket ball captains as follows.

Sophomores: Mary Dolbeare, Marie Clarke, Betty Green, Mary Marshall.

Many curious events and affairs take place every day and the old routine of school life has been forgotten. In spite of all these things I cannot say that school is going to the dogs as the students have long since eaten them.

FACULTY ROOM DEDICATED

Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 1, 1933, the new Faculty room was dedicated with all the pomp and ceremony such an occasion necessitates. Mr. Caverly, superintendent of Schools and former Headmaster of Brookline High School with Mr. and Mrs. Snow were guests of honor. The dedication itself which consisted of the building and lighting of the first fire in the new fireplace was directed by Mr. Snow, assisted by Mr. Caverly and Mr. Ringer. All members of the faculty were invited.

The members of the Art Department gladly gave their time to carefully plan this affair and offer their services in decorating. One of the most impressive parts of the decorations was the pictures offered by the Palmer Educational Bureau.

An interesting program was arranged, at the end of which refreshments were served giving a tasteful finish to a most colorful afternoon.

MOTHERS' TEA

On Friday, January thirteenth, the sophomore members of the Advisory Council gave a tea for the parents and teachers of the members of the sophomore class. Janet Dubinsky was in charge and Miss Miller was faculty adviser. The chairmen of the committees were: Katherine Mulvihill, refreshments; Sarah Couman, invitations; Ann McEvoy, dishes; Helen Mackey, clean-up; and Edith Levine, decorations. The entertainment was as follows: First, Irving Helman gave an original composition entitled "Friday the Thirteenth," which was extremely humorous.

Gertrude Parish played a piano solo. Then Myron Wallace and Harry Shooshan gave their prize-speaking selections, and Harriet Nye played a cello solo.

Mr. Ringer concluded the entertainment by welcoming the guests.

Refreshments were served in room 129 which was decorated in green and white, the class colors, and the lights which consisted of candles and a fire in the fireplace added a pleasing touch of atmosphere.

Why is Paul Whiteman the fastest man in the world?

Because when he plays, he beats time.

How is our hash made, we get at school?

Freshie—It isn't made,— it accumulates.

* * *

Maynard Files: "Do you think a girl should love before twenty?"

Paul Bines: "No, that is too large an audience."

LIBRARY LINES

Does the word "Krebet" mean anything to you? If not, come to the library and read the book bearing the same title. When I first saw the word I thought it was a new kind of cloth, but after a moment of pensive silence I decided that it couldn't be a fabric but most probably a new kind of game. My surprise was great when I discovered that "Krebet" is a kind of tapioca flour. "The Story of Krebet" was given by Wellesley I. Seligman, an uncle of one of the students of the school.

The National Sculpture Society presented the library with a book called "Modern American Sculpture," the volume being illustrated with the sculpture described in the text.

* * * *

The total attendance for the first two weeks was 1732. Of that number 709 were doing library lessons, 173 reference work in English, 41 in Civics and History, 2 in science and 2 in commercial subjects. 91 pupils attended the Reading Circles and 911 students were doing voluntary outside reading. 695 students were assisted by the librarian. 187 pamphlets were used and 634 pictures were circulated. There are 1749 pupils in the entire school and the total number of volumes in the library is 3896. This report was sent to the person making a study of the kinds of work being done by the students in the intermediate school libraries. It will be interesting to compare Brookline's record with that of other high schools. To the question on the report, "Is the kind of work being done in the library worth while?" Brookline can answer in the affirmative.

* * * *

A special case of books is going to be put aside for the pupils taking college boards. These books will deal with the requirements of college boards and books for their preparation. These books may be taken out in the same manner as any books of the library. Many new books have been ordered to go on this shelf but they have not yet arrived.

* * *

Have you noticed any difference in the temperature of the library since midyears? The custodians of the building have recently cleaned the pipes, ventilators, and other ventilating apparatus. Instead of baking on the window-seats, having violent gales blow around you, and other disagreeable heating and ventilating features, we hope to have a constant temperature in all parts of the room with a supply of fresh air circulating continuously. A control to regulate the heat has been installed in the room, and this makes the heating system of the library independent from the other systems. New glass windshields will soon be installed so that the windows may be opened without causing any discomfort.

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BROOKLINE SWIMMERS SWAMP HUNTINGTON

(*Continued from page one*)

ing. The complete recorded scoring is as shown, following:

50-Yard Dash—
First, Latham, Huntington.
Second, Wein, Brookline.
Third, McUllen, Huntington.
Time—27-1/5 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—
First, Wein, Brookline.
Second, Murray, Brookline.
Third, Hartson, Huntington.
Time—1 minute 4-3/5 seconds.

Diving—
First, Watson, Huntington.
Second, Morton, Brookline.
Third, Gardner, Brookline.

200-Yard Swim—
First, Kilman, Brookline.
Second, Murray, Brookline.
Third, Parsons, Huntington.
Time—2 minutes, 31-4/5 sec.

Backstroke—
First, Latham, Huntington.
Second, Wiggin, Brookline.
Third, Silbert, Brookline.
Time—1 minute, 9 seconds.

Breaststroke—
First, Bernhardt, Brookline.
Second, Richey, Brookline.
Third, Ross, Huntington.
Time—1 minute, 25 seconds.

In the relay, both teams were disqualified. The relay teams were:

Brookline — Kilman, Cotton, Wiggin, Richey. Huntington—Doran, Hartson, McUllen, Watson.

Brookline's victory was watched by many rooters in the gallery above the pool. Such riotous enthusiasm was shown by these loyal supporters for the splendid showing that Brookline gave that it was difficult to hear the announcer, John Coutts, coach of the Brookline Swimming Team. The School should be proud of the work done by the Brookline swimmers and show appreciation for the excellent coaching done by Johnny Coutts.

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL SENDS FOUR DELEGATES TO FALL RIVER CONVENTION

(*Continued from page one*)

which all Massachusetts high schools were represented. Under the new system, the groups will be more democratic. It will also tend to draw out to a greater degree, the problems of the individual student governments.

The Body was organized in 1926 in Holyoke, and in succeeding years has met in Worcester, Lowell, Brookline, Beverly, Everett, and Springfield. The convention may be attended by delegates from all schools that now have student government and by representatives from any other secondary schools interested in student co-operation and in school affairs in general.

The purpose of the Associated Body is to further the social and educational advantages of student participation in school life, and goes a long way toward promoting good will among Massachusetts' educational institutions.

As You Like It

Irate Student: "If someone were to die in this school, he would be requested to 'pass out quietly'."

A columnist is a fellow who rewrites a lot of old jokes for a pretty assignment editor.

The first aid class was taught that you could stop a horse from frothing at the mouth by teaching it to spit.

The school authorities are getting strict about powder and paint. They didn't even allow make-up in the Mid-years.

Are ya lis'nin'.
Well, solong.

* * * *

One of our dear little freshmen couldn't understand why switzer cheese has the big holes in it, when it's the limburger that needs the ventilation.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXIX, No. BROOKLINE, MAS FEB. 17, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE TIES FOR FIFTH IN B. A. A. MEET

Swartz Second in High Jump

Despite the fact that Brookline was competing with prep schools in the B. A. A. Games last Saturday, February 11, at the Boston Garden, she placed fifth and with English High lead a throng of high schools with a total of 3½ points.

Whether or not the Wealthy Towners could have done better is a question for had Joe Enright run the "600" finals or Eddie Rae the "1000" there would have undoubtedly been a different story.

However it was worth while to save these men and see Newton defeated in the mile relay race. Newton has defeated Brookline so long in this event that it had begun to be a habit. Johnson, Rae, Trainer, and Enright composed the quartet which was destined to outrun an Orange and Black team, which was favored to win, and break a habit of many years standing. Johnson running the first leg for the Red and Blue again demonstrated his superiority over Doug Sloane by handing over a five-yard lead to Eddie Rae. Rae staved off Miller and main-

(*Continued on page eight*)

MR. SNOW'S SPEECH AT FACULTY ROOM DEDICATION

At the lighting of the fire in the fireplace, in dedication of the Faculty room in the new wing, Mr. William L. Snow, head of the Latin Department, gave this address.

FIRE ON THE HEARTH

"I have been requested to speak of the significance of fire on the hearth as my part in this house warming program. I am expected, I fancy, to bring to you some message from the classic past—to poke among the ashes of the dead languages, as it were, and to bring to light coals still glowing from the fires of yesterday. 'Fires-on-the-hearth' means first the cheer and comfort of a home. Vesta, as you know, was the goddess of the home and the first vestal virgin was a daughter of the village chief whose duty it was to keep the homefire burning, that live coals might ever be available to start new fires in huts that were cold and cheerless. I trust that inspiration for us in our work may be renewed here and the heavenly spark again and again may rekindle enthusiasm for each, that this school may radiate from every classroom and activity, ardor, and enlightenment and be a happy place for all.

(continued on page six)

HOLD VISUAL EDUCATION CONVENTION AT SCHOOL

The Massachusetts Branch of the National Academy of Visual Instruction held a convention at the Brookline High School on Saturday, February 11. Five hundred people were expected but owing to the change in weather only about one hundred were able to be present. The morning session at 10 o'clock was held in the Roberts Auditorium with Abraham Krasker presiding. The High School Orchestra furnished a varied program of delightful selections under the able guidance of Mr. Joslin. Mr. Caverly in his address warmly welcomed the delegates. A music and a science film made up a part of the visual program.

Dr. Phillip J. Rulon of the Harvard University School of Education gave a detailed research address entitled "Result of Experimental Investigation of the Teaching Value of Sound Motion Pictures". In his address he expressed his opinion that the moving picture will never replace the teacher in the classroom. Another very interesting address was given by Dr. V. C. Arnspiger of the Electrical Research Products, Inc., on "Measuring the Effectiveness of Sound Pictures as Teaching Aids. Mr. Jewett gave the necessary announcements next.

Luncheon was served in the cafeteria with the assistance of the Girl Scouts.

The afternoon session was devoted to an exhibition of Teaching Aids in the classroom and also a commerical display of machinery, equipment and material useful to the teacher. Most of the High School departments and grammar schools

(continued on page eight)

SOPHOMORES ELECT HINES AS PRESIDENT

Nasmyth, Dubinsky, Wallace Hold Other Offices

The Sophomore Class after a rather lengthy wait, has elected the officers who are to guide them during the year 1933.

The nominees are as follows: President: Myron Cohen, James Hines, Harry Shooshan; Vice-President: Hazel Armitage, Mary Dolbeare, Catherine Mulvihill, Norma Nasmyth, Jeanette Thaxter; Secretary: Janet Dubinsky, Myrtle Nicolla; Treasurer: James Flogg, Myron Wallace, Victor Wolfe, Irving Rittenburg.

The results of the election place James Hines as President, Norma Nasmyth as Vice-President, Janet Dubinsky, Secretary, and the task of managing the class dues is given to Myron Wallace.

We congratulate these officers and hope that their inauguration will be a successful one.

BROOKLINE TEAM DEFEATS NEEDHAM HIGH, 23-20

Second Team Also Wins

The Brookline High School basket ball team added another victory to their list of victims by defeating Needham High 23-20 on Monday the sixth of February at the High School court. The team led by "Lefty" Cahill showed a superior game in all points of the contest with Billy Broadhurst and "Fido" Burton being responsible for the majority of the baskets. However, if it had not been for the clever combination planned by Coach Bemis and if this had not been so perfectly executed by the boys the result might not have netted victory. Cahill showed up very well in the defensive part being the main cog in breaking up the opponent's play.

The second team broke their string of defeats by swamping the Needham seconds 18-11. Vic Wolfe and Beatty King were the main stars of this contest while Sullivan showed up well in the pinch. The high scorers were Sullivan and King, Wolfe showing well on the defensive.

The teams should be congratulated on their recent victories. We hope they keep up the good work.

DR. LINDSAY SPEAKER AT LOWER CLASS ASSEMBLY

At the last Freshman Assembly we had the opportunity to hear Doctor Lindsay speak on Abraham Lincoln. He gave his personal list of the greatest men of the eighteenth century. He thought the greatest statesman to be George Washington; the greatest religious leader, John Wesley; and the greatest man of letters, Robert Burns. As a man to correspond with Washington among the great of the nineteenth century he chose Lincoln. He compared the two great Americans pointing out that both were tall, of unusual strength, and genius for expressing their ideals. Then he pointed out the differences between the two men showing that Washington was a child of wealth while Lincoln was born extremely poor. The Father of his Country lived to see his work accomplished while the Saviour of his Country died before he saw the fruits of his labors. Both entered the White House in a time of crisis. Lincoln was greeted by an empty treasury a disrupted cabinet, an unfriendly Europe a despondent North, and a rebellious South. He saw that he had to free the slaves and unify the union. He had much opposition but a great man has an ability to understand different points of view. With this Lincoln had a genius to bring things to pass and an ability

(Continued to page six)

ROBERTS AUDITORIUM PACKARD LABORATORIES OFFICIALLY DEDICATED

Many Impressive Speakers

On Friday evening, February 10, the Arthur W. Roberts Auditorium and the new John C. Packard Laboratories were officially dedicated. The ceremonies were simple, but impressive; the audience was small, but appreciative. The program was unusual in that the new laboratories were dedicated to a living man.

The B. H. S. band opened the program, appearing for its first time this year in the auditorium. Mr. Ringer then addressed the gathering, stating the reasons for the evening's concourse. After Mr. William T. Reid, Jr., of the School Committee dedicated the auditorium to the memory of Arthur W. Roberts in an impressive speech, the honor was accepted by the Reverend Ben Roberts, Dr. Roberts's son. These words of acceptance recalled to many the man who served Brookline High School for so many years, deeply moving all those who had known him. Our own Mr. Ernest R. Caverly then officially dedicated the new laboratories to the man whose untiring efforts have made them possible, Mr. John C. Packard. After a selection was played by the band, Mr. Ringer introduced the audience to Mr. Packard, who responded with a few words which recalled some of his earlier days.

Concluding the list of speeches was the final dedication address by Mr. Caverly, which was indeed to be remembered.

(*Continued on page six*)

RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT FINANCIAL SUCCESS

Never before in this history of Brookline High School, has such a crowd so enthusiastically patronized anything that the Red Cross has endeavored to put on as the picture given in our Assembly Hall Wednesday. It was necessary to sell 500 tickets in order to cover expenses and over 1200 wer sold, which is a marvelous showing. The Grammar Schools and the High School put their shoulders to the task of selling tickets and made a big success of it. So much of a success that after selling every available seat in the entire auditorium dozens of people had to be turned away.

This is what it means; it means that out of this money, hundreds of boys and girls will receive medical care, clothing, food, and all those things which so many peope have to do without today.

Those who were in charge of this affair extend their thanks to everyone who helped in any way.

Gratis

Things I Never Knew 'Till Now . . .

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by or in honor of that illustrious queen.

Prussian Blue does not come from Prussia.

Brazilian Grass does not come from Brazil, nor is it grass at all.

That Whalebone is not bone at all.

That sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax.

That Burgundy Pitch does not come from Burgundy, and is not pitch.

(The above items were snitched from a copy of *Harper's Bazaar* of the year 1877.)

* * * *

They also told about a projected railroad across Newfoundland which would cut the passage from Europe to 3 days. It didn't quite work, methinks.

* * * *

Things You Ought To Know Now . .

Laurie (Gigilo) Daniels was so anxious to have his name in these sacred columns that he inserted an item including said cognomen in his own colyum.

* * * *

That celebrated picture competition was finally conceded to Roger Bernhardt . . . when he piled up a lead of about 104, the Messr's Malone, Hartstone, and Mackey (yuh, he's in again) dropped out of the picture (race) entirely . .

* * * *

There was a young fellow named Silton
For out of town dames he went tiltin'
He tried all around
But none could be found
Like that beautiful Peggy from Milton.

* * * *

New England certainly lived up to its reputation for erratic weather th'other day . . . two stewds were seen walking about town with white flannel pants on in the afternoon on account of the heat. . That same evening a terrific snowstorm hit the city . . .

* * * *

After graduating, Adelle Kelsey just couldn't say good-bye, and here she is back for the rest of the season—we hope . . .

* * * *

Samuel Johnson seems to have solved our problem 'way back in the 18th century . . . "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as a good tavern" . . . (The Georgian?)

* * * *

Sigma Phi seems to be getting sentimental (?)—all those frat pins we've seen astray.

* * * *

Don't tell us Libby Jacobs is a victim of "sleepy eyes"?

THE DEBATING CLUB

The second meeting of the Debating Club was called to order by President Eliot Silverman in the Auditorium at two o'clock on Monday, February 6th. The secretary's report was then read by June Bradfield. The subject for the debate was "Resolved that military discipline shall be instituted at the Brookline High School." The speakers on the affirmative were Beatrice Reiss, Marcella Hakim, and Henry Wyner. Those who supported the negative side were Janice Dietz, Edith Levine, and Myron Wallace. The negative side won the debate by a majority vote.

On Wednesday, March first, there will be a debate at the Senior and Junior Assembly. Those taking part are from these two classes. Eliot Silverman, Norman Hunt, Janet Printz, June Bradfield, William Daly, and John Williams were chosen to participate. The subject for the debate is "Resolved that fraternities and sororities are a menace to the well being of the school." It is planned that a group of Freshmen and Sophomores will debate on the same subject before a lower class assembly and the two winning teams will compete for honors before the upperclassmen. Those elected to take part in the Freshman-Sophomore debate are Leigh Dimond Myron Wallace, Harry Shooshan, Edith Levine, Norma Green, and Eleanor Finger.

On March Fifth the Club will hold its next regular meeting.

It is hoped that the good work accomplished in the Debating Club will continue throughout the Year.

"THE WITCH"

Just as there was a "witch craze" in America, so was there one in England. Just as innocent women were burned as witches by the hallucinations of some people in America, so was Joan Heron's life destroyed by the lie of a man of some importance. This story shows that oft times "a mountain is made of a mole-hill".

Joan Heron was a quiet country girl who lived peacefully in a small cottage in the village of Hawthorne with her father. Because she befriended a woman of disrepute who was a leech, because she met by chance, once or twice, a poor doctor, because she did not respond to the overtures of the minister's brother, and because of the jealousy of one whom she thought was her friend, the life of this girl was like a terrible dream.

Convicted as a witch by the lie of Harry Carthew, she managed to escape to the sea and to America with Gilbert Aderhold. By the drunken babbling of a shipmate who was helping them, their identity was made known. They managed to leave the ship in a rowboat, and after two weeks of tortuous heat, thirst, and hunger, they landed on an island inhabited by Indians.

BOOK REVIEW

If you are not gifted with a keen imagination, you must not read this book; for one who knows well the caprices of a dreamy mind, it is the most delightful creation possible. Knut Hamsun, who was awarded the Nobel Prize received it again for "Victoria". Short for literature in 1920, might well have it is; but who could wish for a more complete interpretation of the plot?

As the basic thought for the novel, Hamsun has chosen Love; more than that, he presents to you strong and substantial, of a passionate temperament. Perhaps nothing could describe Johannes better than the opening sentence: "The miller's son was a big, burly lad of fourteen, who was always full of ideas." The ideas, however, centered directly about Victoria, the "princess" from the Castle. Everything he ever wrote was dedicated secretly to her; every waking thought, every dream found her as its pivot. The circumstances which keep them apart—her pride in social position, his shyness, later her financial tangles, his half-hearted engagement—seems some mean trick of Fate, which ever widens and narrows the path between them.

Through it all, Johannes's flights of fancy, from childish dreams of golden plates for the princess to his more mature reflections upon the diversities of love, color the story. The style is very simple, very pleasing, yet it must be read slowly to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

Every character in the book is portrayed with a fine sensitiveness, rather by subtle insinuation than definite statement, yet his inner feelings are clear as if a mirror had been held to them.

In spite of the tragic sequences at the end, there is a strange feeling of satisfaction, rather than disappointment, at the outcome, as if one had been shown the truth, and that after all, the truth was enough. . . .

SARA CAUMAN.

Bigness

By VIRGINIA PENFIELD

As the stars look down upon the sea.
And the moon reflects its light on me.
I walk alone on the ocean wall
And wonder at the loneliness of it all.
The waves of life are big and strong
The journey is rough, but I travel on
Like a lone ship on a stormy sea.
I pray to God who gave it me.

How they were married and how happily they lived with their little daughter, and how they escaped from the Spaniards who killed their child, and how at last they again were forced to return to the gaol at Hawthorne, is one of the most interesting and pitiful stories you can read.

Poetry

Night

The sun has set and o'er the Western sky
The last few rays send out their crimson light
Among the great majestic pines winds sigh,
And down upon us skirts the cloud of night.

Man stops his work; the factories' noisy clank
Has ceased; all silent stands the mill
While crimson glows the softly clouded sky.
The moon beams keep o'er yonder wooded hill.

Down the dark valley cowbells knell,
And wavelets in the lake caress the beach;
Within the gloomy forest's darkening dell,
The hoot owl startles all with piercing screech.

Another day of hardest toil is done.
The birds sleep in their warm and downy nests.
The village folk are silent everyone.
A weary world has once more gone to rest.

MARGARET WILDER.

Squirrels On the Common

Crossing on the Common in the cold
Or in the heat
We are sure to see the squirrels romping
Somewhere on the beat.
They are hungry little fellows always
Looking 'round for more
And if they cannot eat the food they
Add it to their store.

Kindly little neighbors come running
On the grass
Looking for their breakfast from the
Friends who pass
Happy little neighbors with their
Coats of gray
Trusting every person for their
[illegible] food each day.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The Brookline High School girls' captain ball team gave a demonstration game at Lincoln School on January 26, before the grammar school girls who had assembled there to participate in another "playday". Jean McKillop was the captain of one team and LaReine Gardner, the captain of the other. After a long hard battle, La Reine's team emerged with victory. The score was 2-1. Our girls were also the judges of the "playday" activities.

SELMA LEVINE.

MY FATHER: MARK TWAIN

by Clara Clemens

This informal biography relates a bit of the courtship of Mark Twain, and puts him in the light of an ardent, romantic, and desirable lover as well as a very settled, dependable husband and father. In spite of the hardships he endured through financial losses, he always maintained the light-hearted gaiety which was part of the rich nature that was his. His three daughters found a delightful companion in their father, who, as he has shown to the world through his books, possessed a complete understanding of children. He had a fiery temper which, however, was not feared, but which proved amusing.

Bankrupt because of the failure of the Paige typesetter, the Clemens family set out on a tour of the world, living a gypsy life in hotels and pensions while Twain lectured to pay off his debts. A great deal of this pillar-to-post existence was dreary business, living from hand to mouth while every dollar went back to America, but Clemens's lightheartedness carried them through. From an Alexanderplatz hotel in Berlin to a villa in Florence, the caravan proceeded, to Paris, to London, and to Vienna. There were wayside conversations with King Edward, arguments with Oscar Wilde, dinners with violinists, newspaper-men, and grand duchesses. Then, at last, came the triumphant return to America and the final years. Letters that Mark Twain wrote to friends reveal as nothing else can, the feeling of utter despair and sorrow that descended on him at the death of his wife. It was not long before his own followed. His daughter, Clara, had been happily married to a Russian and was living in her husband's native country, when she received an urgent request to come to America. She arrived in time to witness her father's death.

Naturally this biography is written most sympathetically, as its author is Mark Twain's own daughter, who had always been her father's close companion and a spirited partner in his escapades. Clara Clemens gives us here a picture of Mark Twain in private life such as no one else could give,—a Mark Twain whom, but for her, the world might never know. Crammed with countless anecdotes, letters, and reminiscences, *My Father: Mark Twain* rounds out for history the story of one of the most extraordinary personalities that our American civilization has produced.

RUTH LEVINE.

* * *

"Do you think horseshoes are lucky?"

"If they are, then the horse I bet on yesterday was running barefooted."

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

The Amateur Gentleman by Jeffery Farnol might well have been named "Life in England During the Eighteenth Century". For not only does the setting of the story never move from England, but life in all classes is vividly portrayed by the author. A country boy, son of a former champion, having been left, by an uncle, an almost unlimited supply of money, decides to become a "gentleman". He goes to London where he makes many friends and many enemies. He climbs the social ladder until he reaches the topmost rung. At a banquet given him by all the elite of England with the Prince and nobles drinking his health, his father enters and is introduced to the assembly. However, on learning his lineage, all but two real friends desert him. Of course he falls from the ladder, but he learns that it is better to be a "man" than a "gentleman".

Jeffery Farnol's hero, Barnabas, is a likeable fellow but not to be compared with his friend, Viscount Devenhem. If the author had a purpose in writing this book, it might well have been to present the Viscount as a model to the modern youth. Perhaps some of the other characters are slightly overdrawn, yet they combine to make a fascinating story.

ROBERT BROWNING

Come with me to Casa Guidi; the residence of the Brownings in Florence. In answer to our knock a stentorian voice invites us, from the far end of the study, to enter. There stands to greet us a short, powerfully built man with piercing, deep-set eyes, a broad, noble forehead, topped by a shock of iron gray hair; with his fine beard he might well in proper raiment, be taken for the dauntless captain of a long-forgotten viking ship.

The room bespeaks the man,—with its plaster-casts, tapestry hung walls, soft light, and spaciousness. Large bookcases rich with Florentine carving, and richer in rare old books in curious leather bindings, great classics of all tongues, particularly of the Greek, give the study a profound serenity and charm.

Once seated, perhaps even before, we are launched into buoyant conversation, for Browning is an inveterate conversationalist; his talk bubbles over with enthusiasm, while he walks back and forth, all the while gesticulating with wide thrown arms, or perhaps he rummages among the tomes in some dark corner, or refers to a folio nearer at hand.

Whatever is the peculiar interest of his visitor, upon that topic will Browning discourse—be it as the poet, artist, the musician, or the philosopher; in all these varied fields the man's imagination will play now tarrying awhile with some challenging thought now again digressing to seemingly irrelevant speculation.

Vivacious and spontaneous though he was, the depth of Browning, his tenderness, his finest feelings and ideals rarely evinced themselves in his ordinary social intercourse; with all but his closest friends he was most reticent. Moreover in spite of the vigor of his personality he was averse to any public display, manifesting a modesty in strange contrast to his otherwise forthright and somewhat dominating temperament. This seeming paradox finds its answer partly in the fact that while he was gently bred, and brought up in the most cultured of English surroundings, his inheritance gave him Creole, German, and Celtic blood, with their attendant characteristics.

Born in May, 1812, he had the inestimable advantage of a keen and sympathetic understanding from his father who gave him every opportunity to develop his love of letters, which he early manifested by attempting, at the age of eight years, a translation of the simpler ode of Horace. His attendance at formal school ended when he was fourteen, but he continued his studies at home under the guidance of tutors and of his father. Some years later, after attending a course in Greek at the University of London, he definitely decided to become a poet.

His boyish admiration for Byron had, as one biographer wisely puts it, been experienced so young that he had escaped any unpleasant consequences. It was to Shelley, that he now gave his allegiance. The impetuous, powerful, and buffeted spirit of this genius seized with a permeating force upon the i ately sympathetic mind of Browning. His splendid recognition of the stimulus which he owed to Shelley is remarkably seen in his apology for the latter's conduct which he terms the "passionate, impatient struggles of a boy toward distant truth and love, made in the dark, and ended by one sweep of the nocturnal seas before the full moral sunrise could shine out on him." For Browning the lasting effect of Shelley's influence was the realization that drama finds its greatest expression in the struggles of the human soul.

However, his own early attempts at soul drama, *Pauline, Paracelous,* and *Sordello* were mercilessly treated by the critics, nor did the publication of *S! ford* and *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon* bring him any considerable notice from the British public. It was not until after his meeting and subsequent marriage with Elizabeth Barrett, whose poetry was then much admired, that Browning won recognition.

Of the ideal relationship between these two poets, both before and after their marriage, the world has ample informa-

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THE FLOWER

A small group of children were dancing across the field, laughing and calling to attract attention to one or another of Nature's wonders as they were discovered. One espied a lazy fish rocking back and forth with the undulating current of the small stream which wove its way across the meadow like a silver strand of a spider's web, sparkling with the dew. Another discovered a large shelf-fungus attached to the weather-beaten stump of a tree that had swayed in its glory many summers before. The eye of a little boy was caught by a dainty flower that was almost obliterated from sight by the tall grass that had grown up around it. Contrary to the reactions of his playmates, the lad did not call the rest to come and look at his find, but instead rushed forward and pulled the flower up by the roots. Before he was satisfied, however, he had to twist the stem around and around just above the root, bending it back and forth until it was finally severed, leaving an ugly ragged end.

So great was his interest in his prize that the boy nearly walked off the bank into the stream. Forsaking his friends, he sat down by the water and examined the flower more closely. He saw that the blossom itself was composed of many little petals whose symmetry and likeness to one another offered further proof of Nature as a worker of miracles, had the lad been old enough to realize it.

At first, he began caressing the flower, brushing it with his finger-tips, then lightly running it down his cheek and across his lips. Soon this ceased to be a pleasure to him and he was seized with an insane desire to discover what the blossom was made of. Catching one of the petals between the ends of his stubby fingers, he pulled it out and dropped it into the water, where it spun around for a moment in a tiny whirlpool, and was then realized to flow down stream, tossed about like a birch canoe traversing river rapids. A second petal followed the first, —then a third. The little boy found that the more petals he pulled out, the easier the remaining ones yielded to his fingers. Before long, the flower was denuded of its velvet gown and there remained only the center, filled with stamen; a rather forlorn looking piece without its delicate outstretched arms. The boy seemed to think so, and, not content with dropping it into the water, whence had gone its beauty, he cast it down by the water's edge and ground it into the mud with his heel. Looking up, he discovered that his playmates were far across the meadow and he ran after them with never a thought of the flower which had been so recently desecrated by his hand.

* * * *

He: "I passed by your house yesterday."

She: "Thanks."

The Sagamore

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STUDENT GOVERNMENT

As a Student Sees It

Student Government is for the best interests of all who are concerned with it. It dispenses with a rigid system of discipline maintained by the faculty. It gives the student more freedom, and at the same time, more responsibility. It permits him to govern his activities to a great extent, allowing him to see more clearly the aims of the faculty, which is conducive to co-operation between him and the faculty. This gives the two a common interest and a common purpose for their efforts, promoting more enthusiasm on the part of the student for all school projects. Its form of government is a democracy, enabling all to have a hand in school administration. You may say that this "hand" is a vague one, but it is no more vague than that which the average citizen has in civic government. If the student body believes a rule to be unjust, it has the power of censorship in the Teacher-Student Council, which is the legislative body of the school. If he is in serious trouble he has a body of fellow *students* to judge him. This seems to give him more of a square deal than any other method of administering justice within a school. The system of Student Government is a definitely progressive step toward the ultimate goal, the making of good citizens for the community.

As Mr. Packard Sees It

The composition of the Council is familiar to most of us. It consists of the four presidents of the classes; an additional four members, chosen each by his respective class; and the captain of the marshals, for the students' part. The faculty elect nine members from their midst, and it is easy to see, therefore, that pupil and teacher carry equal weight and hold themselves of equal importance, on equal terms with one another.

The functions of the council are many. It serves to assist the principal of the school in his numerous duties, for one; to support and uphold the marshals, for another, and to generally raise the morale of the school, for a third.

To achieve its purpose, the council meets once a month, and by free discussion and unbiased judgment, settle and strive to settle, all business and disputes that "come before the meeting". This may be a dispute between a teacher and pupil, the condition of the luncheon, the rights of marshals, matters of restriction, and the like.

It is emphatically not a disciplinarian body, and would be further appreciated if more matters were brought up through the representatives. Remember, that Student Government is part of this. Don't hesitate. There need be no fear of military discipline or any punishment, whatever. Why not discuss your trouble and "get it off your chest."

Thirty-Three Cents

A preacher remarked that scientists have rated each man as being worth about thirty-three cents: that is, there is enough fat to make seven bars of soap; enough sulphur to rid a dog of fleas; enough iron to make a good-sized nail; sufficient magnesium for a dose of magnesia; enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop; as much phosphorous as could make 2,220 matches; sufficient potassium to explode a toy cannon; and enough sugar to fill a shaker.

This all sounds humorous. No man, regardless of fat or sugar, can be measured by his body alone. An individual must first possess a body to become active in mind, spirit, and soul. Those are the three essences which make for a person's happiness and which result in a computation of something over thirty-three cents.

No amount of money could measure the good sportsmanship shown as we watched Brookline High lose several football games at the beginning of the season. No amount of money could measure the enthusiasm demonstrated in putting over the SAGAMORE. Are we worth more than thirty-three cents? Why even a Freshman could answer that one.

WHAT'S COMING NEXT?

This is the school crier of the High School weekly SAGAMORE, bringing to you an account report of:

The important coming events
Marking periods
Vacation

FEBRUARY

The February vacation starts Monday the 20th running through to February 27th.

MARCH

This marking period closes March 3; the next, March 31. This is also a big month for the Girls' League.

Membership week, March 6-10.
Junior Mothers' Tea, March 10, 1933
Senior Supper Party, March 11, 1933
Freshman Party, March 17, 1933

APRIL

The third quarter ends April 28. Vacation this month starts April 17, running through April 24, 1933. Scholarship Dramatics comes this month also, Friday and Saturday evenings, April 28, 29, 1933.

The Girls' League has an eighth grade party for the eighth grades and their mothers; this also includes the Freshmen.

MAY

There is to be no marking period this month. May 30th is a national holiday; that means a day off for us badly treated students. The last meeting of the Girls' League will be held this month and it promises to be a brilliant affair.

JUNE

The last marking period of the year closes June 9, 1933. Won't you be glad? The same as mid-years our exams come on the first four days of the week, June 12, 13, 14, 15,—wish you luck. The three outstanding affairs of the school year come June 2, which is class day,—June 15, which is graduation,—June 23, 1933, *The Last Day of School.*

NOTICE

Scholarship Dramatics will be held this year on April 28-29. It will be worth while to reserve this date, and come here for an evening of real entertainment and fun.

This event has a real purpose, and that is to help send as many students as possible, who would not otherwise be able to even consider it, to college for one year. It's worth your time, then, isn't it, to give this affair your wholehearted support?

A good, clever cast, may be expected and if you care to see what the play is to be about, visit the Library during one of your spare periods and read it for yourself.

NOTE: These plays are *not* to be taken away from the Library.

Dramatics
April 28, 29

SARA TEASDALE

Our attention has been called to Sara Teasdale because of her recent death. She was born at St. Louis, Missouri, on August 8th, 1884, of an old American family. Her ancestors on both sides fought in the American Revolution, and one ancestor, Major Simon Willard, was founder of Concord, Massachusetts.

Here early education was received at home. Later she attended a private school for girls in St. Louis. Her first attempt at verse included translations from "Heine" and other German poets.

In 1903 she was graduated. She continued writing and with the help of some friends undertook the publication of a monthly magazine called "The Potter's Wheel". This was published only once each month in manuscript, with original illustrations in photograph, black and white, and color. Friends of the contributors showed much interest in the magazine which continued successful for several years.

During all this time Miss Teasdale had been an intensive reader and she treasured a fat note book in which were entered the titles of all the books she had read.

She traveled widely in the United States spending several winters in California and the Southwest.

In 1905 she made her first trip to Europe spending much time in the Southern part and the Near East, visiting Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. She continued writing during this period of time and had her first recognition from the noted William Marion Reedy on her poem "Guinevere", which was written in blank verse. This was published in 1907. "Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems" was published in the same year.

By this time Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, and other leading magazines were welcoming Miss Teasdale's poetry.

The summer of 1912 she spent in Italy and Switzerland where she wrote "Rivers to the Sea". On December 19th, 1914, she married Ernest B. Filsinger of St. Louis from whom she was divorced in 1929.

A collection of Miss Teasdale's lyrics called "Love Songs" which was published in 1917 was awarded the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA PRIZE. In 1918 she received another prize from the same society.

"Flame and Shadow," published in 1911, contains the poem "Let It Be Forgotten", which many people consider her best lyric.

Many of her lyrics have been set to music, and her poems have been translated into several foreign languages, including Japanese.

Books of poetry by Sara Teasdale include "Sonnets To Duse", "Helen of Troy", "Rivers To the Sea", "Flame and Shadow", "Love Songs" and "Dark Of The Moon".

AN INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY

By Emile M. Lembree

In 1919, Thorstein Veblen the greatest economist which America has produced, published a book entitled "The Engineers and the Price System". In this book he pointed out the danger and folly the new pace industry was setting since the introduction of the first automatic factory which appeared in 1915.

Veblen was not strictly a Technocrat, nor did he organize the movement. Shortly after he had written his challenge to industry, Howard Scott, an engineer, drifted to Washington. He had read Veblen's book, he had talked to Charles P. Steinmetz, "an electrical wizard of Schenectady", to Doctor Wesley C. Mitchel, and better still, to Veblen. He announced the organization of a group called the Technical Alliance, to give concrete expression to Veblen's challenge. But he was obviously no man's disciple for he had ideas of his own, and the flow of technical information and discovery which he delivered. was far more lofty and far more mathematical than anything Veblen had advanced. He invited those in Washington who admired Veblen and who could lift their minds above the pathology of money, to join the alliance. It was successful in gathering members and in exciting their interest, but it did not survive. Because of lack of money, most of the members went their various ways, sorrowful perhaps, but inevitably.

Howard Scott, with a small group, kept on. He had a great idea by the tail and he refused to let go of it. With his group he took into account; the rapid growth of the automatic factory, remote control, the automatic process leading to what has come to be known as technological unemployment, and the formula of certain captains of industry, namely the big-volume-low-price formula, which superceded that of monopoly-high price.

Research proved the folly of the new attitude. People who thought about the change in industry realized that less men were being employed to manufacture more goods. Researchers found the examples which showed the folly of the new formula. Safety razors, formerly priced at five dollars were being given away with tubes of shaving cream which were sold at thirty-five cents. Direct labor per unit of out-put was sliding down-hill, costs of production were taking a nose-dive. The tension between the engineers and bankers were becoming more acute than even Veblen sensed.

About a year ago, the conviction spread that something was very, very wrong indeed, members of the old Technical Alliance began drifting back to find out what Howard Scott thought about it all. He had plenty to tell them, and he has rechristened his group and his industrial philosophy, Technocracy.

The group, once again, began to grow. Through the courtesy of Columbia University, and the American Institute of Architects, it was found possible to turn some fifty draftsmen, for the moment unemployed, to work on the energy survey of North America which Scott had projected, but had been unable to finance. To date, some three hundred large charts have been completed, and it is from shattering conclusions deduced therefrom, that Technocracy has been made a household word.

Technocracy is a new study, therefore, concerning the past prosperity, the present depression, and future freedom. It has been catapulted into the public's attention with astounding suddenness and intensity. It has been termed by different writers as:

The Greatest Story Since the War.

The Most Vital Subject of this Generation,

A Turning Point in Civilization,

(*Continued on page seven*)

JOHN GALSWORTHY

The death of John Galsworthy has taken from the world one of its foremost novelists. His works were read all over the world, due to their being suitable to any society. Though the author wrote only about England and the English, his works are enjoyed everywhere.

His main distinction was his style. The acute reasoning and his fine powers of description give his works polish.

Galsworthy's books and plays are all written about English people of his own class, namely, the upper middle class. He had, therefore, the advantage of insight into the characters of these people, from whom his characters were created.

An extremely conscientious man, he had his plots all developed before he set any part of them to paper. As a result his first draft was much more complete and well-written than are the final drafts of many other novelists.

Perhaps the most outstanding work of John Galsworthy is the *Forsyte Saga.* These books are the ones by which he will be judged in the future. More interested in ideas than in persons, he is inclined to make his characters mere figures in an allegory, as such; or, at best, as social types, they must appear when detached from the solid framework of contemporary history. The books are a fine example of Galsworthy's ability to paint unusually clear pictures of the social life of England.

Two weeks before his death he completed a trilogy, which is said to be written in his best style. This should prove interesting reading.

Mr. Galsworthy's passing leaves a large place empty.' The question now arises "Is there any young novelist who is destined to fill the space?" Many young English novelists have now an added incentive, that of being comparable to him.

CAVALCADE

Cavalcade, taken from the play of the same name by Noel Coward, is unquestionably the best picture that has been produced this year. It opens on New Year's Eve, 1899. Jane Marryot (Diana Wynward and her husband, Robert (Clive Brook) are drinking a toast to the new century, the 1900's. Both Clive Brooks and Diana Wynward surpass any of their previous performances in this picture, especially Miss Wynward. She portrays a Victorian mother who is utterly bewildered by twentieth century life and endeavors to protect her children from its mad rush and terrifying whirl. Both her children, however, are caught up in the maelstrom. One is killed in the World War, while the other is lost on the *S. S. Titanic.* The mother is very courageous in the face of these terrific losses, and the scenes in which she learns of the death of her sons are really remarkable in their striking proof of Miss Wynward's ability.

Cavalcade, really the saga of a typical English family, takes one through two wars, the Boer War and the World War. It ends on New Year's Eve, 1932, when Jane and Robert, both middle-aged, drink a toast to "peace and dignity for this wonderful country of ours".

This movie should not be missed. Not only is it a rare treat, but it gives an invaluable example of the horrible destruction of war, and of the breaking up of the thousands of families which it ruined. Altogether it is a masterpiece of no little degree, and is well worth your time.

McStewey's First Reader

Who is this?

This is Hitch.

What is his last name?

Hiker, little ones.

As a baby he was much addicted to sucking his thumb.

His parents tried everything to stop him.

They put bad-tasting liquids on his thumb but he licked them off.

They bought a little silver cage to his thumb but he bit it in two.

They spanked him for his bad habit but he could take it.

But it didn't do any good.

In school he was often punished for his habit.

Then he went to college!

He always was at home before the other boys, because with his great thumb he could find the best rides.

His vice grew on him until he cut classes at college to bum rides.

His parents gave up in despair and he spends his life roaming over the country.

(Moral: There's one born every Minute.)

R COLYUM

We have heard from reliable sources that Billy Lebowitch has been visiting the local grammar schools looking for material for his next year's social season . . .

* * * * *

C. L. wishes to know which sounds better, his real name, Alex Carol Landers or his current alias, Alexander Carl Landers.

* * * * *

From Urchin to Polished Playboy In Four Years by George Hartshorn is among the newer best sellers in Brookline High School . . .

* * * * *

Libby Jacobs seems to like stewed fruits and also salted nuts . . .

* * * * *

It seems that Nosey Aronson (2nd) gets a lot of pleasure in wearing a certain blue sweater of his brother's on Saturday afternoons . . .

* * * * *

Abe Levine and Norman Hunt are planning to start a tutoring school . . .

* * * * *

It seems that Muriel Baes broke a date with a certain Mr. Coleman one night to go to the movies with her folks, or was it J. S. from Norwich (What about it Muriel . . .)

* * * * *

We wonder if Irving Perkins got a thrill holding hands with Manny Leventhal the other night . . .

* * * * *

Carol Landers is still moaning about the fifty cents he lost when he was held up last year . . . .

* * * * *

Litman can't seem to find a girl to take out—Won't somebody please help him?

* * * * *

Did you notice the cute little *Bulkie* walking through the corridors lately . . .

* * * * *

Our choice for the winner of the Queen Beauty Contest:

Hair—Eileen Shapiro (or Red Perkins);

Eyes—Ruth Koerner (or Sidney Covitch);

Nose—Muriel Bair (or Abe Aronson)

Mouth—Norma Marcus (or Billy Lebowitch);

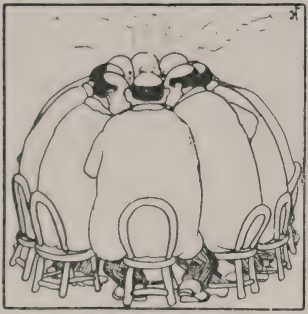
Figure—Bernice Halpern (or Alan Swartz).

Heard in a dark alley . . . Cyn Jones was seen in Kresges having her picture taken . . don't bother to send in yours girls . . . the contest's cinched. . . .

The Sororities seem to be rushing around lately . . . rushers rushing rushees before other rushing rushers rush.

THE BREATH OF 'THIRTY-FIVE

We, dedicate this colim to Dr. Fu Manchu, because he looks so much like it—mysterious!



Snapshot of faculty in conference about the pink in Hazel Armitage's hair.

* * * *

Who TURNs boys around hER little finger in B. H. S.?

* * * *

Myron Wallace is a ladies' man.
The girls all fall for his lovable tan
But he himself loves George the Fair,
And George is a girl who hasn't a care!

* * * *

Now we present Mr. Harry Manuel Shooshan, Junior, great fiddler in orchestras and otherwise, presenting the new cutlery and silverware song, "The Old Forks At Home."

* * * *

There is a small girl named Hakim,
Who has lots of hair—Does she make 'em?
The color is bay,
But it's a toupée!
Ha! Ha! and she thought she could fake 'em!

* * * *

Leigh Diamond, who tips the scale at almost 300, has been heard to call himself Mickey Mouse.

* * * *

Myron Cohen, in his campaign for publicity, was heard to have said:
"There is a city called 'Ego', named after me."

DR. LINDSAY SPEAKER AT LOWER CLASS ASSEMBLY

(*Continued from page two*)

to keep close to the hearts of the people. (There are more monuments to Lincoln than any other man in this country). Doctor Lindsay remarked that the average man does not attain public office but it is the best and the worst that are chosen to govern us. He closed with words which will remain with us. "When we look into the face of Abraham Lincoln we see America at its best"

AUDITORIUM AND NEW WING DEDICATED

(*Continued from page one*)

The audience then adjourned to inspect the new wing with its numerous laboratories and classrooms. Among the attractions here were the experiments performed by the science classes, enabling the visitors to see the new laboratories and equipment in use. The chemistry experiments were of especial interest. Those students who took part in the demonstration were:

Anne Wyner
Anne Wolf
Doris Reimer
James Smith
Leonard Tarlin
Henry Urrows
Winthrop Steele
Burton Rudnick
Robert Salk
Lawson Langenheim
Isabel Paterson
Gordon Minnis
M. Markarewitch
Charles Maak
John Reilly
Freida Stevenson
Elizabeth Howard
Cecilia Huberman
Laura Horne
Frank Gardner
Marc Cutler
Theodore Hewitt

The Physics students who took part in the demonstration were:

Donald Spears
Warren Fox
Harold Wyer
George Mackey
William Price
John Williams
Theodore Bradley
Wayne Parker
Emil Lembree
Jack Corbett
Wilfred Ringer
Irving Lewis
Edward Shaw
William Favorite
Richard Koopman
James Sutherland
Ralph Kay
Richard Vincens
Sherman Rose
Sigbert Ottinger
John Stevens

All who saw the new laboratories could appreciate their excellence, especially those who were well versed in science. The President of the Eastern Physics Teachers' Association, one Mr. Wendelstein, said, "The laboratories should stimulate every pupil to achievement in science. They reflect in every way the genius of Mr. Packard. Everything is arranged for maximum efficiency. I particularly like the arrangement of the laboratory and the classroom together. The idea of a laboratory work shop for the instructor is a new idea in public schools."

ROBERT BROWNING

(*Continued from page e*)

tion. In their romance what chiefly interests us is their first meeting. Let us try to imagine their sensations when first they looked upon each other, these who had already felt so deeply, in their rather discursive letters, their mutual strength. The entrance of the one was to instill strength, new life, and hope; the sight of the other was to complement his own nature, and to steady his somewhat erratic art.

Subsequent to his marriage the fifteen years which he spent in Florence could but have their influence on his writings. But we see from his poems that it was neither the Italy of the nineteenth century with its great political eruptions, nor the outstanding geniuses of earlier times to whom he looked for inspiration; rather to those peculiar types produced by renaissance Europe — the wealthy church official seeking all ways to establish his fame, the mediaeval religious fanatic, the wiley alchemist playing upon the gullibility of his day — from such figures he drew his characters.

His wife's death in 1861 left its enduring wound, both upon him and his work which thereafter indicated a loss of its previous inspiration. During the last twenty years of his life he wrote and lived in a more or less methodical fashion, until in 1887 he was moved by a desire to return to his Italy. There in 1889 he left this world in which he had lived so ardently and courageously, ready "to pay glad life's arrears".

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS

The fifth regular meeting of the Four Minute Speakers was called to order by President Rita Cohen in Room 4 at two o'clock, February 10, 1933. The roll was called and the secretary read his report. A discussion followed, in which various members told of their experiences when speaking on the subject "Thanking the Town". Miss Johnson then spoke, telling the group of various talks which are to be given in the near future. After the records of the speakers up to date were read, the meeting was adjourned.

"MOONLIGHT"

By Isabel Wyatt

Dusk has fallen, and the air takes on the chill of night. Over a distant hill, a full silver moon is slowly climbing the dark sky. Around her stars are merrily dancing.

The sands are silver tinted and the water gleams in the magic light. The silence is pure and perfect, unbroken save for the lapping of the water against the sands. The tide is at its highest, and water and sand become indistinguishable beneath the moon's white glimmer. A cloud, hurriedly scurrying across the sky, driven by an even breeze, crosses the moon's wake and for a moment sky and earth alike are black. Then the moon comes out again, and silver purity again reigns over the calm, unruffled scene.

MR. SNOW'S SPEECH

(*continued from page one*)

"Near the hearth in the Roman house stood an image of Lar, god of the family and the Penates, conserving the pantry. The legendary Mother Hubbard doubtless was negligent in fulfilling her obligations to these deities or else she would never have found the cupboard bare. There is therefore a historical connection between a faculty tea in a room like this and the hearth of the Roman atruim with its gods of food and refreshments. But fire is not only a symbol of the home; it is also a symbol of civilization. In the Greek dramas of Aeschylus you remember that Prometheus, out of his great love for the human race, brought to men as the greatest boon the fire that he had stolen from the gods—the fire that was to become the source of all discoveries and of man's mastery over nature. For this invaluable service in raising men above the plane of savagery, Prometheus was honored at Athens in a yearly festival by a torch race. Thus it came about that the torch flung from one generation to another typifies the onward progress of mankind. It is our great privilege as teachers to have no small part in this relay race of civilization—ours the task to lift high the torch and carry it fast and far.

" It has been said that wood burns best upon a bed of ashes—the indestructible residue of other fires. The traditions of our past—if used to build new fires upon—will help to make a steadier flame and a more lasting glow.

" The Brookline Schools have ever stood for a broad culture; the citizens of this town have always furnished the best fuel to keep the sacred flame alive. Beacon fires kindled here within the memory of many now living have cast their helpful gleams from ocean to ocean. It behooves us to see to it that fuels old and tried shall be retained until we have absolute assurance that new fuels are better. Let us pledge ourselves to this holy service with something of the devotion of the servants in the temple of Vesta who selected the proper wood, split the logs, and brought them to the altar. Let us too scour the educational woods and fetch our contributions for a more genial blaze and a more illuminating beacon. I express what I feel sure is the common hope of us all that the fire lighted today may be the first of a thousand that shall endear this place as a shrine because we shall issue forth from it with new cheer and fresh brands, with warmer sympathy with youth, and livelier loyalty to our leadership and with more light shed upon problems intricate and dark. May it never be said of our discussions in this home atmosphere that they produce more heat than light and more caustic criticism than comfort."

TECHNOCRACY

(Continued from page five *)*

he Only Real Answer to the Depres-

any authors have set before us very
ling figures which are all more or
true. They frighten the people with
professed knowledge of Technoc-
which in reality was nothing but
knowledge and exaggeration of en-
ering and economic facts coupled
the utter ignorance of the aim of
nocracy. They made known the
wing facts without enlightening
public of the aims of the movement
thus led them to belive that Tech-
acy was a means of throwing more
le out of work by substituting more
hinery in their stead:

It would take almost a hundred
ers and baker's assistants working at
nary French ovens, to produce as
y loaves as a modern baking machine
ch produces 6,500 pounds of bread
n hours time. Today there is an
dant over-supply of bread baking
pment, and an over-supply of wheat
which bread is made. The Techno-
say that this is because of the
e system and aim to correct it to
the millions of American citizens
are starving in spite of the means
which bread can be supplied for

One man in today's automobile
ry accomplishes as much as twelve men accomplished in the same length of time in 1904.

3. In the incandescent lamp factories, one man is now capable of doing in one hour as much as it took nine thousand labor hours to do in 1914.

4. Out of every four industrial machines, one only is now being used.

5. There is now one man idle in the United States, for every two who are employed.

All these facts are set before us by people who know little about them and less about Technocracy. They do not attempt to explain their meaning, and furthermore they do not know what else to tell us about Technocracy. They cover themselves up by saying that so far it has been a fact finding type of research; that the next step will be plan building that a third step will be involved in experiment; and that the last stage will be the goal for which the Technocrats are now striving.

This indeed might prove to be the program. The real ideas of Technocracy, however, have not been "thrown at" the public. They are left for those who are interested to make a study of the question. Few people know what it really is, many writers professing to know all about it, know nothing. Let us not form an opinion for or against Technocracy before having made a study of it as it really is.

Harold Loeb, a pioneer of Technocracy states, "Technocracy is a technique of material living. It is merely a means for making and sharing the goods man has at his disposal, both the goods freely tendered by nature, . . and the goods that require more or less effort to produce."

The Column for Technocrats would appreciate receiving questions from its readers. All questions sent in to the Technocratic Columnist will be answered as promptly as time permits. Place your questions in the Sagamore box at least one week before publication if you would like a prompt answer.

TRANSITION

By Will Durant

"*Transition* is a biography which is to be enjoyed, then pondered, and then again enjoyed," says Ernest Sutherland Bates in the *Saturday Review of Literature* about the autobiography of Will Durant, the author of *The Story of Philosophy.* The work is entitled *Transition* because it is the story of a change within an individual which is going on in the minds of the western world. The uprooting of the beliefs and institutions which have survived for centuries is shown, with its effect on one particular person.

We see a boy who has been reared and educated in a very conservative atmosphere enter the seminary to study for the priesthood. He does much reading, touching on every subject during these years in which he is preparing for a religious life. Some of the books which he devours, especially those on philosophy, sociology, and evolution, supply food to nourish the doubts which he has always had concerning the subjects and doctrines which he is being taught. Shortly before his ordainment he rebels from the theologian's blind, catechizing beliefs, and becomes an instructor at a college. He delivers lectures on the side on all sorts of subjects to all sorts of groups, and because of one of these, he is excommunicated from the church. He is disowned by his father, and finds himself friendless and destitute. In the course of many experiences with many people he loses some of his rebelliousness and his Utopian dreams, and undergoes a period of cynical despondency. He makes new friends, regains his old ones, travels, studies, and finally finds his share of happiness in a marriage to one of his pupils, The author uses a style which makes a confident of the reader, thereby allowing us to see him more clearly. There is just enough humor present to season the story in the manner in which a good cook improves the flavor of the fowl.

I dislike to echo the statement of scores of critics, but no review is complete without the advising of every intelligent reader to beg, borrow, or buy a copy of *Transition*, and to read it not once, but several times. I also dislike to sound like an advertisement, but this *is* one book which is "thrilling, frank, gripping, heroic, and amazing."

The author, Will(iam James) Durant, was born November 5, 1885, in western Massachusetts. He was educated in parochial schools and received his A. B. from St. Peter's College at Jersey City in 1907, his M. A. in 1908, and his Ph. D. from Columbia in 1917. He was Professor of Latin and French at Seton Hall College and Instructor in Philosophy at Columbia. He has written *Philosophy and the Social Problem* (1917), *The Story of Philosophy* (1926), *Transition* (1927), *Mansions of Philosophy* (1929), *The Case for India* (1930), *Adventures in Genius* (1931), *A Program for America* (1931), and several magazine articles.

In *Transition* are found many passages which encourage reflection, for instance:—"How pitiless time is! How every life must pass away, though all the world else continues, careless of our going! Time is our greatest benefactor and our greatest foe—it gives us wisdom and it gives us death. Not death itself is terrible, but leaving undone the things we might do, and leaving behind us forever the souls we have learned to love."

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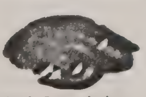

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The teacher was drilling her class in the principles of subtraction. "Now, if you subtract twenty-five from thirty-seven, what's the difference?"

"Yeah, that's what I say," answered one of her pupils. "I think it's the bunk, too."

HOLD VISUAL EDUCATION CONVENTION AT SCHOOL

(*Continued from page one*)

were represented by the handiwork of their students.

The Academy acknowledge the co-operation of the Printing and Art Departments, Marshals, Girls' League, Girl Scouts and Teachers of the Brookline High School.

CHESS CLUB

On February 9, 1933, the Chess Club held an informal meeting with an unofficial two-round tournament. The only business was to elect officers. They are: president, Harold Bernstein, and manager, Woodson Baldwin. Bernstein was the organizer of the present club. We wish him luck. The secretary is to be chosen at the next meeting. There are now about twenty members in the club. The club will have an organized team which will compete with other schools.

BROOKLINE AND ENGLISH LEAD HIGH SCHOOLS IN B.A.A.

Enright Features Relay

(*Continued from page one*)

tained the lead which Johnson had gained. Fitzgerald of Newton however overcame this lead on "Pi" Trainer and sent McKellar away with a three-yard start on Joe Enright. The marvelous running of Joe Enright in this anchor leg brought the crowds to their feet. In the "gun lap" Enright stepped past the speedy McLellan and breezed in a full eight yards in the lead. The time meant ½ point to the Brookline Cause.

Alan Swartz maintaining the form which has brought him fame leaped six feet to place second to Edwards of Newark Prep, who cleared the bar at six feet, two inches.

Tod Plotkin, running the high hurdles for the first time, made a good showing but was kept out of the scoring as was Jimmy Johnson in the dash.

Tod Plotkin and Howie Lewen were not far behind the leaders in high jump and in time will be at front of the pack.

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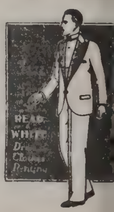

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BEACON NEWS
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Fancy Delicatessen and
Sandwich Stores
1639 Beacon Street
428 Harvard St. — 201 Harvard S

Pop: "There's nothing worse than b ing old and bent."

Son: "Yes, there is, Dad."

Pop: "I'd like to know what it is!"

Son: "Being young and broke!"

THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXIX, No. ~~10~~ 9 BROOKLINE, MASS. MAR. 8, 1933 Subscription, One Dollar

BROOKLINE WINS STATE, ANDOVER MEETS

T. PLOTKIN SETS NEW BROAD JUMP MARK AT ANDOVER

Gather 29 Points; Lynn English Second with 13

Piling up an overwhelming score of 29 points, Brookline High ran away vith the ninth annual interscholastic rack and field games of Andover Academy in the Case memorial cage from a ield of over 300 boys from 25 schools.

The versatile Tod Plotkin alone conributed ten big points to the Red and lue collection. Plotkin also proved to e the only record breaker of the meet vhen he leaped 10 feet, 4 5/8 inches in he standing broad jump to smash the ld record of 10 feet, 2½ inches. This ump is another episode in the glamorous career of this athlete which already ontains a string of victories in the road jump, high jump, and hurdles. urthermore in typical Plotkin manner, od cleared the bar at 5 feet, 8 inches n the running high jump to place third.

Alan Swartz also gave an excellent ccount of himself by taking first place n the high jump with the superb leap f 5 feet, 10 inches. Swartz attempted o break the record in this event but fter repeated tries failed. Earlier in the ay Swartz had tossed the pill 44 feet, inch to cop fourth place in the shot ut.

Wading through a line of heats, uarter finals, and semi-finals, Jimmy ohnson finally emerged a good second the finals of the 40-yard dash with e excellent time of 5 seconds. The ird leg of the Johnson—Sloane of ewton "feud" was successfully comleted by the former when he decisively efeated Sloane in the finals of the dash. hnson showed plenty of fight in doing is for until then he had trailed Sloane nsistently.

Joe Enright ran a brilliant race in e "600", easily winning his heat. His me however netted him only third ace in the finals as the competition in is event was very keen.

(*Continued on page five*)

RESERVE
APRIL 28, 29
DRAMATICS

FACULTY ADVISERS NAME NEW SAGAMORE STAFF

Henry Urrows, Frank Taylor Get Important Posts

The new SAGAMORE board has finally been named to fill the vacancies left by the seniors who are retiring. It has been the custom that the staffs be changed in February so that the senior members may devote more time to college preparation.

The new members are Henry Urrows, Executive Editor, who has already distinguished himself as an assistant editor; Frank Taylor, Business Manager, Norman Hunt, Managing Editor; June Bradfield and Frances Bowser, Assistant Editors; and Philip Levine, Sports Editor. Eliot Alter is Circulation Manager.

John Grandfield and Lawrence Daniels remain as Editor-in-chief and Advertising Manager.

CHARLES HANN, '07 SPEAKS IN FLORIDA

Upon the invitation of President John J. Tigert of the University of Florida, Commander Charles Hann, Jr., B. H. S., '07, of New York City, American President of the FIDAC, presented to the University of Florida the Educational Medal of the FIDAC on Washington's Birthday when he was called upon to make an address on "How The University of Florida Could Increase Its Activities In Accomplishing The Purpose for which the Institute of Inter American Affairs Was Created". Commander Hann flew to Gainesville, Florida.

Governor "Dave" Sholtz, Colonel Alvin Owsley, Charles A. Mills, "Gabby" Knowles and others participated.

The FIDAC, which has 8,000,000 members, will hold its XIVth Annual Congress in French Morocco in September.

MILITARY ORDER
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
of the
WORLD WAR
1518 K Street Northwest
February 11, 1933.

Dear Commander Hann:

I have just received from Colonel Ryons, Chairman of our Committee on Legislation, a letter telling of the hearing before the Subcommittee on Naval appropriations for the House. I quote from Colonel Ryons's letter:

> "Major Bettelheim presented the speaker (Commander Hann) and Commander Hann spoke for more than an hour. His presentation was one of the most able statements I

(*Continued on page eight*)

NAME KERINS TO TAKE WEST POINT EXAMINATIONS

JOHN LAMSON KERINS

John Lamson Kerins, a former student of Brookline High School, has recently been appointed by Senator Marcus A. Coolidge of Massachusetts to take the entrance examinations required by the United States Military Academy at West Point.

John Lamson Kerins, better known as "Lammy" to his classmates, graduated from this school, June 1932. At present he is attending Willison Academy at Ashburnham.

While attending this school he took part in many activities, being one of the best athletes. During his four years in this school he was a member of the Track team, Football team, and Basket ball team. In 1929 he was on the Marshal Force and every year he took an active part in Class Day. On the whole he was an all round student and a good sport, a sort of boy that Brookline is proud of.

FRENCH CLUB MEMBERS TO PRESENT COMEDY

On Monday, March 20, the members of the French Club are to present a play entitled "le Mèdecin Malgré Lui". Under the capable coaching of Miss Perrin and Miss O'Brien, this presentation is sure to be a success. The members of the cast are Marcelle Hakim, Norman Hunt, Chester Solomon, Janet Dubinsky, Irving Helman, and Norma Nasmyth.

You are cordially invited to enjoy this play. Attendance is not restricted to members of the club. This is an exciting and comic performance, and well worth your time.

Here's again the opportunity for joining the Girls' League. Membership week begins March 6 and is on until the 10th. Join now and be in line for good fun and companionship.

SWARTZ BREAKS STATE MEET HIGH JUMP RECORD

Enright Stars in "600"

The most glorious season in the history of B. H. S. indoor track was most successfully terminated last Saturday, February 25, at the Boston Garden, by the invincible Wealthy Towners, when they captured the most coveted high school trophy in New England, the Massachusetts State Championship! For the first time a Red and Blue track team has won both the Andover Inter-scholastic trophy and the State Crown in the same year. We take our hats off to those boys who carried the Brookline colors to a glamorous victory over the state's finest high schools.

We also congratulate their coaches, Mr. Hines and "Monty" Wells! When the totals were tabulated, it was found that Brookline led the field with 21 points, Medford was second with 16½, and Lynn English was third with 13.

Two of Brookline's boys, who have been heralded and aclaimed by every track coach in the country, alone pooled 12 points. These boys as you all know, are Tod Plotkin and Alan Swartz. Tod Plotkin easily placed first in the broad jump when he leaped 10 feet, 2 inches

(continued on page five)

BROOKLINE ENTERS BOWDOIN MEET AT LAST MOMENT

Due to the kindness of "Monty" Wells and Alan Swartz in volunteering automobiles, eight of the prominent members of the track team accompanied by Coaches Hines and Wells will journey up to Brunswick, Maine, next Friday, March 10, to participate in the Bowdoin College Track and Field Interscholastics. The party will probably include Alan Swartz, Tod and Ralph Plotkin, Joe Enright, Eddie Rae, "Pi" Trainor, "Red" Perkins, and Charlie Gerstein. Brookline's success is not guaranteed in this meet as the majority of the participants are prep. schools with older and more seasoned athletes performing. However, many others besides B. H. S. entertain light hopes for the track team's chances. Due to the hospitality of Bowdoin College and its students, the tracksters will be lodged at the fraternity houses and fed at the college. We wish them all Good Luck!

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S LATEST

"Anne Vickers" is Sinclair Lewis's first novel since he received the Nobel Prize. It marks a world event in literature, appearing simultaneously in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Italy. Lewis's novels have held a decided place in the thought and literary creations of a generation, but this, his first novel about the life of a woman, is perhaps the greatest of all. As "Main Street" portrayed small town life, "Babbitt" symbolized the American business man, "Arrowsmith" pictured the world of a research scietist, so "Ann Vickers" portrays the intensely vivacious American woman of today, a business woman, social worker, and feminist. Associated with temperance movements, women suffrage, and finally prison reform; desiring a career, fame, and home, she lives a full life of success, yet one of frustation, until she at last achieves happiness by marrying her lover.

It is a long novel overflowing with knowledge of wordly subjects and yet an intense and personal character study

"DESIGN FOR LIVING"

"Design for Living", a new play which opened recently in New York, is the latest achievement of the successful Noel Coward. Mr. Coward's pen is a prolific one, for he has produced a number of popular and charming plays, among them being "Bitter Sweet", "Cavalcade", "Private Line" and "Words and Music": He also composed the delightful music for "Bitter Sweet" and "Words and Music". At the age of thirty-three Noel Coward enjoys the most enviable reputation in the theatre.

He was born in England, and at an early age manifested dramatic proclivities. At the ~~age of eighteen~~ he was a chorus boy earning fifteen dollars a week. At twenty he descended on the theatrical world of this country, with some of his plays and a great deal of ambition. He first attracted attention with a play called "Vortex" and since then has been our leading young playwright.

Mr. Coward is a vagabond, and shortly after the opening of each new play disappears for several months. But to give proof that he has not been idle during his absence he usually returns bearing the script of a new play, which he has dashed off during a pause in his travels, for he has the remarkable faculty of planning his work methodically for several months in advance, so the actual writing is labor of a single week-end.

Truly, Noel Coward is a most remarkable young man, and it is the fervent prayer of all theatre-goers that there will be more as clever and original as he.

"HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX"

"Houseboat on the Styx" by John Frederick Bangs is a book that should be read by everyone. It is impossible after once starting the book, to lay it down without reading it from cover to cover. It sparkles with wit and humor, but cannot be enjoyed without some kind of a cultural background. One must be familiar with famous men of the past such as Thackeray, Darwin, Confucius, Diogenes, Mozart, Boswell, Johnson, and a host of others. These are the *dramatic personae* of the book.

As everybody knows the Styx is the river that one is supposed to cross after one dies. Charon is the ferryman that steers the boat. When there is such a conglameration of famous people at one time, one can imagine the interesting and humerous incidents that occur.

While Mozart "discourses sweet music", the other men have a discussion as to the possibilities of having a Ladies' Day. This entails many difficulties, as it would be rather embarrassing to have Henry VIII's eight wives present at the same time.

Our dear friend Baron Münchhausen tries to convince everyone that he has eaten fried icicles and stewed pyramids, and much to Jonah's disgust he insists he had trouble with a whale, and believe it or not, it was Jonah's whale.

Boswell is always at Johnson's finger tips waiting to write down any clever remark Johnson makes. A subject of endless discussion is the author of Shakespeare's plays. Did Shakespeare really write them or did Bacon have a share in them?

While Caesar's wife and Lucretia Borgia are on a tour of inspection of the house-boat, the boat is captured by pirates and mysteriously disappears — Where, one knows not.

From these incidents one can see how fascinating this book is, and many a pleasant hour is assured to anyone who reads it.

RED CROSS NEWS

The initial meeting of the Red Cross First Aid Class was held Thursday, Feb. 16, in Shailer Hall under the direction of Mr. George P. Johson of the Boston Chapter of the Red Cross. Mr. Johnson was assisted by Irving Cohen. The class promises to make great progress. A group of only twenty-six students enrolled for the course, which consists of fifteen hours of instruction. A certificate showing honorable completion of the course will be issued to all who have attended each meeting.

The first group of instructions consisted of defining First Aid and showing to what extent it may be carried. The group learned what to do in case of shock fainting, and triangular bandages for head, hand, foot, chest, and back.

FAVORITE ANTIPATHIES
(or "My Hymn of Hates")

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.
. . . For affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

Do you like spinach? Of course you don't. Neal O'Hara—or was it Don Marquis—once said that spinach is good only during months with "Z" in them; he expressed my sentiments perfectly. After all, what human does like this potherb of the goosefoot family? "Why it's a green vegetable, contains vitamin D, and is so inexpensive—only ten cents a pound." So of course mothers dutifully feed "spinecea oleracea" to their darling children; and while doing so the rest of the family, unlike martyrs, audibly suffer.

Then, after you have laboriously picked at this mass of green leaves for some time, mother will say, "Darling, Mary is off tonight and I'm so tired. Would you mind doing the dishes? There are only a few." Of course you'll be glad to oblige "ta mère", but when this crockery has held a dinner and there is food to wash from the plates it isn't so easy to like to do it. No matter how much you souse the dishes in the soapy water the grease remains. Poets of note have written odes on "trees" and sonnets on "spring"; but the poet who would write the "Ditty of Dirty Dishes" is yet unborn. Ugh! At last you finish that arduous task; you breathe a sigh of relief. Then you glance hurriedly through your assignment book to see what homework your teachers have wished upon you. "What! That essay isn't due tomorrow? Does that teacher think that I'm a genius? I'd like to see the kind of essay that he could write in an evening—and three other homelessons besides! Has he no consideration? Think what I might be able to do if I had a little time!" After yawning once or twice you finally decide that you are too sleepy to do anything and you will write the essay some other time. "And so to bed."

The worst part of going to bed, however, is getting up. (All too soon you feel a gentle shake.)

"Look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

Somewhere in the house an alarm clock goes off. Sleepily you open your eyes, and still more sleepily you say, "What time is it?" Then you turn over with the intentions of going back to dreamland. But your half-made plans are frustrated; mother calls you to say that "today is a school day and you've slept too long already." Then Mary comes in to pull the shades up, looking triumphantly at you as if to say, "You had to do the dishes last night while I was having a good time," or "It isn't my fault that your essay isn't written."

What a world of joy triumphant this would be sans spinach, sans dishes in the sink, sans study, sans the sad shattering of sweet, sweet slumber!

SUBWAY SCENERY

By June Bradfield

On entering a subway, the thought always occurs to me, that I am in the hands of the motorman and just "stand by", trusting to his guidance to "pull me through" safely.

Although the subway is a long stretch of dark tube with cold, damp walls on either side, many bright spots are to be seen by the Pollyanna type of person. Looking through the front windows as we approach a station, we can see a display of lights. Sections of snow white, glistening bricks, magazine and newspaper booths showing the latest in colorful current fiction on display. People of all walks of life rub elbows, some hustling, some loitering, old and young, rich and poor, some attractive, others not so fortunate, are found in every subway station, each one bent on his errand.

While riding in the trolley, one's eyes naturally wander to the advertisements. Many advertisements have been decorated by amateur artists, who have put beards on the smooth-faced ladies that advertise cold cream, mustachios on babies' lips and beards on their chins, and the familiar sideboard whiskers removed from the famous "Smith Brothers". If Marchand's Golden Hairwash will do all that the advertisement promises I am sure that Henry W. Longfellow would have purchased a bottle for his "Edith with golden hair".

The promise of youthful hands to the users of Lux suggests the modern "Fountain of Youth". Instead of traveling to Florida Ponce de Leon might have found perpetual youth at his neighborhood grocery store, if only Lux had been made in his time.

It is amusing to read of the Pertussin baby who promises to cough all night if he does not get his medicine. There are many other amusing ads if one has a sense of humor to enjoy them. I too believe that "travel widens the vision" and "except it be a lover", nothing is more interesting than "subway scenery".

ALUMNI NOTES

Allan Bennett, 1930, has been elected circulation manager of *The Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*, undergraduate humorous publication.

Bennett is also active on both the business and editorial boards of *The Aegis*, the senior year book.

POETS' CORNER

Abraham Lincoln

By Sidney Kafka

February twelfth, eighteen hundred and nine.
Rose a bright star, forever to shine.
In the wilderness, and of humble parentage,
Birth was given to this great man of that age.

In his youth many struggles and hardships he knew.
Two virtues were his, he was honest and true.
Desire for knowledge a great reader made him,
Knowledge he knew was some day to aid him.

In the House and Senate he showed his hand,
Outstanding he in this glorious land,
Leaving politics, he returned to law.
Unforeseen, in the future loomed the great war.

Eighteen hundred sixty, his nomination.
The humble lad approached a lofty station.
Sixty-one and he was inaugurated,
Then secession by Davis instigated.

First was Sumpter and Anderson's surrender;
The result of a nation torn assunder, defeated
Cautious Scott who was at Bull Run
Then McClellan whose drill none exceeded.

The east, failure; the capitol, despair.
West, Grant's success was determination rare.
Receiving command, he captured Lee's small band;
And Lincoln stretched out his forgiving hand.

The cheering crowds acclaimed their idol brave,
While sorrow swept on like a strong tidal wave.
The slaves were free, Reconstruction begun,
His noble task at last was done.

A man among men in this trivial world;
He raised a flag which has never been furled;
He reunited a despairing nation,
Effecting a peoples liberation.

Death touched his brow in the year sixty-five.
The world mourned a hero, no longer alive.

Washington

Beneath the gun fire,
The man stood unharmed,
Though whipped with the battle's lash.
Around him danger—
The cannon's boom and roar,
The saber's flash—
A brave figure.
Breasting the mock of defeat, head high,
Through the gloom
A heart courageous leaps and falls;
A burning spark,
Deep eyes
Searching in the sage,
Foreseeing cities great and tall.
Undying courage;
"Push on,"
The spirit unyielding cries amid the gray,
"On! The goal is near."
So the cry goes,
And the ebbing tide and rising sun reveal
Victory
At last, and Peace!
Honor's glory, glory's fame
Down the ages;
The name of sterling character and staunch
Shall blaze—Washington.

The Portrait of an Elderly Lady

By Blanche Tarlin

Such a sweet old woman so gentle and kind,
A nobler soul you'll rarely find,
But age has made its mark and place,
By numerous wrinkles on the soft white face.

Her sky blue eyes, once bright and clear,
Grow a bit more dim, year by year;
Her once golden ringlets, a beautiful sight,
Still caressing her cheeks, are now snow white.

In a crinoline gown, what a picture she'd make,
Of all that stands for colonial state,
But in soft powder blue as she sits by the fire,
She is all that an artist's brush would desire.

An example of tenderness, beauty, and truth,
She was loved by young and old in her youth,
A beauty in character and in face,
This lovely old lady of pride and grace.

ART DEPARTMENT EXHIBITION

Through the courtesy of the Art Department, George André Snow is exhibiting a number of his artistic portraits consisting of interiors, exteriors, landscapes, and portraits.

LIBRARY LINES

The Brookline Scott celebration and exhibition left in its wake numerous letters commenting on the celebration and also three gifts from Scotland. Miss Ella R. Christie of Cowden Castle, Scotland, sent a letter telling of a comment on the Brookline celebration found in the *Scotsman* (Edinburgh). Along with the letter she sent an illustrated booklet on Scott and the celebration in Scotland. A biography of Scott by Professor Grierson is a gift from Oliver and Boyd in Edinburgh. The manager of the Old Waverley Hotel sent some illustrated pamphlets and blotters about the Inn In one of the booklets a list of the "tariffs" was given: "high" tea at 3 pence, "early morning" tea at 6 pence, and "five in the evening" at 2 shillings 6 pence.

Many questions have been asked about the college board shelf. This contains only the books to be used for English college boards. This shelf contains biography, poems, plays, novels and the various other types of literature. All students are invited to use these interesting books, and students will find it handy to have all these books in one place, instead of finding them scattered throughout the library. This shelf is in the conference room.

On the Teachers' Shelf are many new books that have been brought from the Main Library. Among those which are especially good are Lamb's *New Mabel,* Morley's *Ex Libris, Carissimis,* Russell's *Education and the Social Order,* and Snow's *Down East.*

The new books for the month in the High School Library:

Obscure Destinies—Catheo
Singing Seamen—Crew
New World Almanac
Picture Book of Animals—Lord
Mutiny on the Bounty—Nordhoff and Hall
Peter Ashley—Heyward—a novel of Civil War days in South Carolina
Inheritance—Bentley—novel of English life
All through the Year—Wynne—365 new poems for holidays and every day
Types and Times in the Essay—Taylor
England of Songs and Story—Curtis
Bealby, a holiday—H. G. Wells
Men like Gods—H. G. Wells
Gentleman from Indiana—Tarkington
The Bright Land—Fairbank
Diary of a Freshman—Flandran
Mayor of Castorbridge—Hardy
Evan Harrington—Meredith

* * * *

Mr. Snow is a graduate of the Class of 1926 of Brookline High School. He is at present working with Miss Dorothy Jarvis who is well known in Brookline for artistic work in Photography. Both Miss Jarvis and Mr. Snow are members of the Arts and Crafts Society of Boston.

THE BREATH OF 'THIRTY-FIVE

The colims of our adversaries are pretty smooth; so smooth in fact, we can hardly catch on.

* * *

Bill Fernandez is so dumb, he thinks a slip-(k)not is another name for a tire-chain!

Harold Glickman reminds us of geometry 'cause he walks in circles, has a square head, and takes up space.

Have you heard the new yeast and hops song?

You Ferment For Me

We try to make this colim "fency", so please, don't take "offence".

Bob Leslie is only a wise *owl,* but he doesn't give a *hoot* for the women.

The season hit number, with no *Severance* of art from life, was playing at the *Barnes* dance when the *Gardner* heard *Hender's son, John's-son, Wilkin's-son* and *Nicker's-son Cumming.*

Bart-lett them in, opening the *Woodlock* but shutting the door quickly.

The *Snow* and *Hale* caused *Paine,* even with a *Hatton.*

"I've brought a *Wil'-goose* along so we wouldn't have to *Robb* one from the *Roman Seaman*: said one "He'd probably say he *Saw-yer Horn* in on his *Stack* if he got a *Hann-on* us." We'll *Park-er* beside the *Hamm-ond* eggs, and the *Wheat-on* bread and *Potter.*

"We'll have a new *Deal* soon," said the host.

The members of the Library Staff, each with a friend, met in the library at two o'clock on February 14 for a Poetry Tea. As they entered, titles of well-known verses were pinned to the backs of their dresses and were not removed till the victims had discovered, from the amused hints of their neighbors, the identity of the poems.

When they were seated in semicircles about the visitors for the afternoon, a cheerful fire was lit in the fireplace. Miss Jones of the Domestic Science Department read several original verses published in a small and delightful collection which may be found in the library, and Miss Lewis of the English Department read poems which she has been clipping for years from newspapers and magazines, adding bits of information which made them doubly interesting. A few were by a B. H. S. graduate, and a copy of his new book also may be had for the asking at the desk.

While the amateur librarians played poetry games, the ballots for the favorite poem were counted; Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" led with 10 votes, Whittier's "Snowbound" and Longfellow's "Evangeline" tying with 3 each.

Refreshments of tea, crackers, cookies, peppermints and nuts were served before the party, which was acclaimed quite delightful by everyone, broke up.

The Sagamore

Published bi-weekly on Wednesday from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School. John Grandfield, Editor-in-Chief; Henry Urrows, Executive Editor; Norman Hunt, Managing Editor; Frank Taylor, Business Manager; Lawrence Daniels, Advertising Manager.

Editorial and Executive Offices in Room B1, office hours from 1:30 to 2:30 on all school days. All contributions must be in the hands of the assignment editor at least one week preceding publication date. For the convenience of the contributors copy may be brought or mailed to the Sagamore office, or deposited in the Sagamore box in the Library.

Subscription, one dollar a year.

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Vol. XXXIX March 8, 1933 No. 10

Are You A *Cheat?*

CHEAT! Doesn't that strike your very core with shame? Does it apply to you? Are you so yellow that you can't stand on your own two feet---and be secure? Can you be classed as a cheat?

Cheat! How far worse to me that word is than coward—for cheat includes cowardice, and weakness, falseness, dishonesty, and lowness. Oh, yes! we may try to call it something else. We may call it "joint studying" when each does just half the work. We may call it "only occasional" when Latin "comp" is left time after time to be copied from so and so's paper who is far too good natured in lending it; when French is left half-finished because such and such a paper is *so* reliable; when cribbing—far too elegant a word as Skippy Skinner would say, for such is carried on widely and successfully during an exam. But don't fool yourself. It's CHEATING.

Take a student who deliberately copies a theme or math problem. All for which these things are given him goes absolutely over his head. It's of no benefit to him at all and, if anything, weakening his character. Think of the influence on the character of a boy who although failing the course knows that he has done his best in comparison with that of the boy who passes the course with flying colors—yet in reality a failure. With no self respect a "feller's down and out." And lots of times, it affects the character of his classmates, toiling away—staying up late and rising in the wee hours of the morn saying "what's the use!" It means a lot to know that you're not the only one trying to play straight and fair.

Isn't some one's trust a big enough thing to strive for? When someone has trust in your honesty, it just builds something in you that you feel—well, that old popular song comes back to me, "I'm sitting on top of the world," and it's a world seen through rose-colored glasses, too!

Yes, it takes courage and self control. Yet what a thrill it gives to look back on your grades and know that they're *yours,* and be able to hold up your head, square your shoulders, and face the world.

Is Brookline High School going to be only fifty per cent square? A cheater only cheats himself! *Let's be true blue!*

Twelve More Weeks

Comrades—Consider:—

Just twelve more weeks until the end of school. This was Mr. Ringer's statement at the upper classmen assembly of February 15. There are just twelve more weeks in which to prove what is in us—to make good. In fine keeping, Dr. Leavitt, pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church, spoke on "Measurements".

How tall am I?

How do my measurements of bravery, strength, will power, adaptability compare with those of Lincoln and Washington?

How much taller am I than last year?

Take stock! It is a challenge. "Measure" up.

Remember

There is no more valuable subordinate than the man to whom you can give a piece of work and then forget it, in the confident expectation that the next time it is brought to your attention it will come in the form of a report that the thing has been done.

On the other hand, there is no greater nuisance to a man heavily burdened with the direction of affairs than the weak assistant who is continually trying to get his chief to do his work for him on the feeble plea that he thought the chief would like to decide this or that for himself. The man to whom an Executive is most grateful, the man for whom he will work hardest and value most, is the man who realizes and accepts responsibility willingly.

The State and Andover Meets

The person who had the idea that we are "smaller, of less weight and less courageous than the boys of other districts" was greatly mistaken. In spite of the poor showing of the football team, and the mediocre performance of the basket ball team, Brookline's athletes could not lose hope of victory. They were down but not out. Early in the season the track team's progress was greatly hindered by injury. Nevertheless Brookline succeeded in taking a second place in the Northeastern meet, in spite of injuries. At Andover the team turned in an extraordinary score of twenty-nine points. Their closest competitor received thirteen points. At the State Meet in the Boston Garden where nine records were either broken or tied Brookline's tracksters won the state title with a score of twenty-one points. By winning the two major meets the team has made new history. Spirit has been alive in sports since the beginning of the year, and now we are reaping its fruits.

GOLF

Brookline lacks but two teams to fill out her list of competitive sports. These are hockey and golf. There is not sufficient ice for hockey practice, but lack of practice grounds can no longer be given as a reason for not having a golf team. Brookline's new town course will have at least nine holes ready for use in the spring.

A Golf team will be of little expense as compared to other unremunerative sports at Brookline. With the exception of football none of our teams pay more than a fraction of their expense. A Golf team would comprise about ten men and the expenses of ten men are little, when compared with those of the football, baseball and basket ball squads. Many golf teams have to play at private courses, thus making the team an expensive item in the school's athletic budget. The new course will do away with this expense.

Golf is a minor sport; so is tennis. Both are individual competitive teams and if the school can support a tennis team why can't it support a sport which many of us consider better?

There are boys in this school, some who have not excelled in other lines of sport, who would form the nucleus of a good golf team. Settlement and Clyde Street boys have played golf ever since they were strong enough to swing a club. In no other school is there such a galaxy of stars as there is in this school at the present time. With these boys a practically invincible team could be formed.

Brookline has long been known as a town of great golfers and we are allowing the standards set by these golfers who have gone before us to fall from their high place. Foremost of all these is Francis Ouimet. He was just a boy when he won the National Championship from the old masters, Vardon and Ray. There were others who followed him, perhaps not as great, but all a credit to their home town. We want Brookline to keep her place in the sun so why not provide the incentive and competition that will help the boys.

There would be plenty of competition for a golf team. Such suburban towns as Winchester, Arlington and Newton have golf teams. We have taken two lickings from Newton this year and have given them one. We could even up our score by giving them a defeat in golf. Some of the boys who played football would in all probability be on the golf team and think of the way they would go out against Newton. With such a team, Newton wouldn't have a chance for success.

We want to get the backing of the student body in this movement, so if every one that is interested will do his bit we may have our golf team next spring.

THE STUDENTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
PRESENT

"The Ladies of the Jury"

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SCHOLARSHIP FUND
on Friday and Saturday Evening
APRIL 28 AND 29

B. H. S. Wins Two Major Meets

Left, Joe Enright, Brookline's star "600" runner; center, Alan Swartz who broke the high jump record at the State Meet, and won the high jump at the Andover Meet; right, Ralph and Tod Plotkin. Tod set a new record at Andover in the broad jump, and won the jump at the Garden. Ralph was second in both [illegible]. (Plotkin and Enright cuts courtesy of the Boston *Transcript.*)

WARTZ BREAKS MEET HIGH JUMP RECORD

(*Continued from page one*)

equal the record. Plotkin also placed hird in the hurdles. Alan Swartz, as sual, copped top honors in the high imp when he broke the record with a feet, 11 ¾ inches leap. On his rst try Swartz was well over the bar ut on the descent his arm toppled it ff. On his second try it looked as if he ad made it, but the quivering bar rolled ff while the crowd moaned and Swartz ved it reproachfully. The crowd was nse, all competition had come to a alt, and not a sound could be heard. wartz measured the distance with his e, danced toward it like a cat, to attempt his third and last try. With a ring like a tiger he leapt and exhibit g perfect form, cleared the bar with inch to spare while the crowd rose its feet and cheered a hero.

Those who watched the broad jump so witnessed Ralph Plotkin's finest leap the season when he sprang 9 feet, inches to place second. This jump is obably Ralph Plotkin's last standing oad jump for Brookline and he cer inly wound up in beautiful fashion.

Joe Enright romped away with second place in the "600" when he turned in the excellent time of 1 minute, 19 2/5 seconds. This event was the most exciting of the day, for twice during the proceedings the record was broken. The first record breaker was clocked in 1 minute, 18 2/5 seconds and then in Class B, along came a fellow to smash that record to pieces with a 1 minute 17 3/5 seconds performance.

The other three points came as a result of the speedy time of the relay quartet. The same team which represented B. H. S. in all the other interscholastic meets did the honors in the relay race with Newton. A Brookline-Newton relay race is always regarded as a thriller and it certainly didn't disappoint the Garden crowd. Johnson was off with the crack of the gun and grabbed the pole at the first corner with (good ol') Doug Sloane at his heels. Sloane threatened at one time but Johnson staved him off and as a result of Sloane's spent energy, he dropped back a couple of yards. Perkins took the baton maintaining that lead over Newton's No. 2 man. A very speedy Newtonite

(*Continued on page eight*)

GATHER 29 POINTS IN ANDOVER MEET

(*Continued from page one*)

Eddie Rae in the "1000" was the runner who was to provide the thrill of the day. Rae was in the first heat which, owing to a competitor's unfortunate fall, was to be run last. During the first four laps Rae stayed with the pack while Eddie Kozowyk of Medford raced out a good forty yards in front. In the fifth lap Eddie Rae stepped away and slowly closed the distance between himself and the rapidly tiring Kozowyk. In the sixth lap he drew up to Kozowyk and, with Fitzgerald of Newton right on his heels, stepped ahead. The crowd yelled to Rae as Fitzgerald drew up along side. Then with a start Rae leaped ahead and gamely fought off the aggressive Fitzgerald, finally coasting in a good three yards in the lead.

Outside of Rae's spectacular running, the relay race between Brookline and Newton was the most exciting. Johnson, Enright, Trainor, and Perkins ran in that order for B. H. S. against Sloane, Miller, Wilkes, and McLellan for the Orange and Black. When Johnson handed over a five-yard lead over Sloane to Joe Enright, a fourth part of the Johnson and Sloane "feud" was for the third time settled by a Johnson victory. Enright lengthened that lead to seven yards over Miller. The crowd screamed as "Pi" Trainor fought off the speedy Wilkes of Newton. Wilkes's persistency finally won out, however, and he sent McLellan out three yards ahead of "Red" Perkins, running anchor for Brookline.

The now frantic crowd saw a fighting Perkins strive to gain on McLellan, the "300" king. Newton won by a scant margin but the excellent time of 2 minutes, 24 3/5 seconds for the Garden City and 2 minutes, 26 seconds for the Wealthy Towners captured first and third places respectively from a field of twelve relays.

Ralph Plotkin boosted the Brookline score when he contributed a second place in the broad jump with the stupendous leap of 9 feet, 9 5/8 inches. Ralph, you know, has been hindered all season by an injury sustained in football this fall, but in spite of this he had enough gumption to go out there and leap almost ten feet.

(*Continued on page eight*)

"TWO CITIES"

More of Mr. Harbour's Adventures

Chapter two of "The Tale of Two Cities" as known to students of "College English" in Brookline High of junior grade or over, pictures graphically a stage-coach journey from London to Dover in the year 1775. Mr. Lorry, confidential clerk in Tellson's Bank of London, journeys by coach from London down to Dover, there takes the packet to Calais, and continues by coach to Paris, altogether a matter of two days' travel at least.

A fortnight ago, while I was making the same transit (in reverse order) in about seven hours, Mr. Lorry and his stage-coach were much in my mind. So also were my English classes of Brookline, with whom I have read Dickens's immortal tale year after year.

Of course, if I had made the passage in the approved 1933 fashion, it would have been by air-plane in something less than two hours. But I am not yet sufficiently "air-minded". If I had been, my tale would have been much bigger, too, an account of a swift, whirring surge into the air from the Le Bourget airport outside of Paris; a glimpse of northwestern France, laid out like a map far below; the crawling dark waves of the English channel; then the map of southeastern England, and the slanting drop to another level plain, the Croyden airport outside of London.

I really saw much more that was characteristic of France and of England in my sedate and old-fashioned journey of seven hours ["Too slow," say my young friends] by train and by steamer.

So let me take you with me to the old Gare du Nord of Paris on a January morning of pale, watery sunshine. There was a light shimmering of snow that had fallen during the night upon the city, gone already by mid-morning from the streets and sidewalks, lingering on the roofs and jutting copings and window-ledges of the old houses. Waiters, wearing white aprons, were poking it off the awnings of the sidewalk cafés, or sweeping it out of cold corners into the gutter.

Yes, the awnings were out, midwinter though it was, over the collections of chairs and little round tables in front of the cafés so dear to the Parisians. To protect the sidewalk sitters from snow or rain, instead of from sunshine, was their present purpose. And a curious feature, characteristic of Paris in midwinter—in front of the cafés are tall, whitish, metallic stoves [*brasereaux* they are called] with the gleam of coal fires showing through the open doors. These were to afford some measure of warmth (rather scanty, I should say) to those who cannot possibly forego their beloved custom of taking their warming coffee, or their noon apertif, or their afternoon coffee, on the sidewalks in view of all the passers-by.

And passers-by were thronging on this mid-winter morning, all hurrying with quick steps in the raw and frosty air: numbers of bearded gentlemen of great dignity that looked like judges, or counsellors of state, but were as apt as not to be business men or café proprietors; soldiers in sky-blue overcoats, officers with gold-braided caps; black-robed priests wearing wide shovel-hats, or a pair of nuns, their wide-flaring bonnets whiter than the snow; house wives, bareheaded, with black-knitted shawls over their shoulders; small boys, bare-kneed.

It is surprising how many people in France, Italy and Spain think it necessary in winter weather to keep their mouths covered with scarves, or shawls pulled up over them in winter weather. A woman will open a shop door, catch a whiff of the chill, wholesome air, and carefully muzzle up her mouth before dashing across the street on an errand—bareheaded.

At the end of the wide boulevards or down slanting side streets I caught glimpses of famous buildings, their outlines softened by the light mist; the pillared church of the Madeleine like a Greek temple; the great opera house surmounted by its crown of dull gold; Napoleon's column in the Place Vendome. I looked upon them with a twinge of regret in my heart as upon old and familiar friends to whom I must say farewell.

In the great bare, bleak and cold, Gare du Nord I boarded the rapide for Calais. The elderly friendly porter deposited my suit-cases on the rack of a second-class compartment (shut off from all view of the rest of the car), which soon became suffocatingly hot, when the door into the corridor was closed, and kept closed by my fellow-travellers, fearful of draughts and chills.

Soon after the chiming of noon we were gliding rapidly into the French countryside. I could see it but dimly through the broad windows of that soon were whited over with the steaming heat. There was a thin scum of snow upon the fields, on the tiled roofs of the houses, and along the borders of the canals and rivers lined with their military files of tall plane or poplar trees.

By three o'clock we were in Calais, and by four, after the inevitable rigmarole over passports and customs, upon the channel steamer, *City of Calais,* with the sound of English voices and the ruddy cheeks of English sailors and porters, welcome after long absence.

Looking out upon the lead-gray, heaving waters of the Channel, and into the dark clouds, dark as the advancing legions of Old Night ahead, I feared a rough crossing, for the passage is notoriously trying in a choppy sea.

But the boat's crossing was as calm as any between Rowe's Wharf and East Boston. By five o'clock we were moored at dock, under the heights of Dover, sparkling cheerfully with lights, and with the black length of Dover castle just visible on a summit above.

Then I mounted into the English train, much brighter and gayer than the French, with its carriages all open from end to end, more as in our own trains, but with the seats facing both ways, and with many individual seats, all upholstered in bright flowered cloth. The passengers, one and all, proved their English origin or English tradition, by ordering trays of tea served with thin-sliced toast, marmalade, and solid Britannic raisin-cake . . . No lumbering mailcoach of the old Dover Road this, with the passengers, wrapped in great cloaks or coats, jolted along the muddy roads in the darkness, but a brightly lighted, gaily colored travelling room with a score and more of passengers enjoying their tea at their ease as if in their own parlors, and all very comforting and charged with the sound of sleet beating against the windows as we rolled through the dark fields of Kent.

By seven o'clock the long lines of light, the broad highways leading into London, appeared. There vast extent of roofs, chimney pots, lighted windows, the train passing on a viaduct above them. And so finally the long line of cars slid under the great roofshed of the Victoria station.

Then the streets of London, glistening in the rain, viewed through the windows of a speeding taxi; fruit shops, restaurants, tobacco shops all very much more homely, more familiar, more as those of Boston than the similar places of Paris. The couchant lions of the Nelson monu-

(*Continued on page seven*)

BROOKLINE LOSES FINAL BASKET BALL GAME, 35-14

Firing rapidly on the large Newton floor, the Brookline basket ball team fell in defeat at the hands of the Newton aggregation.

The large lead piled up by the Newtonites was mainly due to the difference in the size of the Brookline and the Newton courts. The Brookline boys, unaccustomed to the large court offered at the Newton gym made it quite evident that Brookline needs a larger space to practice and to play on.

"Lefty" Cahill and "Fido" Burton were the main stars of the Brookline team both playing a magnificent game while Warren Fox and Eddie Rae gave a steady performance during the contest.

The Newton boys started the game by scoring seven points in rapid succession and held a comfortable lead throughout the contest. Unlike the previous encounter between the two teams, Warren Huston romped free and raised a tremendous havoc with the Brookline forces while his teammates Flagg and Mastroplai were also checking off numerous points for the Orange and Black. The Newton star, Palmer York was so well covered by Warren Fox that he was not able to score a solitary point.

The second team game proved more of a contest, ending with the close score of 14-13, Newton finally coming out on top. Mullins and Jim Sullivan proved themselves good material for next year's first team, by their great performance.

After the game the first team unanimously elected Foster Burton (commonly known as "Fido"), to captain the red and blue forces next season. "Fido", has consistently played a fine game and is usually the high scorer. With Coach Bemis and Foster Burton coaching and leading the team we can look forward to a fighting group a year from now.

SENIORS

ROGER BERNHARDT

In a recent interview with Roger Bernhardt, such facts were revealed that otherwise would have been concealed from Brookline High School students. Entering from Devotion School in '29, he started a successful four years' course. He has been active, in many fields, and his record in each is splendid.

In his freshman year, he was a member of the Glee Club, and a Four-Minute Speaker. He was a member of the French club both his sophomore and junior year, and treasurer of the German club in his junior year. In his sophomore year, he won Prize-Speaking, and the same year, took the leading part in the Dramatic production "Grumpy". Last year, he had the leading role in "Philippa Gets There".

His favorite sport is swimming, and he made his letter in that sport.

He was the managing editor in his sophomore year, and president in his sophomore year of the SAG, and editor-in-chief, his junior year. He was the High School correspondent for the *Brookline News,* last year, and correspondent for the *Chronicle* and *Scholastic News* this year.

He has been a marshal for three years. He was the treasurer of the class in his sophomore year, and president in his junior and senior years. He has been a member of the Teacher-Student Council for the last two years. He is president, this year, and also, Clerk of the Court of Justice.

In his junior year, he entered the Honorary Society, and is secretary-treasurer this year. He belongs to the Associated Body of Teacher-Student Councils of Massachusetts and is president for the year 1932-1933.

Next year, when he goes to Dartmouth to work for his A. B. degree, the school will miss his magnetic personality. Not only has he accomplished all he has set out to do, but he has done much for the school, and no matter where he goes, that school will always be better for having had him as a student.

THE SHADOW KNOWS

Time: 11:30—1 P. M. on a certain Saturday nite.

Place: Georgian.

Cleo Allen with Seymor Levin (not Brooklineite either).

Albert Sacks take notice.

Lewis Lappin with *that* girl lately rom Roxbury (I hope I have the right own).

* * * *

The three musk teers, Sherman Rose, Ralph Kay, and Burton Aronson (a column writer).

* * * *

Our shrinking violet John Stevens, *lone.* John I'm surprised at you.

* * * *

Hortense Natelson with ? ? ? , no, t wasn't Bob

* * * *

Irving Lewis, pardon, I mean Rupert *ans* Rowena Cohen.

* * * *

Someone dropped a plate; the resultant cheering made quite a few people eel as if they were in the B. H. S. Lunchroom.

* * * *

Two *Seniors* playing in the revolving loor.

A certain *girl* forgot her pocketbook; o the poor fellow with her had to pay he check.

* * * *

The Georgian supplies *highchairs* for petit Freshmen.

* * * *

Our own Lord Feffer.

* * * *

Warren Huston and Palmer York.

* * * *

"Vas you dere *Shadow?*"

P. S. I was and shall continue to be.

* * * * *

GEORGIAN NOTES

Among those present the other Saturday nite were:

Mr. Saul Brilliant and his young bride, Hazel;

Mr. Robert Grenier with his fiancée, Laura;

Mr. Seymore Leven and Cleo Allen—Sherman Rose was dying for an introduction—He went up after water six times—

Extra! Extra! Ethel and Mike have made up after the Great War!

It seems funny what happened to that medal Saturday nite. Alan—perhaps it's over in Roxbury.

* * * *

COURAGE

By ELINOR FISHER

Grandpa Dan told this to us:
"I've been in wars," said he;
"I've fought beneath the bullet's wail
On land and on the sea.
I've seen brave men go dropping down—
It took brave hearts to die!
I've seen the enemy bite the ground
With a helpless, hopeless sigh.
In Life I've seen and suffered much
But courage, let me say,
Is not the mighty things you do,
But how you face the day.
The task that's set before you
Must be done, and with a will,
You must not shirk your daily work,
But stick to it until—
You can face the old world squarely
And keep on smiling still.
It'll take a lot of trying,
But when it's conquered, done
You will have learned true courage
And can count the battle won."

"TWO CITIES"

(*Continued from page* six

ment in Trafalgar Square, the Admiralty Arch, the Mall, Piccadilly, and so through street after street and square after square to a little lodging house, where cheerful coal fires glowed on the hearths of dining-room and "lounge". English of the English it is, with tall windows reaching from floor nearly to ceiling opening upon little iron-railed balconies, the ceilings high, the mantlepieces of white marble.

The next morning I rose to find the city blanketed in one of its famous fogs, a "pea-soup" fog—and there *is* something faintly greenish about them. None of your white, vaporous ethereal mists this, but a solid, heavy, unyielding British fog which seemed rather a darkness of premature, unnatural night than fog at all.

At high noon the lights are burning in all the office windows; the great double-decked red busses have their headlights on, and move cautiously as do all the motor-cars. It is as if the city lay in a great cave, with low-vaulted gray roof, instead of having the high arch of heaven above. One forgets, in days such celestial objects as sun, moon or stars.

But there are, among other compensations, this, that the cheerfulness of the open sea—coal fires with which England combats the chill of its winters, is thereby enhanced. They are to be found in every sort of building, banks, shops, restaurants, gleaming and crackling cheerfully — unless they have been neglected, and so have sulked down into a heap of gray ashes.

What they lack in really cold-dispelling glow and warmth they more than atone for, by their cheerfulness and companionableness. I have found them compensation and comfort, moral as *well* as physical, for foggy streets, chill damp rain, cold halls and draughty stairways. The English people even attribute some of their stamina to them, as well as to their roast beef, and their out-of-door life. I am sure that I turn in to one on a chill foggy evening far more willingly than to a steam radiator sending out its hot-house atmosphere of a tropical jungle.

But if it ever came to a real choice between Boston or Brookline and its steam radiators, and London with its open coal fires can any of my high-school readers doubt which I should make mine?

The Drama of Life

By Sidney Kafka

Existence is but a play
A new scene every day
'Tis the drama of life:
Work, pleasure and also strife.

There are four main acts
Each dealing with interesting facts
You are the principal actor;
Dealing with each important factor.

Birth, then youth writes its page,
All too soon, appears old age
Reaching out his horrible hand
Death transforms our seeming forms to sand.

The dark curtain of death falls
The applause bursts through the halls
Switching off the footlight's bright array,
The world shall again seek play.

Vanished only the shadow of the man,
A trifle part of this infinite plan,
The evil and himself quickly forgot,
Remembered is only the good he brought.

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STATE MEET

(*Continued on page five*)

however filled the No. 3 man's shoes and after a battle, finally passed "Pi" Trainor. On the anchor leg Joe Enright set out after McLellan, twenty yards behind him, and ran one of the prettiest quarter miles seen this season. In spite of Enright's brilliant work, however, McLellan managed to keep the lead. Newton's time added 4½ points to their score and Brookline's 3.

Eddie Rae was kept out of the scoring in the "1000" by 2/5 of a second. As usual, he provided a tight race and brought the crowds screaming to their feet. The finish of this race looked like a dead heat with Fitzgerald of Newton and Rae in a tie. The judges, however, ruled that Fitzgerald was ahead by a nose.

The two sophomore members of the team, Leon Rogers and Lawrence Anderson were right up there in the hurdles and "600" respectively. Rogers jaunted over the timbers to place second in his heat while Anderson rushed in a good third in his "600" trial.

Charlie Gerstein and Phil Levine put up a good fight in the "300" as did Paul Bines and H. Hill in the shot put.

February 25, 1933, shall forever be remembered as an eventful day for Brookline High, for on that day the Red and Blue once again assumed the leadership over the Massachusetts State high schools and toppled Medford High off its throne.

ANDOVER MEET

(*Continued on page five*)

Charlie Gerstein in the "300", Leon Rogers in the hurdles, Lawrence Anderson in the "600", Bill Favorite in the "1000", Paul Bines and H. Hill in the shot put, Bob Schmidt in the broad jump, and Howie Lewenstein in the high jump deserve a good deal of credit for their valiant work and undying persistency in backing up the point winners with a formidable array of potential scorers.

FRAGMENTS FROM A FRESHMAN

ITEM ONE

Decipher this:

Monsieur nous-sommes schwartze fenetres sunt non ism. Washti sont des diebus ago.

ITEM TWO

A letter we received regarding our "Wonder who's."

"Little boys should not wonder so much. It is bad for the disposition."

ITEM THREE

Another letter:

You should call your column "Fragrance from a Freshman because it is so flowery."

ITEM FOUR

Fred Newcomb taking a college course desires to enter Parks College of the Air, to get a broader viewpoint.

ITEM FIVE

The band should adopt as its motto:
In unison we stand; divided we fall.

ITEM SIX

The reason for the lack of harmony on the band is that there is one sole girl on it, and a piccolo player at that.

ITEM SEVEN

Myrtle Nicols has made her confession of faith in Roger Bernhardt in this issue.

ITEM EIGHT

Overheard in Sag Room by me:

June Bradfield: "I want to make the assignment to Laurie Daniels."

ITEM NINE

I should advise you all to see "Ladies of the Jury" on April 28th and 29th when an event will take place . . . a good show will come to town.

ITEM TEN

It makes all the difference in the world whether you are considered an art critic or whether you consider yourself a critic.

ITEM ELEVEN

I was asked how people were able to read my writing . . . Sometimes I wonder if they read it at all.

ITEM TWELVE

The fact that art has been made a three letter word for the benefit of the unfortunate critics cannot be attributed to the W. C. T. U.

ITEM THIRTEEN

We have heard it said that George Washington never told a lie, but the question is, did *he* say it?

ITEM FOURTEEN

Tod Plotkin is the son of Plotkin Bros. Yes! both of them.

ITEM FIFTEEN

If the aforementioned Plotkin breaks a record, why shouldn't I break something.

ITEM SIXTEEN

I'm just shooting you this line
So's to pass away the time;
And now I'm gonna quit because I'm
through.

CHARLES HANN, '07 SPEAKS IN FLORIDA

(*Continued from page two*)

have ever had the pleasure of listening to, or reading before any of the committees in Congress in the past few years. He covered a number of points that were new to me and I feel sure were also new to the committee. They were points of vital interest and importance, regarding which I am sure you will be interested when you receive a copy of the hearing which will be just as soon as we can get the same after they are printed."

My congratulations and I hope the result will be commensurate with the effort and skill of the presentation.

With good wishes.

Yours faithfully,
[signed] JOHN ROSS DELAFIELD,
General.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 10 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 23, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

BROOKLINE TAKES SECOND AT BOWDOIN TRACK MEET

Johnson Gathers Eight Points

The happy warriors of Brookline High returned from the war path Sunday, March 12, with the second place scalp of the high school division of the Bowdoin Interscholastic Track and Field Meeting held in Brunswick, Maine, March 11, by amassing a total of 23½ points. The team was without the valuable services of Eddie Rae, star "1000" man, and perhaps with this performer they would have reduced the nine point margin between them and the victors, South Portland High.

Jimmy Johnson was high scorer for the Wealthy Town when he scampered off with the blue ribbon in the "300" by handing in the excellent time of 34 seconds and when he raced the 40-yard dash in five seconds to place second to Doug Sloane of Newton. Alan Swartz, as usual, took first place in the running high jump by clearing 5 feet, 9¾ inches to break the record. Butler of South Portland High had to break the record to beat Joe Enright in the "600" who turned in one of the most brilliant performances of his career.

Tod Plotkin, threatening throughout, captured third place honors in the 45-yard high hurdles from a field of very speedy timber toppers, Plotkin prefers the low hurdles but gamely fought on and surprised the crowd by copping third in the "highs". Tod Plotkin also tied for the second place berth in the high jump with a jumper from Cony High, Maine. Owing to the condition of the turf the bar was never at a really dizzy height except for Swartz's colossal leap.

Newton High, banking all their hopes on the relay team of Sloane, York, Wilkes, and McLellan as usual, raced the distance in record-breaking time and defeated the Brookline quartet of Perkins, Gerstein, Johnson, and Enright. The Brookline runners showed plenty of stamina and pluck in giving Newton such a fight and placing third in the complete event, since two of the boys had been busy running all morning and afternoon previous to this event.

Our track team and Coaches Hines and Wells we hope will settle down to a much earned rest after an indoor season of more than usual length and success before they commence to open up the outdoor season which shows promise of even greater success.

DEBATE FRATERNITIES AT RECENT ASSEMBLY

Resolved: that high school fraternities are detrimental to the well being of school life. This was the subject of the debate held during the assembly period of March 1, 1933. It was an excellent example of the fine work that the Debating Club has done this year under the supervision of Miss Hannon. The affirmative was ably handled by Eliot Silverman, June Bradfield and William Daley; the negative by John Williams, Janet Printz and Norman Hunt. The affirmative stated that (1) High School fraternities are detrimental to the well being of school life, (2) they divide loyalty, (3) they fail to promote a sense of responsibility, (4) methods of admission are disadvantageous. The negative argued that (1) High School fraternities are not detrimental to the well being of school life, (2) they do not divide loyalty, (3) they promote a sense of responsibility, (4) they are a necessary supplement to school life. This debate was a particularly fine piece of work by the speakers who reflected much credit on Miss Hannon. It was greatly appreciated and the audience eagerly await another chance to hear a following debate.

BROOKLINE SPLASHES TO FOURTH IN MEEHAN MEET

Richey, Wiggin Star

Terminating a fairly successful season, the swimming team garned seven points to place fourth in the Meehan Interscholastic Swimming Meet held at the Gardner High swimming pool last Saturday, March 11. Gardner High, the host, captured initial honors by amassing 25 points, while Pawtucket was second with 18, and Providence Central third with 10. For the past few years Gardner High has been dominating this meet, having succeeded B. H. S., who has been King of the Pool more years than all the other schools combined!

Bob Ritchie, Fred Wiggin, and Bill Murray were the main cogs in the Red and Blue machine. Ritchie accounted for two of Brookline's seven points when he amassed a percentage of 68.22 to place third in the diving event. Ritchie also captured a third place in the 100-yard free style when he was clocked in one minute, one second. Murray turned in a two minutes, 17 3/5 seconds performance in the 200-yard free style to cop second and so pressed Beaven of Pawtucket that he had to break the record to win. Fred Wiggin splashed to a close third in the 100-yard back stroke to boost the Brookline total.

In the 200-yard relay race a Brookline quartet, composed of Kilman, Wein, Murray, and Ritchie tied the Charlestown team for third place. In this event Gardner was first, with Pawtucket second.

Herby Wein threatened all day but was unfortunately kept out of the scoring. He managed to cop a first in his heat in the 50-yard freestyle and placed in the 100-yard freestyle heat as well. Kilman was another boy who put up a good fight in the 50-yard freestyle, as did Jason Silton in the back stroke.

This meet marks the close of the 1933 swimming season for B. H. S. in which such stars as Bob Richie, Fred Wiggin, Bill Murray, Roger Bernhardt, and

(*Continued on page eight*)

JUNIOR ENGLISH CLASS PRESENTS ASSEMBLY

One of the most unusual programs ever presented during an assembly period took place on Wednesday, March 8, under the supervision of Mrs. Henderson. A junior division conducted a typical English class. The object of the program was to show that literature is closely allied with poetry, music, dancing, and drama through the evpression of human emotions.

The chairman, George Rittenberg, proved himself fully capable of conducting the group. Several outstanding and interesting selections from classic music and dancing were presented. Priscilla and Margaret Dunis danced the "Highland Fling,"—Shirley Brandt, sang "Of all the Airts the Winds Do Blow"—Ada Hubbard played a beautiful selection on her violin-cello;—Richard Little, a member of the orchestra, substituted for Melvin Hurwitz in a trumpet solo, and Stanley Driscoll played on his violin the well-loved selection, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton".

Last but not least, Norman Hunt gave a striking book report of the drama entitled, "Cyrano de Bergerac". He depicted the characters of Cyrano extraordinarily well, and to the end held the undivided attention of the audience.

Others who took part in the program were: Elsie Hurwitz, Gladys Solomont, Richard Spears, Jordon Cohen, Edith Horn, Jeanette Gillerman, Margaret O'Donnell, Irene Eisenman, Rita Muldowney, Joseph Hartigan, Barbara Logan, Muriel Reimer, Anita Drucker, James Casey, Helene Epstein, David Fernandez, Ruth Klein, Ruth Koerner, Janet Printz.

B. H. S. SWIMMERS CONQUER M. I. T. FRESHMEN; 49-16

The freshman class representing M. I. T., in a swimming meet against Brookline, was decisively overwhelmed, 49 to 16. Brookline started off with two of their best dash men, Kilman and Wein, tying for first in that event. Third went to Gillette of M. I. T. Captain Fred Wiggin easily captured the 100-yard backstroke, with Jay Silton a good 5 feet ahead of Thompson (Tech), who finished third. The score, at the end of that event, was 16 to 2 in favor of Brookline. In the 200-yard freestyle Brookline also took first and second, Cotter crossing the finish line first, with Bill Murray inches behind him, leaving third place to Chapel (Tech).

The hundred yard breastroke was won by Smith (Tech), Roger Bernhardt was second and White (Tech), third. Bob Richey won the dive easily, leaving Wells of Tech and Woodlock of Brookline to finish in second and third respectively.

Bob Richey, the only double winner of the day also won the 100-yard swim easily, while two Tech men battled for second and third places.

Brookline then put on the finishing touch by winning in fine fashion the Medley and the regular relay. The final score: Brookline, 49; M. I. T., 16.

SCORES OF SWIMMING MEETS

Jan. 24	Pawtucket—35	Brookline—30
Feb. 2	Huntington—19	Brookline—35
Feb. 7	Pawtucket—39	Brookline—26
Feb. 28	Moses Brown—32	Brookline—33
Mar. 3	Brown Inter.	Brookline—6th
Mar. 7	M.I.T. Frosh—16	Brookline—19
Mar. 11	Meehan Meet	Brookline—4th

WINNERS OF ATHLETIC "B's"

In Track:

Captain Swartz, T. Plotkin, R. Plotkin, J. Enright, J. Johnson, E. Rae, Mgr. Boles.

In Swimming:

Captain F. Wiggin, R. Ritchie, Murray, H. Wein, R. Bernhardt, Cotter, Jr. Silton, H. Kaplan, Mgr. Mackey.

In Basket Ball:

Captain Gallagher, Fisher, Cahill, Rae, Freedman, Fox, Broadhurst, Burton, Mgr. Spears.

Dramatics

April 28, 29

OLD BOSTON

By R. R. Haskell

On the site of what is now the corner of Washington and State Streets, was built in 1657, the Olde Towne House We know that famous spot as the site of what we call the Old State House. but before that was to be built, many changes took place in the surrounding territory and its government.

Up to 1656 all meetings of the Council and the General Courts were held in the Old Meeting House, but many citizens of Boston did not think that adequate for the needs of the growing town. Although the town of Boston was growing rapidly it did not have enough money in its treasury to warrant the construction of a Town Hall; accordingly, a wealthy merchant, one Captain Robert Keane bequeathed the munificent sum of $1,500 to the community "for the construction of a Towne House of two and a half stories, with an open space beneath it to house an open market and merchants' exchange." This was soon constructed and Boston had its first Towne House. This edifice contained as well as the market, an armory for the Ancients, a combined library and meeting place for ministers, and two other rooms used alternately by the Governor and Council, The General Court, the Selectmen and other lesser Courts.

This building was supposed to be a miniature imitation of The London Exchange, dedicated to Queen Anne, which was on Cornhill. This first Town House also housed the Episcopal Church. It was because of this that Governor Andros had the Kings Chapel constructed, as he believed that the Kings Church should not meet in the same building that contained a market and Court Room.

This first Towne House served its many purposes until it was destroyed by fire in 1713. After this disaster a Second Town House was built on the same spot as the first, the walls of which endure to this day, as do the floors and roof constructed in 1747 after a second fire had devastated its chambers.

For a complete and concise history of this building, now called the Old State House, we need but regard a tablet at the foot of the stairway therein:

—Here the Child of Independence was Born—

—Here Washington received the tribute of an enfranchised people—

—Here was installed the Government of a new State—

—Here for ten years our Civic Rulers assembled—

—and here

By vote of the City Council of 1881 Have been Reconstructed, in their Original Form,

—The Council Chamber and Representatives Hall,—

—Hallowed by the Memories of the Revolution—

—May our Children Preserve the Sacred Trust—

At the present time the structure houses a collection of antiques gathered together by the Bostonian Society. The entire building is given over to this exhibit and the place is under the supervision of this organization.

I will endeavor to point out the most prominent parts of this historic landmark with its priceless treasures and memories. Opening from the hall of the first floor there are two rooms crammed with relics that would delight the heart of any collector or student of Colonial history. The larger room is devoted entirely to a marine museum. Ship models, ship figure heads, ship prints and nautical paraphenalia fill every available foot of floor and wall space. Some of the most prominent exhibits are perfect models of the Frigate Constitution, the U. S. F. Java, several sets of marine prints, and many carved and painted whales' teeth.

Across the hall in the other room there are bits of Lowestoft, curious old prints and odd bits which once belonged to men who helped to make our history. Prominent among these is a giant tankard of fine workmanship which was made by none other than Paul Revere for General Amassa Davis.

From the hall connecting these rooms arises a spiral staircase of unusual construction. On the second floor to the left of the stairway stands the Council Chamber where John Hancock was inaugurated first Governor of Massachusetts in 1780. The most notable piece in the room is a giant grandfather clock all of eight feet tall. It has a mahogany case surmounted by brass finials. Pillars frame the beautifully chased face and the elaborate spandrels. The name Gawen Brown is engraved across the face.

In a small room to the left, called the Curtis Guild room, is a magnificent cupboard of the typical New England Colonial type. It was taken from a house built in Vernon Place in 1689. Another striking piece is a beautifully carved walnut chair of the Restoration Period; its cane seat was stained and worn from usage to a deep rich brown of the same hue as the softly gleaming wood from which the chair was fashioned. Above the chair is a series of charcoal and oil studies of Boston of an older day.

Across from the council chamber is the Old Representatives' Hall. Case after case of relics of a bygone day fill the room. Prominent among these are two large punch bowls, one of which is said to have been used by Governor Hancock and Governor Washington at a dinner they attended in Boston during the days of the Revolution. The other has no legend attached to it, but it is a beautiful example of Crown Derby, and decorated with an Anglicized Japanese pattern. Another outstanding piece is a copper tea kettle made by the versatile Paul Revere for John Hancock. Many other exhibits of old china, pottery and prints fill the room to the delight of any antique collector.

One cannot help but be impressed by the thought of standing in the very same rooms where Adams, Hancock and Otis spoke, and looking through the very same windows from which Hutchinson and Oliver viewed the patriotic processions of Boston's first citizens, and the consideration of John Adams's phrase, "Here the Child of Independence was Born."

Sweeping Up the Corridors

Hold up a bit and get an earful of the latest wags and tags.

What's become of —— ——'s Brick Top B. F. who sat up 'til 12.30 to welcome in the New Year with her,—"Just call me Speed Hunt".

George looks as though his studies Ware him out (on some occasions anyway).

We have a Small idea Bud still remembers Helenka.

Joe Enwright takes to Hop(ping) as well as he does to running.

That Spring has been announced by a scattering of Whiffles, such as Bob —'s.

That Feffer found out he was sadly in need of someone to darn his sweat pants, at least so he remarked over his shoulder while running off one of his famous sprints.

That the bus driver goes out of his way to bring Millie to the front door. Do you blame him? We do!

That H. W. is running himself ragged in order to go past 2A at the end of each period. Maybe to pass out more dimes, who knows?

ANNUAL POEM

Have you ever seen a Chevy of Green
Wind happily away nearly every day,
Into the heart of Chestnut Hill and there
deposit Little Mill ?
If you have not, you've shure missed a
lot.
I'm all drained out now, be around
when I'm full up though.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Martha Hardy, '28, has been giving a fine performance in the play "Lulu Bett" which was presented at the Peabody Playhouse.

Miss Lourraine Sibley, '28, was married to James Stanley Jennison at the All Saints Church on Valentine's Day. Mrs. Jennison was a popular member of her class.

Miss Ruth Fauner, '29, and also a graduate of Miss Wheelock's School, has opened a Kindergarten in Brookline, and her sister Evelyn, '30, assists in the teaching.

R COLYUM

From the appearance of a certain fraternity dance during the vacation, you would think that there was a shortage of the fairer sex (?) in Brookline . . although there really are more damsels in B. H. S. than males . . .

* * * *

And by the way, don't forget about finals, they aren't so far away . . . not much more than three months . . .

* * * *

That idea brought up at the senior class meeting for a dinner and dance at a local hostelry, seems to meet with great favor with the majority of Seniors . . . the only one who seemed worried was a prominent razor blade receiver, who wanted to be sure if it would be O. K. to bring Laura (Roxbury).

* * * *

A very clever and humorous play was chosen this year for dramatics; just in case you didn't know, it is "Ladies of The Jury", the same one as Edna May Oliver played so successfully in the flickers . . .

* * * *

Miss Hannon and all those present at the first day's tryouts for dramatics got a great kick out of one of the would be Thespians' pronunciation of "table d'hote" . . .

* * * *

We've heard all kinds of pronunciations for that phrase but this one takes the cake—as near as we can put it on paper it sounded like this—tabley de hotey . . . I was quite sure I heard it right.

* * * *

Whose fraternity pin is so prominent in a former Roxbury graduation picture?

* * * *

The way Alan Swartz's track medals have matriculated to Roxbury, it's lucky he hasn't possession of the Andover Trophy.

* * * *

Did Marjorie Greenwood have a black eye th'other evening or was it just mascara? She nose . . .

* * * *

When Miss Pease asked Paul Jacobs what a crocus was he promptly retorted, "a little Krokyn of course".

* * * *

Oh, yes, I almost forgot, Dolly Scheffreen wants her name in this collum but she'll have to wait.

THUNDERSTORM

By G. B. Stern

It is unthinkable that you have not already made the acquaintance of G. B. Stern, but somehow I see in your eye that you have not. In that case, "Thunderstorm" breaks the ice very gently, and you will soon find that you are reading eagerly her other delightful stories, "The Matriarch", "The Slower Judas", "Back Seat" as excellent examples.

The treatment of her plot creates an unusual and amusing relationship between the characters and the reader. The first part is written from the viewpoint of Vanna, servant of "the Signori", or "the English"; the second from that of "the English" themselves, who are living in Italy—and what a startling difference.

Miss Stern has a cunning pen; she achieves her effects in a pleasing and unusual manner. The character development of Giovanna and Ettore, her husband, is priceless. She makes them so laughable, so lovable, so childish, so human! yet, even as you follow the tale through their eyes, the inevitable reactions of the Signori are readily imagined. Vanna is loyal, Vanna is honest, Vanna is conscientious; but Ettore—ah! what insufferable ego, what love of ceremony, what enviable capability, what endless source of amusement to the Signori! "I", says Ettore, "I . . . I . . . I . . . I saw to it, Signori . . . I brought about it through my most tactful words . . . " But there is just an ounce of unscrupulousness in Ettore which changes the drift of the story.

And then there are Captain Locke and Signora Elizabeth, the house-guests who play an important part in the deviations of the simple plot. There are, too, Sophia Locke, back in England, Ambrose Percival Radlett, senior member of Messrs. Radlett and Mostyn, publishers, Cyril Pinkerton, Elizabeth's fiancé, and ecco! that is all! Eight people, only enough for a modest dinner party; but what does happen to those eight people!

It is a sympathetic, well conceived and well-done story. I hate to spoil it by revealing to you the smallest vestige of plot; it is a story which lends you a feeling of complete contentment until you come to the fourth section. Agony awaits you at the fourth section, for that is the last, and while you read it hungrily there lurks in the back of your mind the certainty that this fascination must sometime, and soon, come to an end. How reluctantly you will leave it! You will turn the pages back to skim again through some choicest bit of Vanna's conversation, the lovely description of Theo, the Signora, upon the hilltop garden . . . You will linger . . . You will never, you *can* never, *enjoy* a book more, with that enjoyment which derives itself from the absorbing quality, the realism, the utter fascination of the writing of an author who will surely be immortal.

OMENS

One of the oldest of human instincts is fear. Man was cradled in a world of bewildering hostility and he saw danger lurking everywhere around him. Smouldering craters belched fire before his frightened gaze. The thunder crashed in terrific bolts above his head. The night sky winked at him with thousands of silver eyes. And man was afraid. In this primitive chaos his very shadow seemed a grim spectre that stalked by his side. The whole world was peopled with fiendish creatures of his own imagining.

For man felt long before he reasoned. The thunder sent him cowering to the farthest corner of the cave. The stars filled him with a vague unease. The gnarled twisted trees in the forest, and the grotesque sun-patterned shadows that they cast upon the ground terrified him. He could not explain them; he did not know what they were. But he felt weak, and powerless—and afraid.

Out of this fear came the germ called superstition. The germ grew and multiplied and spread. It eased the fear-stricken mind.

Thousands upon thousands of magic practices and superstitions have sprung up, all with the idea of warding off danger. Like a brand of fire these magic practices sent sparks in all directions, and the sparks were fanned into flame by fear and ignorance. Thus did superstition spread quickly. It was contagious as any infectious disease. Witch doctors, medicine men, magicians, sorcerers rode in upon the crest of the superstitious wave to begin their march across the ages.

These witches and wizards, medicine men and magicians made their appearance whenever the belief in magic prevailed. They were regarded with awe and fearful respect, and the general notion was that they were in direct communication with the spirit world. Therefore, it was believed that they could foretell the future or read the past; that they could prevent thunder-storms or invite rain in time of draught. Hence, the witch-doctor received gifts—the best that the tribe could procure. And as a consequence, everyone who was able to do so, posed as a witchdoctor.

Magic practices were divided into two definite kinds—black magic and white magic. The term "black magic" applied to all those practices which caused evil and harm, as, for instance, the age-old custom of burning a wooden image of an enemy for the purpose of causing his destruction. The practices termed "white magic" were intended to combat the influence of black magic, achieving good against evil.

Out of these early forms of magic grew many curious customs. In time of illness the medicine man applied his lips to the part that pained and "sucked out the evil". It is still a natural instinct to "kiss it and make it well".

There are many good luck omens: the lucky horseshoe, the four-leaf clover, casting a tooth over the shoulder. The origins of these and many others have been traced. The lucky horseshoe was found to resemble the good luck symbol found in Hindu temples. Some authorities on the subject believe that it bears good luck because it resembles a crescent moon and there are many other opinions. The four-leaf clover is believed to have been taken by Eve, upon her being ejected from Paradise. This bit of green from the garden of paradise came to be regarded as a good luck omen.

Likewise there are many bad luck omens: the unlucky number thirteen, the black cat, unlucky days and seasons, the broken mirror are a few of the common ones. The most popular explanation of the unlucky number thirteen is that there were thirteen persons at the last supper, Judas being frequently represented as the thirteenth guest. The Black cat is the traditional companion of the witches. Because of this old tradition, the black cat has become an omen of misfortune and ill luck, and a popular notion is that unhappiness will follow quickly in the wake of the black cat that crosses one's path. Also there is an ancient superstition that spirits are able to assume the forms of black animals, particularly black cats. An early belief concerning broken mirrors was that one saw the will of the gods in the mirror. To break it accidently, therefore, was interpreted as an effort on the part of the gods to prevent the person from seeing into the future. This was considered as a warning that the future held unpleasant things. Among highly superstitious people the breaking of the mirror came to be looked upon as a death omen.

These and many other kinds of superstitions go into the making of man. They seem very hard to believe to one who is not accustomed to them but they were very much needed, long ago to calm the ignorant

The cave man told them to his children, who, in turn, told them to their children, and so on up to our time. No one knows how long they will go on for there will always be people to whom these beliefs will always appeal.

ALUMNI NOTES

Manuel Sugerman is now attending Union College at Schenectady, N. Y. Recently he played the part of a Priest in the Mountebanks production of "Hamlet", Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, which was presented in the college theatre there.

Helene Dawson, '31, has been elected treasurer of the freshman class at Boston University's Sargent School of Physical Education.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Seniors vs. Freshmen

On Tuesday, March 7th, the girls' senior basket ball team defeated the freshmen in a game held at Lincoln School. The score was 18-12. Miss Haskell, coach for the senior team refereed the first half, and Miss Wheaton, coach for the freshman team, refereed the second half. Elinor Charleton, Mary Taylor and Mary Mulvihill displayed their skill by making the baskets for the senior team. The freshman team kept the seniors on their toes throughout the game by their splendid playing and showed themselves very promising for the future basket ball teams. The senior team was as follows:

R.F.—Mary Taylor
L.F.—Elinor Charleton, Mary Mulvihill
J.—Florence McPhee
S.C.—Mickey Metzler
R.G.—Priscilla Daley
L.G.—Grace Wicklund, Elinor Charleton.

The freshman team was as follows:

R.G.—Blanche Tarlin
L.G.—Dorothy Gaudy
J.—Rosalind Clemant
S.C.—Elinor Levy, Estelle Levy
R.G.—Sylvia Berenson
L.G.—Betty Webber

Juniors Defeat Sophomores 10-4

On Thursday, March 9, the Junior and Sophomore girls' basket ball teams clashed. With Miss Kelly as referee and Eleanore Charlton as umpire the game progressed rapidly and well.

In the first half, Betty Green's guarding and Janet Dubinsky's "side centering" attracted much notice.

In the second half which started out even—4-4, the Junior forwards, Edna Hibel and Evelyn Adler scored three baskets.

With only a second or so to play, Helen Mackey, sophomore right forward aimed for the basket. But as she had made a double-dribble before she shot, although the basket was good, it was discounted. Therefore the score remained 10-4 in favor of the Juniors.

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS

The regular meeting of the Four Minute Speakers was held March the 3rd at 1:30 in room 3. Miss Barnard presented the subject of Money Management, urging the group to emphasize especially the value and need of the Budget System. It is firmly backed by the National Credit Company. It will bring a sense of security to the American people and start the wheels of industry turning again. She stressed that, as Brookline High School Students, we should seize the opportunity of helping, not only ourselves, but our country, to Prosperity.

The Sagamore

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The New Staff

The last issue of the SAGAMORE inaugurated a new staff. Each year in February a new staff of editors takes up the task where their predecessors left off. This year the faculty advisers delayed in naming an editorial board in order to carefully select a group that will keep up the good work of this past year and whose aim will be to give the school a better paper. This, however, is impossible if the reader does not do his part. It is his paper and if he does not support it, it has outlived its purpose. But this is not true. More contributions than ever before have been coming into the SAGAMORE'S offices, and more students have shown interest in their paper. If you are one of those who are dissatisfied, remember that it is your paper and without your co-operation the editors can not make a success of it.

PICK IT UP

Did you ever notice when walking through the school grounds or buildings the numerous pieces of paper lying undisturbed, resting comfortably on the ground or floor? No one dares to touch them, until they are finally swept up. Must we admit that our breeding at home has been faulty, or is it a lackadaisical instinct to let the other fellow pick it up? There is no reason why any individual should throw anything on the school grounds or in the buildings. There are receptacles in convenient places for this purpose. But if, some thoughtless character is guilty of such a misdemeanor—show him something—PICK IT UP.

DEPRESSION

Rumblings. Lightning zig-zagging across a black sky. Crash! Crash! More thundering, and darting streaks of light. Torrents of rain with a whistling wind driving the downpour. A vivid flash, lights up a dark deserted street, which is empty but for a figure who huddles in the doorway of an old red-brick building. Over his head is a small roof. The rain surges in on three sides drenching him. At each clap of thunder he shivers, and moves closer to the cold damp wall. Streams of water rush beneath his feet carrying with it refuse.

Suddenly! there is a lull in the storm. A faint ray of sun pierces the moving clouds. The thunder becomes a muttering. A bird chirps, and sun light fills the earth. The figure leaves the corner, and the street crowds with people.

Night and Snow

By NORMAN HUNT

A spectral, wingéd caravan
In the sky,
Out of the sombre, frozen north,
Passes by.
Silently the great white steeds
Mount the crystal stairs of heaven
And gaze down from on high.
Boris drives a ghostly cart
Through the air;
And gathers stars in azure fields,
Here and there;
And sows them in the furrowed earth,
Although the stars are cold and white

ALUMNI NOTES

William Maltzman, '31, has been named to the team of Professor Whidden in the Harvard Mathematics tryouts for the West Point match.

* * * *

Natalie Croman is on the first group of the Dean's list at Radcliffe.

* * * *

Hodee Waldstein and Miriam Hurwitt, both '32, and Frances Richey, '30, are on the second group of the Dean's list at Radcliffe.

* * * *

Barbara Kiefer and Marion Myers placed in the Inter-class swimming meet at Smith. Miss Myers also won first honors in diving.

Where it is brown and bare.

* * * *

And now the earth turns ghostly white,
Pale with dread,
Sensing the blizzard's fierce approach,
When night shall spread
A heavy alabaster shroud
Over the lifeless corpse of Day—
When Day is dead.
So the storm rules a vast domain,
Hurling its might
Against the last defence of rock;
Its towering height
And awful depth engulfing all
In one mad, whirling maelstrom
Of tempestuous night.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOLF TALENT

To the Editor of the Sagamore:—

Regarding the item concerning golf that appeared in the March 8 issue of the SAGAMORE, the author mentioned Francis Ouimet, naturally, but he neglected to name some of Massachusett's best golfers, both pro and amateur.

Among these are Ray Ouimet, Wilfred Ouimet, Bill and Eddie McPhail, Joe Lynch, Frank and Tom Mahan, Joe and Tom Lally, and a P. G. here at B. H. S., Tom Fay, who recently was runner-up in a State caddie tournament: John and Tom Quinn, Jimmy Conroy, John and George Ford, Charlie Malloy, Timmy O'Leary, the McNamara brothers and of course Harold McGrail of B. H. S.

All these at one time or another attended Brookline High and all of them have at some time or another won a popular state or National golf title. They learned the rudiments of golf here in Brookline.

There is another crop of good golfers here in Brookline right now. Unfortunately Tom Fay and Tommy Quinn are ineligible because of graduation but there are others practically as good.

Teddy Quinn (a member of the Hole-in-One club) is a good consistent player who isn't in the habit of taking any one's divots. Then there are Joe Conaty and Ed Fisher. Both of these boys have also extracted money from the pockets of your correspondent. Harold McGrail is probably one of the smartest if not the best golfer of his age in the state. Jim Sutherland and Chris Larkin are consistent players who know how it feels to play in the seventies. Stanley Driscoll, our own maestro, can handle a driver as well as he handles that bow and fiddle.

In the freshman class there are some good par chasers who will be 'ripe' in another year. Among them are Frank Murphy and Joie Quinn. Young Murphy is the nephew of two popular pros and under their tutorship he has developed into a steady, resourceful player who has a style that reminds one of Francis Ouimet. Joe Quinn is small be he usually breaks ninety and for a kid of fifteen that is unusual.

Yes, prospects do look 'rosy' for the golf team of B. H. S. in 19333.

WILLIAM BURKE, '33.

OUR FAVORITE

By AARON LEVINE

Sleeping, a most favorable pastime and the oldest, was probably originated when God took Adam's rib and made woman; Adam was very surprised when he awoke, as anyone would be. Sleeping, then began to become necessary, then pleasing, at last, habitual. It's done in everything; football, swimming, even singing. To exaggerate, take the man who fell asleep singing "Aud Lang Syne" and woke up in "Springtime". Try sleeping in the middle of a jack-knife dive and wake doing a backward flip. Why not fall asleep during a center rush and awake with a flying tackle? Picture the boy who fell asleep in one class and arose in another.

There are many ways to sleep. A painter starts with a blue sky and when he awakes he finds it raining. The author commences with poetry and ends with "Red Riding Hood". A sculptor would probably sally out with Homer, awake with Lincoln, and start again with Einstein. Then, after a close examination, he might say, "There, I have the theory of evolution!"

People should not doze, while doing the following things: Juggling, shaving, acrobating, and tight-rope walking. If they did fall asleep during the before named raptures, well, your imagination tells the rest. But, the best way to sleep is in the night, if you don't mind being old-fashioned, with the windows open, and to think of all the foolish things that you've done that day. Then if you're bothered by coffee, ghosts, or other impedimenta, you had better follow up what the rest of the common horde are doing. That is, sleep *all* the time.

THE STUDENTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
PRESENT
"The Ladies of the Jury"
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SCHOLARSHIP FUND
on Friday and Saturday Evening
APRIL 28 AND 29

THE APPRECIATION OF ROBT. BROWNING'S WORKS

By Eliot Silverman

In considering Browning's poetical output we shall treat only three types of his work: lyrics, dramatic monologues, and the long dramatic poems.

A perusal of the lyrics of Browning will serve in many instances to refute the charge of his critics that he lacks felicity of expression and beauty of imagery. Let us examine, for instance, *Memorabilia.*

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again!
How strange it seems and new!

"I crossed a moor with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone.
Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle feather!
Well, I forget the rest."

The very first line of the poem presents an arresting figure, and at the same time, mirrors Browning's admiration for Shelley. The next two stanzas are certainly suggestive in their imagery. The last line is illustrative of his lightness of touch.

For beauty of expression let us consider *My Star*:

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it,
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

This poem has all the requisites of a good lyric: singability, simplicity, sincerity; it has in addition, beauty of imagery especially in:

"Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled."

The same qualities are to be found in many of the songs from *Pippa Passes,* notably:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

It has also been asserted that in his preoccupation with the philosophical problem, Browning has neglected the matter of rhythm. We shall cite two poems in particular which serve to answer that criticism. For the swing of marching men, for the swash buckling insolence of cavalier days few poems can outdo Browning's *Marching Along* and *Give a Rouse* commonly grouped under the title *Cavalier Tunes.* The chorus, especially, is distinguished for its marked rhythm:

"Marching along, fifty-score strong
Great hearted gentlemen singing this song."

As an example of the "galloping rythm" we quote briefly from *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

In these lines:

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirch galloped, we galloped all three;

* * * *

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

This is a notable illustration of tremendous speed of action under stress, of great excitement and physical endurance, all held in check and made potent by the steady, powerful beat of the rhythm.

Two dramatic monologues will serve to show Browning's skill in depicting psychological conflict. In *My Last Duchess* he gives us the picture of a cold-blooded Italian nobleman calmly reciting to the emissary of his second wife the manner in which he has put to death his first duchess, merely, because she failed sufficiently to appreciate the honor of bearing his "nine-hundred-years-old name". For suave villiany, for a certain reticence, for a superb egotism, the poem is difficult to equal. Perhaps no more fateful words were ever penned than "I gave commands; then all smiles stopped, together."

Andrea del Sarto is a moving portrayal of a potentially superb artist, already possessing consumate skill, but baffled in his desire to produce truly inspired work by the petty demands of a shallow, and mercenary wife. There is something profoundly tragic in Andrea's realization of the mental and spiritual limitations of Lucrezia when he says:

"But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And then the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind?
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
God and the glory! never care for gain
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnola!
Rafael is waiting: up to God all three!
I might have done it for you. So it seems:—
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?"

Of the longer poems one of Browning's earlier efforts is *Paracelsus.* The hero of the work is a mediaeval alchemist, astrologer, and surgeon. He treats the subject not so much as a man, but as a soul, and in doing so he is consistent in suggesting the conduct of the man by his analysis of the alchemist's feelings; by his portrayal of the struggle of Paracelsus against the superstition and the rigid conventions of his time. Here Browning lays down his favorite to attain the consummation of one's hopes lies ultimate success; only hold to an ideal—the reward is assured.

Of the qualities which characterize Browning's work, outstanding is his unending courage and optimism. To many persons his firm conviction that life is worth while, and his reasons for so thinking may be disquieting, but his unfailing consistency on this point makes his poetry robust and wholesome. The poet looks upon all the so called evils of our life as "machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent". Such powerfully and strenuously expressed disparagement of the languorous and respondent attitude of mind of so many persons must of necessity be founded upon a firm confidence in the divine plan of the universe.

As an expression of this faith we have in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* a most comprehensive philosophy of life. Briefly, God planned life as a whole; look not upon one limited portion of it and exclaim against it. If youth cries out impulsively at that world in which he, so restless and striving, cannot soon enough attain his dream, do no remonstrate. For these struggles are the outward expression of an inner searching after the divine truth and good. Rather he consoled at this endeavoring, this "doubt which low kinds exist without". This continual buffetting, this disconsolate adversity, and mocking failure is made to serve a higher purpose. When youth is ended, his experiences realized in the mature man, he will dwell in a faith and serenity that compensate for the Past. This peace must be attained through a lofty faith, and an unwavering adherence to the "Right and Good and Infinite"; not through a fawning conformity to vulgar opinion.

DYETSKI SELO

By Charles Maak

The horse jogged along slowly amid shouts of fur-clad drivers perched on top of their "droshkis". Our pace was necessitated by the road which was covered by ice which is characteristic of the inland towns of northern Russia in the winter.

While on the train from Leningrad to "Dyetski Selo", the "Childrens' Village", the whole group of Russian youths joined in song. When the train, after a twenty miles' trip, arrived in the village, and when my parents and I were alighting, they were still "going strong".

A few moments before our cab stopped, the horse ahead of us slipped and fell, accompanied by, no doubt, the scathing profanity of the driver. At the sight of a fairly warm place, my sagging spirits soon revived. Each of us armed with a receipt for the ten kopeck, or five cent fee, and cloth slippers, which covered our shoes, we proceeded with a guide.

Katherine's Palace (Katerinski Dvaretz), in which we were guided, was built by the notorious Katherine the Great. The main impressions which one received were those of size and beauty. The Amber Room may be taken as an example. It is about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Its four walls are entirely inlaid with amber, while the floor is of ebony inlaid with silver. The usual prominence of gold is here also. The Czar's private chapel should also be mentioned. This was a five room, the walls of which are painted in royal blue and decorated with gold. A balcony surrounds the room, and at regular intervals gold covered cherubs are to be seen. Whether the Russian people were justified in taking that radical step about fifteen years ago should be considered when one knows that the late Czar of the Russians had about one hundred palaces at his disposal.

From Katherine's Palace we visited various chapels, churches and monuments. At about five o'clock we retraced our route homeward, returning to the Hotel d'Europe in Leningrad at seven o'clock.

REMEMBER
THE
YEAR BOOK

LIBRARY LINES

During the vacation 60 new pictures were mounted for the High School Library by the librarians. There will be an exhibit of pictures on the Library bulletin board. These pictures may be borrowed from the library for any worthy purpose.

Many students are under the erroneous impression that the book jackets found on the bulletin boards are from books in the Main Library, but you will find that there is a book corresponding to the book jacket, in the High School Library.

Mr. Barnes has just returned from Washington, D. C., with some pictures of the inauguration of our new President. These pictures are found in one of the Washington newspapers.

As usual the library statistics must be included, so here they are.

Total circulation February — 1518 books—a gain of 312 over the same period in 1932.

Pamphlets circulated—214.

Pictures Circulated—546—93 more than the number circulated in February, 1932.

It might be interesting to know that almost as many books of poetry, essays, and other classes of literature were circulated as the number of fiction books.

The new books for the month are:

Forsythe Saga—Galsworthy.
Clayhanger—Bennett.
Crock of Gold—Stephens.
Cathedral—Walpole.
Pudd'nhead Wilson—Twain.
What Price Football—Wood.
 (A player's defense of the game.)
Sir Walter Scott—Buchan.
A Game of Golf—Ouimet.
 (A book of reminiscene.)
Self Cultivation in English—Palmer.
My Country—Stevenson.
 (Poems of history for young Americans.)
Ships in Harbour—Morton.
Immigrant Gifts to American Life—Eaton.
 (Some experiments in appreciation of the contributors of our foreign-born citizens to American Culture.)
The Trogan Women—Euripides.
 (Translated by Gilbert Murray.)
Odyssey of Homer—Translated by Lawrence of Arabia.
English Costume of the Eighteenth Century—Laver.
Tale of Troy—Masefield.
Tragic Era—Bowers.
 (The Revolution after Lincoln.)

In Memoriam

The SAGAMORE extends its sympathy to the relatives and friends of Oscar C. Gallagher, former superintendent of schools in Brookline, who died March 3 at Keene, N. H.

TECHNOCRATIC GOVERNMENT

By EMILE M. LEMBREE

A very popular question arising in the minds of many people is, "Who is going to run the government under Technocracy?" In two words that question can be answered and the answer is, "The People." How are the people to run the government? The answer is simple enough.

The Technocrats plan to merge the competing units in each industry. The resulting groups of great corporations would each control a basic industry. This system is now forbidden because such a monopolistic control of life's essentials would make the controlling corporation more powerful than the government. A corporation under the capitalistic system is formed to make money for a body of individuals known as owners or stockholders. In Technocracy the people living in the territory supplied by the corporation would be the stockholders. The Corporation would be the Government. The people, being stockholders of the Corporation would therefore be controlling the government.

It is a popular belief that the engineers would be at the head of Technocracy and that Common man would not get the chance to advance in position and power. The engineers will exist solely for the help of the people. Everyone will have the opportunity to become an engineer if he so wishes, because all who want to study will be permitted college training. Everyone will work only sixteen hours out of each week. The balance of the time can be devoted to study in any line, and therefore anyone wishing to advance in position, rank, and society will have every encouragement.

How would the executives be chosen? Each would be chosen as in big business, for fitness in his field. In the political state, a man is chosen for qualities other than efficiency. In Technocracy therefore, officials would be those who were best suited for the position, not those who had had the most luck in their campaigns.

In a Technocracy therefore, all governmental institutions that are not strictly necessary for the welfare of the people would be eliminated. The aim of the government would be to keep everything running in order to keep supply equal to demand, and to satisfy the people.

I quote Harold Loeb's statement defining the object of Technocracy, which will also be the object of technocratic government:

"The object of Technocracy is to satisfy fully the material needs of each member of the community at a minimum expense of human effort and thus to remove that preoccupation with economic security which has always weighed the soul of man except on a few tropical islands."

THE JUNGLE

By CHARLES OSGOOD

Day is dawning over the limitless expanse of slumbering jungle. A mighty river flows through the silence as deep and impenetrable as the hushed wilderness of interlocking giants that line this titanic river's banks. At the first faint glow of light from the eastern sky, there is an answering quiver of life from this maze of close-packed jungle. The harsh cries of brilliant-plumaged parrots and macaws sound under the rapidly paling sky. With a rush of intermingled noises, the jungle wakes into life. The teeming multitudes of forest dwellers are rushing here and there about their tasks, and now and then the crashes of breaking branches heralds the approach of some one of great lumbering mammals. The shelving banks of the river slope down to meet the surface; a timid deer warily approaches the water, tense and fearful, like a spring, coiled and ready to loosen. She dips her head and eagerly drinks the refreshing water. Suddenly, her head jerks upward; standing for a minute, poised like a statue, she is off like a flash for the safety of the trees. After a scarcely noticeable shake of a low bush, there glides into the open a huge leopard, which, after a few hasty gulps of water, turns and disappears into the jungle as noiselessly as he came.

Now the sun is midway in its journey across the heavens, and the hot, fetid smell of the sweating jungle rises above the trees. Yet, below the interwoven branches, the river flows, still in semi-darkness except for the dancing, golden splashes of light that play upon its surface. The jungle denizens are having their "siesta", and it is almost as quiet as at night. The only sound is that of the soft murmuring current of the dark river that seems to carry in its watery soul the forebodings and yearnings of one who has seen these magnificent sights of the deep forest.

The Serpent

By AARON LEVINE

The sun's hot rays beat down
Upon a sea of green,
And the blue sky blends with the tide;
While far away
A bit of land rises from the deep.
Blurred into the heavens;
A faint darkness grows larger,
And the peaceful expanse is troubled.
Crash!
The sudden peal has roused
The demon serpent of the waters.
Overhead, at this signal,
A last gull wings frantically
To harbor among the rocks
Upon the distant shore.
The sun's burning glory
Has disappeared among the clouds,
And with a clash and roar
The skies are opened;
Rain
Blasts the one-still sea.
Wind and wave shriek aloud,
While land and ocean and blue
Are thrown together—chaos.
Then, with a last clap,
The serpent returns to his lair
The waters droop,
And from the clouds
The sun emerges in all its blaze,
And the skies grow bright,
The bit of land
Comes up from the deep;
All is bathed in gold.
Except for the faint cry of a gull,
It is quiet again.

FRAGMENTS FROM A FRESHMAN

ITEM ONE

It has been said of a politician that he was too crooked to sleep in a roundhouse; there are some who are too straight, they must have walked the straight and narrow to reach their goal. Correct, please, we mean gaol.

ITEM TWO

When is a door not a door? When it a-jar? No. When it is a negress. In egress). This is not so bad if you say it fast.

ITEM THREE

N— H— pronounces "poetry" as if it were spelled "portray". WE suppose that when Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" he was a-port.

ITEM FOUR

We hear that Eliot Silverman is an exponent of Plato but exponents may be of a minus quantity.

ITEM FIVE

According to a well known column writer, scarlet, when it goes hand in hand with black and white, is popularly read. (red).

ITEM SIX

A printer says that a piker is one-sixth of an inch.

ITEM SEVEN

I have been requested to give myself up to the authorities. Who can tell?

ITEM EIGHT

W— W—'s epitaph should be: here lies W— W— in the dirt he loved so well.

ITEM NINE

The epitaph for the editor of a certain Ladies' magazine should be: excuse my dust. Quite a neat one.

ITEM TEN

Donald Graham essayed to write an essay. We assay its face value to be questionable.

ITEM ELEVEN

There is but one thing worse than to speak ill of the dead; and that is to speak ill of a customer.

ITEM TWELVE

Every time "Hotcha" Hines passes that "Nickles" gal he says to himself, "I think I need a little change."

ITEM THIRTEEN

A column is just a bunch of censored wise-cracks.

HE BREATH OF THIRTY-FIVE

Halitosis-Proof

We have discovered that the basket-
all team has the "hooping" cough and
at a third person has joined the chess
ub.

* * *

For want of a good joke we supply
e name of "Little Gulf Stream, Jr."
nore commonly known to you as Janet
essie Dubinsky.)

* * *

Although Morton Freed is never
nist" in school, he is always in a fog.

* * *

An interesting scene took place last
eek in the gymnasium. Mr. Bemis
led out, "Somebody take those horses
t." And three or four eager lads
mediately bore Solomon out.

* * *

The Mathematics Classes have a new
er now. It is "Three spheres for
ometry!"

* * *

Bob Malone reminds us of a bear,
always taking "honey" somewhere.
ll, Bob, who is it this time?

* * *

n extract from a Binet-Simon intel-
nce test:

My neighbor has been having strange
ors. First a doctor, then a lawyer,
then a minister; what do you think
transpired there?"

hese are some of the answers which
given:

A four handed card game.

Coming to see a caged monkey.

The doctor and lawyer to collect
bills, and the minister was hired
e others to talk him into payment.

CHESS CLUB

e Chess Club has been having regu-
eetings in room 122, one of the
ity rooms" on the floor with the
ematic's department. There are a
er of ardent Chess enthusiasts
anytime to join in a game with be-
rs or advanced players. Many of
etter players would be willing to
the rudiments of the art of chess.
want to learn how to play or else
r a chess set, see the president,
d Bernstein before school and he
nake arrangements.

MEEHAN MEET

(continued from page one)

Wein were the stars. To those
n the B. H. S. team who devoted
ime and effort, and to their worthy
John Couts, as well as their
er, George Mackey, the SAGAMORE
the appreciation of the School

THE BEACH

By MYRTLE NICCOLLS

As I sit before the fire, some howling winds blowing wildly around the house, my mind wanders, and once when I had thrown down my book, and was nodding sleepily before the fire, I thought . . .

Swish—sh—sh! The tiny laps of the water, the bark of a dog, the crow of a rooster. All welcome the lazy sun that rises above the little hill on which the church stands. The rosy threads color the steeple, and its spire stands against a pink curtain that, like changeable silk, yellows and then fades into a soft tourquoise blue.

A slight breeze blows the peach trees, the tangled undergrass, and stirs the scrubby pines, that stand on high sand dunes; guardians of their yellow fort. It blows the tiny fisher's schooner that had glided silently out the bay, and it laughs at the big sails of the boat that carries an old Cap'n and his crew who are gone for a long trip through the tropical seas.

Down the macadam road comes Wixon's Ice Cart, the ice rattling and banging as it melts on the hard surface of the wagon. A fruit man, drawing up in a tiny dirt driveway, cries in a foreign voice, "Strawberries". His cry brings a crowd of children who gather around him, clamoring for just a taste. Their browned faces are filled with laughter and sunshine, and their hands are wet with the salty water.

As the morning wears on the sun beats mercilessly on the broad beach and the sand seems golder with the sun's light. The cove where the ships were, basks lazily in the Monday heat. Behind the shacks that house the boats, is a hill covered with roses, and summer flowers. A brown house sits, as though content, on a knoll beside the garden, its shutters open, and the curtains swaying in the breeze. The house itself is stained by rains and winds but this only makes it more delightful. It's a house that can be lived in! The picket fence around it is so small that one it not shut out, but can unlock the small gate, and walk up the stone path to an open door, through which comes the scent of gathered flowers, and of fresh wood, that has been collected before the storms come to blow and knock at its daintiness.

At noon the peddler's cart rests beneath a pine, and the peddler climbs out. with a basket in his hand. He feeds the dog that plays at his feet, and tosses a crumb to a squirrel who peeps from a branch, his voice scolding. Then the man lies on the sand, his swarthy face shaded by a torn felt hat, and watches the gulls as they rise above the blue now dipping, now rising, soaring to the heights, only to dine again, and with a scream, pick up a silver fish and carry it away. The peddler is sleepy; he yawns. And then pulls the hat over his face, and drowsily nods.

After the noon hour's quiet, the afternoon's breezes refresh and awake the sleepy village. Shades are drawn in the houses that face west, and people wander in shady nooks of the tiny garden that is by by each house. The beach becomes alive with boys and girls, who dash into the water, to be cooled by the white foam that covers each green wave. The gulls soar high above mocking the children with screams. Occasionally there rides on the horizon, a sail boat, tossing, now seen, then hidden behind the incoming tide. A motor boat plows the way through the water, brushing it aside. As the afternoon wanes, the sands become cooler, and the trees blow, and the green grasses bow and bend as though in some tropical dance.

In the evening, lights glimmer on the water, and the small schooner comes home to rest. The sleepy little village closes its eyes, early. From the water, one can see the lights flicker, and then like a candle, they are snuffed out. Only the swish—sh—sh of the waves breaks the stillness. The world is asleep. A whole day of life has passed.

RED CROSS

The Red Cross organization of this school is starting a drive for glasses or the frames of glasses, needed by many poor children. Glasses for adults will be gladly accepted, but children's are preferred. We urge you to do all you can to help those who are so unfortunate. Bring in the frames at any time to room 38.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, No. 11 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 6, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR OUTDOOR TRACK TEAM

Indoor Stars Compose Squad

A veteran and powerful Brookline outdoor track squad will soon take to the cinders and with these same boys who brought the Andover and State Meet trophies back to Brookline, Coaches Hines and Wells expect to develop a team as strong as represented Brookline in the indoor season. The point winners are there "en masse," including Captain Alan Swartz, Tod Plotkin, Joe Enright, Jimmy Johnson, Ralph Plotkin, Eddie Rae, Red Perkins, and "Pie" Trainor.

Besides these worthies there is a galaxy of potential point earners, including Charlie Gerstein, Leon Rogers, Bob Grenier, "Chuck" Polina, Phil Levine, Bill Favorite, Lawrence Anderson, Bert Litman, Howie Lewenstein, Bob Schmidt, Paul Bines, Harlem Hill, and others.

Although the schedule is not yet complete, the Arlington meet will usher in the season on April 29. The Newton meet will probably follow on May 3. These two meets have already been decided by Brookline victories in the indoor season and will probably end that way in the outdoor season too. Arlington was a tough nut to crack but Newton was handily trounced.

It is still undetermined whether Brockton will be on the schedule or not but the chances are in favor of their being there. If this meet is arranged it will probably fall on May 23.

Brookline will enter the Worcester Inter-scholastics this spring and will probably win it. Last year they did not enter it although they had won it the two previous years. Again Brookline is pointing for the Harvard Interscholastics at the Stadium, the objective meet of the season, and the coaches expect to bring around the boys to their peak when this date rolls around.

The Fitchburg relay carnival will in all probability include a Brookline entry as the Red and Blue is capable of putting one of the fastest quartets of the state on the cinders.

Figuring out the points man-by-man we don't see how we can possibly lose a meet unless we are handicapped by injury. Alan Swartz, N. E. A. A. U. and State Champion, is a certain winner in the high jump and a probable winner in the shot put. Tod Plotkin, another State Champion, will take second, if not first in any timber-topping affair and also shapes up as a formidable high jumper and broad jumper. Jimmy Johnson of dash and "300" fame will undoubtedly lead the field in the century

Continued on Page Eight

MANY SCHOOLS ARE PRESENT AT LIBRARY CLUB MEETING

On the stormy afternoon of Tuesday, March 21, a very successful meeting of the library clubs of Boston and vicinity was held in the Girls' League Room.

Mrs. Siebens opened the meeting with a word of greeting after which she turned the meeting over to Grace Caughlan, President of the Club.

We had a short musical program including a piano duet by Janet and Rita Smith, a group of songs by Shirley Brant accompanied by Erma Brant and violin solos by Stanley Driscoll accompanied by Evelyn Burns.

Mr. Ringer, Miss Sawyer and Mr. Caverly gave us a few words of welcome and appreciation of libraries in general and of the service rendered by the girls.

We had reports from the following high schools by the young people: John W. Weeks Junior High, Newton; Frank A. Day, Newton; Junior and Senior High, Needham; Senior and South Junior High, Waltham; Dorchester High for Girls; Girls' High, Quincy; Jamaica Plain High; English High, Somerville. The report of Brookline High School club was read by Rita Smith, secretary.

The guests were afterwards invited to the Faculty Parlor for refreshments and a social hour, after which the girls of B. H. S. library staff took the guests to the school library and to other parts of the building.

The object of this meeting was to gain acquaintance with one another and with the work of the other clubs.

PRESENT GOLD SHOES TO TRACK WINNERS

To honor, and to show its appreciation of the brilliant work of the letter-men, and the point scorers in the Andover and State meets, the Brookline High School Athletic Association has voted to award gold track shoes to the following mentioned track men.

Every one of the boys has worked hard all year, garnering points for Brookline, and they surely deserve this recognition. To win the two dual encounters, and the Andover and State meet, is a feat worthy of great praise.

Those receiving the awards are Captain Allan Swartz, Joe Enright, Eddie Rae, Tod Plotkin, Ralph Plotkin, Jimmy Johnson, Irving Perkins, Pie Traynor, and Manager Boles.

Let's hope that the Athletic Association will be able to present such awards again next year.

HUNT, SILVERMAN, DIMOND IN CAMB. LATIN DEBATE

Eliot Silverman, Leigh Dimond, and Norman Hunt are the participants on the affirmative side, in a debate, between Brookline and Cambridge Latin, to be held at the Brookline High School auditorium, Friday evening, April seventh, at eight o'clock. The subject which will be discussed is: Resolved that the United States should agree to an immediate cancellation of all war debts. Admission will be by tickets only which can be obtained, without charge, from Miss Hannon. This is the first time in many years that Brookline High has debated with an outside school, and it is to be hoped that this will be a start towards the regaining of her former fame in this activity.

TENNIS SEASON OPENS MAY 3 WITH REVFRE

Although the graduation of Bob Hall, Abbot Rosenberg, and Buster Gutman has riddled the team, there are many veterans in the squad beside the captain and lone letter man, Billy Lebowitch, who show great promise of building a stronger and better tennis team than last year.

Among these veterans are Frank Taylor, Paul Silbert, Lou Lappan, Bill Ithman, and Bennie Ulin; These boys will form the nucleus of the squad and will probably be joined by a few successful aspirants of the tennis tournament. Coach Barnes is going to conduct his tournament this year during the vacation of April 19 at the Dean Road courts as usual. All applicants should see Mgr. Hirschberg if they wish to participate.

Last year's team enjoyed a fairly good season, that is victories in about half the games. This year, however, Coach Barnes entertains greater hopes for his protegés and after looking over the applicants we thoroughly agree with him.

Much to the delight of the tennis squad and the school, the manager has arranged a rather lengthy schedule for the '33 season. The two most difficult opponents on the schedule are, as usual, Boston Latin and Newton High. Last year we met defeat at the hands of these two teams but this year we expect to give them a licking. The fans will have an opportunity to view every game as they are all to be played at Brookline.

The initial meet will be with Revere High on May 3. We should defeat Revere as we did last year. Winchester, after a year's lapse, visits on May 5. From then on until May 31, the team will be very busy meeting all of last year's opponents plus a few more.

Continued on Page Eight

"LADIES OF THE JURY" IN PREPARATION FOR PRESENTATION

FINE CAST EXPECTS TO MAKE PLAY A SUCCESS

The play *The Ladies of the Jury* which is the "'33" presentation of the annual student dramatics held for the benefit of the B. H. S scholarship fund, will be given in the new Roberts Auditorium, Friday and Saturday, April 28, 29. Under the excellent coaching of Miss Hannon and Mr. Hammond combined with the expert advice of Mr. Downing, faculty adviser to the business staff, success is assured if students will uphold the play as they have in some former years.

Mr. Downing stated that he hoped to clear one thousand dollars or more this year. The faculty have already given their loyal support by buying their tickets earlier than usual.

The assemblies occurring on April 5 and 12 are reserved for a short prevue and talk on the play. The home room representative force has been selected and held its first meeting in room 320 on Wednesday, March 29th.

The winners of the J. Murray Kay contest make up part of an unusually excellent cast.

Mrs. Crane	Martha Turner
Lily Pratt	Margaret Bennett
Mayme	Hazel Armitage
Cynthia	Cauman
Mrs. Dace	Rachel Mcknight
Mrs. Maguire	Betty Murry
Mrs. Gordon	Faith Holden
Evelyn	Edith Levine
Susanne	Norma Greene
Reporter	Janet Printz
Jay Pressley	Donald Graham
S. Dazey	Leigh Dimond
Tony	Myron Cohen
Alonzo	Hanley Norrins
Steve	George Hawley
McKaig	Stanley Driscoll
Dale	James Hines
Judge Fish	Eliot Silverman

(Continued on page five)

NEWSPAPER PROJECT OF EVENING PRINTING CLASS

The English and Printing Departments of the Brookline Evening Schools have been publishing a monthly paper, *The Evening Star*. *The Star* is an eight-page publication about the size of the SAGAMORE. An interesting feature of the paper is that it is composed of "hand-set" type set by the printers in the evening classes.

A MYSTERY OF MARRAHESH

A Letter From Mr. Harbour

It is the strangest city that ever I laid eyes on, this Marrahesh, the city that gave its name to Morocco, whose southern capital it is. It stands, or rather, spreads crumbling, surrounded by a red-brown ruinous wall, in the midst of a great oasis of palm trees. All about are desolate plains and barren dunes, extending to the great, snow-crowned barrier wall of the Atlas Mountains that bar the way to the vast reaches of the Sahara beyond.

The very titles of the city breathe something strange and outlandish. "Marrahesh the Red" it is called, "The Gateway of the Desert" and "Marrahesh the Mysterious".

And mysterious indeed it was to me, a strayed American high school teacher who had somehow become misplaced in a setting for one of the tales of the Arabian nights. There was mystery in its labyrinths of narrow streets, hardly wider than our broader sidewalks, more intricate and involved than the strands of a spider's web. There was mystery as to what the grave and bearded merchants were talking about to their neighbors across the street, six feet away, as they sat in their little packing-box shops. There was mystery as to what was concealed behind the ramshackle old barred doors at the back of obscure and squalid alley ways and passages—doorways of palaces of cadis or emirs of rich and luxurious magnificence within, as I was told. And the richer the emir the more tumbledown and rickety his doorway was apt to be—an inherited tradition of the days when the great and rich sought to disguise and hide their palaces from the eyes of invading raiders. There was mystery in the sounds that came from behind the screened gateways of the windowless mosques, or the hidden away gathering places of the religious confraternities—the beating upon Arab drums, the fierce, incessant shrilling of pipes, and unseen instruments that sounded like bagpipes. Were these for religious dances and gyrations, laments for the glories of the past before the conquering Frenchmen came, or were they incitements to future vengeance?

But singularly enough, there was one very minor mystery, an almost trifling and comic one, that piqued my curiosity more than any of the others. Hours I spent, engaged in trying to understand, to unriddle it, but had to come away leaving it unsolved.

Outside the city walls, between two of the arched entrance gates, there is a great level open place or square, as long as the playground before the high school, and twice as wide. The side of this open space across from the city walls is lined with the modern buildings of the new French town that has sprung up within the past ten years on the outskirts of the old Moorish city that was venerable when Columbus discovered America.

My hotel window looked out upon this place that from morning to midnight was swarming with humanity. It was as if I had a box-seat at a circus.

All about the inner edges of this square, ranged along the city walls were little huts or booths of merchants, their wares laid out on rough counters, or more often, on the ground; sellers of dates, cured or uncured, the latter of a brilliant, golden yellow; sellers of fried fish; sellers of pomegranates; sellers of daggers; sellers of spices. Here were the strangest apothecaries in the world, black, and more than half naked, sitting cross-legged before a display of bird-feathers, of skeletons of small animals, of different-colored clays and pebbles, and dried skins and fruits, and objects, and materials that defied any classifying. The patient would squat before the pharmacist-doctor, rub the spot on his body nearest to where the pain was, talking voluably, then would rise and depart, relieved, with the assortment of sand, pebbles, stones, or feathers that the Moroccan druggist decided was best for him. Another mystery—both to pharmacist and patient, I used to think.

Sometimes a train of camels would pass in single file between these merchants and the city walls, bearing mysterious burdens to mysterious destinations.

But more fascinating than any of the merchants or doctor-pharmacists, were the entertainers, the purveyors of amusement or instruction, each surrounded by his circle of admiring or merely time-killing spectators. By mid-afternoon fully a score of these rings had formed. There were four or five circles (and these among the largest of all), about snake-charmers, turbaned and bearded, luring hooded cobras from jars or bottles, surrounded by an assortment of other serpents, wriggling about on the sand. With these serpents the charmers enacted dramas, threatening them, abusing them, soothing them, then picking them up and wrapping them about their own arms or necks.

There were also jugglers and comedians, tumblers and wrestlers, Moroccan Charlie Chaplins, and Ben Turpins and Harold Lloyds.

There were grave and reverend professional story-tellers, the talking books of the Arabs, relating for hour upon hour, with all sorts of graceful and vivid gestures, the deeds of the Prophet, or of the conquering warriors and heroes of the great days of Islam. Or if one so preferred, there were tellers of jolly and comic stories, who drew from the circles of listeners occasional loud guffaws.

And there were dancers, boys and youths dressed as girls, long-skirted—for no woman would be allowed as a performer in any of these rings with jingling steel castanets or rattles in their hands, keeping up for hour after hour, with the briefest of rests, a rhythmical meeting and parting, curtseying, skipping, stooping, touching of hands and whirling of bodies, all to the incessant music made by their fingers.

The rings of spectators were even more fascinating to me to watch, than the entertainers within. The inner circle, even for the grave story tellers, was generally composed of small boys from five or six to fifteen years of age, squatted on the ground, their eyes sparkling with interest, amusement or mockery, in their swarthy faces. These lucky youngsters never contributed a sou when the occasional tin-can cover or saucer was passed about for contributions; they were not even expected to contribute, tho they sat to be entertained for long hours. Behind them stood the circles of men, a wild and motley assortment, chieftains, and rich merchants in beautifully tinted and embroidered robes (burnous, or diyllaba or faftan) standing elbow to elbow with ragged tatterdemalians and half-naked water-sellers. There were even occasional veiled women of the harems, or unveiled country-women of the nomadic tribes of the desert, in the rings. French and native soldiers in uniforms of flaming red and deep sky-blue were often in the circles. Among these the members of the Foreign Legion (of Beau Geste fame) could always be recognized by the white band about their vizored military cap.

It was one of these rings that afforded me my particular, preferred mystery of Marrahesh about which I puzzled my head for so long.

It began every day about noon, when a little old, wizened, wrinkled man, turbaned, wrapped strangely round with ragged cloths, would appear leading the most diminutive donkey conceivable. Stevenson's Modestine would loom large in comparison, I feel sure. The old man would squat himself down on the sand, produce a tea pot which he slung over three forked sticks, propped together, and a small panier of hay for the donkey.

At first they would be left to themselves, unnoted, unobserved among the swarming, milling crowds of the square. Then one or two little Arab boys would settle themselves on the sand by them. With their appearance the old man would begin talking into the ears of the donkey, that would shake his head, start, stamp, rear, as if in full comprehension, agreement or disagreement, with what was being said to him. Gradually the circle grew as the afternoon progressed.

But it was not until dusk that the real mystery began. When the fire of twigs and sticks under the teapot began to glow red in the oncoming dark, then would appear from somewhere, a blind man guided by a little boy. He would be led into the circle, and would squat opposite the owner of the donkey, who at this point of the proceedings would often be somnolent, nodding, his nose almost upon the lid of the tea kettle.

The older man would begin to babble wildly, strike himself, and touch various parts of the body of the blind man, who at first would whisper or groan, then himself fall to babbling. As the darkness deepened, one or another of the circle of spectators would step forward, throw down a sou, sometimes stand silent, sometimes apparently ask a question. The old man would make motions with a stick, chatter into the donkey's ears a wild string of seemingly incoherent sounds, then suddenly touch the lips or the eyes of the blind man.

Various results ensued. Sometimes the man touched would rise screaming to his feet, and rush upon the onlooker, generally a soldier, who had dropped the copper, striking at him, and striving to drive him out of the circle. Sometimes he would, on the other hand, clasp the man in his arms and even seek to kiss him—this to the uproarious amusement of the now large circle of onlookers. At other times the blind man would circle the solder-of-the-penny, making gestures as if to exercise evil spirits. Rarely, nothing at all happened; the blind old man would simply sit and croon to himself as if in a trance.

Did I ever drop a sou? Yes, and not only a sou, but a whole fifty-centime piece! But I will leave what happened as one of the mysteries of this sketch.

But what was it all about? Was it a series of hypnotic fortune tellings? Was it, as often seemed, an exercising of evil influences or demons? Was it some sort of cure? Or was it an invocation of good spirits? And what was the rôle of the blind man in it all? And above all, to my whetted curiosity, what was the position, the significance, plainly very important, of the so responsive, so intelligent, so humble a donkey?

I shall never, never know!

JOE MALONE

After a recent interview with Joe Malone we are convinced that there certainly will be a gap in the school at the end of this year. Joe has taken an active part in the school's activities ever since he came in '29 from dear old Runkle. A participant in many sports, he has specialized in baseball and basket ball. He has been on the baseball squad since 1930 and the basket ball squad since 1932. But athletics do not take all his time. He holds a great many responsible positions such as Captain of the Marshals, Member of the Teacher-Student Council, Member of the Court of Justice, Treasurer of his class and many others. In 1930 he was a Four Minute Speaker, in 1932 a member of the Sagamore Board and in this year was elected its Sports Editor. He is President of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity. When asked if he had any special hobby, he replied smilingly, "social activities". He hopes to go to Harvard next year and afterwards to take a course in Business Administration.

MIDNIGHT AT B. H. S.

By IRVING J. HELMAN

At least once in a man's life there comes a time when something far removed from the ordinary happens even to the most insignificant person. Such was the occasion when I awoke and found myself lying on a hard wood floor surrounded in desolation by mere blackness.

After making myself reasonably sure that I was not sleeping I climbed to my feet somewhat haggardly. In spite of the darkness I was reassured by the strangeness of my surroundings that I was not at home. Although I had considered the plan of yelling until someone heard me, I cautiously stumbled forward bumping into unseen objects both to my left and right. The progress was slow and painful until, at last, I was rewarded by discovering the wall of the room. Still uncertainly I felt my way along this barrier and, reaching the light switch, I turned it on. The sudden flash of light sent me reeling. Finally, recovering my senses, I opened my eyes.

I chuckled at my imagination to think that—but no! It is real! I am awake! "What in the devil" I gasped aloud in astonishment, "I am alone in an empty classroom!"

My own words came back in a condemning echo. The explanation to all this was quite simple. All that day in class my conduct had been so poor that my instructor had been forced to compel me to remain in her company for a period after the termination of school hours. After busily working for one hour she arose from her desk and left the room. After another long duration of time, encouraged by the continual monotony and boredom of it all, I fell asleep and must have slid from my chair to the floor, how, I do not know. The teacher, not remembering me, returned and, after securing all her possessions, departed ignorant of my whereabouts.

When I had got my "bearings" I suppose the sensible thing to have done would have been to have left the premises immediately. But the saying is "More succumb to curiosity than resist it." I walked down the long corrider whistling and singing merrily. I entered my Latin classroom and standing by my desk I said loudly to an invisible audience, "Not prepared." The invisible andience frowned again, the invisible teacher scowled.

I realized another ambition in uttering volleys of forbidden words in *the* office. The walls shuddered at this vile revenge. Lighting my journey all the way I found myself in the lunchroom. One glance at the next day's bill of fare sent me reeling, then I moaned and finally, no longer able to control myself, I swooned to the floor saying "Horrors! Beans again!"

THE FINDING OF THE CLUB

By CHARLES OSGOOD

A cold wind was sweeping down from the north. Perched high in the crotch of a tree, the crouching figure of a prehistoric man was pressed against the somewhat sheltering trunk. Goro was greatly chilled: first because the wind was sharp and there was no warming sun; second, he had ventured previously, too far out on a rotten limb overhanging a small pool until the bough had broken, precipitating him into the chilled water. This hairy progenitor of the human race was a sorry sight with his usually glossy fur wet and bedraggled, his quivering skin purple with cold, and his half-human face an example of abject misery.

After several hours of steady downpour, the welcome sun returned. Goro, after giving his mighty frame a vigorous stretch, clambered swiftly down the massive bole of the jungle giant. Then he set out on his daily hunt for game that was super-abundant in his time. His walk was a strange, shuffling gait with his long, knotted arms almost dragging on the ground while his crooked legs seemed bent nearly double by the weight of his heavy torso. If it were not for his more intelligent face and eyes, he might have been taken for one of the nearly extinct anthropoid apes.

A great pterodactyl circled high above his head, looking for some ill-fated prey to show itself in the open.

Goro slid warily through the lush vegetation of the forest, carefully keeping out of the open spots where the mighty reptile might be able to catch sight of his moving shape. All about him heard the sounds of the teeming multitudes of this jungle; the shrill cries of brilliantly plumed birds,—the hoarse, moaning cough of the prehistoric sabor tooth, the pulsating drone of the insects, and the whistling hisses of the gigantic lizards.

Then Goro made his mistake; he cut across an open glade instead of skirting it. With a thunderous roar, a monstrous sabor-tooth sprang from its concealment in dense thickets. Goro fled for the protection of the trees with all possible speed; but fate seemed to be against him, for the branch he chose to grasp was partially cracked so that his great weight brought it down, still in his frantic grasp. It was a short, heavy branch with the end that has been nearest the tree, a great deal thicker than the end which he held. The formidable beast was charging; its horrible visage twisted into a gruesome mask of hate for this pitably feeble manthing; its eyes gleaming with a greenish fire, and its lips drawn back in a snarl that disclosed its two dagger-like teeth. As it reared to claw him, Goro leapt to grapple with his powerful antagonist, raised his clenched fists (one with the club in its grasp) and struck down at the tigers breast. In doing this, the club smashed the beast squarely between the eyes with all the force of Goro's powerful muscles. The monster sank to the ground with a startled gasp, unconscious, while Goro stared in blank wonder at this miracle. It was an unheard of thing that a pure man should overcome a sabor-tooth, single handed. Wild glee overcame him as he rained blow after blow upon the helpless hulk until it was reduced to a pulpy mass of gore.

A proud and straighter man-ape was Goro when he returned to his tree folk with the remnant of the sabor-tooth's head over one shoulder and his new-found pride and glory, the club, over the other!

So prehistoric man discovered the club. It was his first important step on the ladder of life, leading out of the mire of ignorance and the maze of brute influence.

Time

By MICKEY METZLER

On September 8, 1929, you might have seen three or four hundred new faces peering anxiously about. Ours were the new faces, and we were receiving the first instructions from our new teachers. Some of us were joyous and happy; others were melancholy and timid, while still others showed looks of mingled awe and consternation at the prospect of starting our high school career.

At last we had reached the crises of our school life, at least so we thought. We were starting on a course as dark and difficult as the first air ship flight across the Atlantic. We were to acquire in the next four years the knowledge and wisdom that would form a character foundation to enable us to cope with ordinary problems of life.

Time has passed, our Sophomore and Junior years have sped rapidly by, and at last, after tediously climbing three flights of stairs, we have arrived in our senior year. How quick those years have sped by! How many chances and opportunities we have had!

But the time has come, we are soon to go out into the world, equipped with the knowledge we have acquired. Will ours, the class of 1933 be able to produce men that are intelligent and sensible, possessors of keen and clear minds? Men such as Lincoln, Edison or Coolidge?

We must wait for the results of the use of our knowledge Time only can decide

At Pierce School
April 8 and 9 at 8 P. M.
Operetta
"On Plymouth Rock"

"EPITAPHS"

These epitaphs have all been copied from grave stones in New England Cemeteries.

Mary and I together live
Just three years and a half,
She went first, I followed next
The cow before the calf.

* * * *

Here lies my twins as dead as nits
One died of fever, the other of fits.

* * *

Some have children, others none
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

* * *

Father and Mother were both insane
And I inherited the terrible stain
My Grandfather, Grandmother, Aunts and Uncles
Were lunatics all, yet died of carbuncles.

* * * *

Throughout his life he kneaded bread
And deemed it quite a lore
But now six feet beneath earth's crust
He needed bread no more.

* * * *

Here lies my wife, a sad slatterned shrew
If I said I missed her, I should lie too.

* * * *

Papa dear has gone to heaven
To make arrangements for his eleven.

* * * *

Here lies the body of Susan Louder
She burst while drinking setlitz powder
Called from this world to her heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced.

* * * *

Beneath this stone lies a lump of clay
Arabella Young
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.

* * * *

Here lies the body of my wife
Tears will not bring her back
Therefore, I weep.

* * * *

Here lies the body of Dr. Knight, Dentist
Gaze on his grave with gravity
The Doctor is filling his last cavity.

* * * *

Here lies old twenty-five per cent
The more he had, the more he lent
The more he had, the more he craved
Great God can this poor soul be saved

* * * *

Here under the sod and under the trees
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease
But here in this hole lies only his pod
His soul is shelled out and gone to God.

* * * *

Here lies Anthony Drake
Who died for peace and quietness sake
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffing
So he sought repose in a $12.00 coffin.

* * * *

At rest beneath this slab of stone
Lies dingy Jimmie Wyett
He died one morning just at ten
And saved a dinner by it.

* * * *

The Sagamore

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The Change from Mass Education

In the early days of public schools in this country, when the country was sparsely settled, children went to school primarily to learn the three R's. They did not attend school regularly as they often had to work on their father's farm during the spring planting and autumnal harvest. Boys also educated themselves in handicraft by building things in the workshop of the home. This stimulated the imagination of the youth. Nature was studied in the garden or even from the cow. In fact, in those days a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic were all that were necessary for success.

In the age of big cities there is a greater demand for education. In thickly settled communities there is no room for the boy to have a workshop in his home, or to be able to make an extensive study of nature. The quickening of the business impulse makes education imperative for success. Communities realize that if their children are not educated properly they will not have an even chance in competing with other communities. In order to give a proper education the authorities realize that all children are different and that each one must have the opportunity to develop his own talents. Therefore, we have various departments of the school, namely, classical, commercial, scientific, and industrial. In larger cities separate schools are set aside for the various types of education.

All the important industries have developed methods for analyzing material. Likewise the school gives each student an intelligence test in order to find out which subjects he is most suited for. These tests are usually conducted by a guidance department. What a contrast there is between the school of the 19th century which taught only the essentials of education and the school of today which makes a personal study of each pupil!

In recent years colleges have become accessible to more and more people. The school authorities see that they must have a course that specializes in college preparation if they want their community to have a high intellectual standing. The keener the competition becomes the greater is the need of education to suit the individual and not the mass.

President Lowell of Harvard had foreseen the need of individual education in the schools. He suggested adopting the Oxford plan at Harvard. That is that there must be not more than five people in the class of a professor at one time. This encourages a more informal and intimate relation between professor and student, and naturally the student will benefit greatly.

Brookline High School has taken a step farther in individual education by the "Seventh Period Plan." This enables the student who is failing (and any others too) to get individual instruction in any subject in the course. A person who might otherwise have failed has the opportunity of passing his course.

It is imperative that the school change from mass education to individual education if the town wishes to have a high intellectual standing. If its children are not thoroughly educated how can it compete in business and in other respects with other municipalities? Any community should not let the cost hinder the development of individual education. If people would realize the benefits obtained from it and that the cost compared to less important luxuries is incomparable, they would not hesitate to make all the necessary changes. One author says that as much money is spent on candy as is appropriated for education in a year. Twice as much is spent for tobacco and seventeen times as much is spent on luxuries of all kinds. Realizing the fact that education, which is essential, is seventeen times cheaper than luxuries, Brookline or any other town cannot afford to let the advancement of individual education be hindered by its cost.

LIBRARY LINES

In the *Massachusetts Teacher*, a magazine on the schools of our state, there was a choice piece of poetry on the library.

"Here in the silent seclusion of shelf lined walls
Where noise would disturb, and each footstep lightly falls
The reader may pursue this page in quietude
And drink deep draughts from books amid the solitude."

The "quietude" and "solitude" is sadly lacking in a library that is used for so many different purposes as the Brookline High School Library, but perhaps the poet had a different kind of library in mind when he wrote the poem.

* * * *

The Winchester Public Library publishes leaflets on the famous novelists of the 19th century. So far, six of these leaflets have been published on Dickens, Trollope, Jane Austen, Hawthorne, Wilkie, Collins, and Sir Walter Scott. In the leaflets is a short resumé of the author's life, a list of his famous works, a criticism on his works, and a bibliography consisting of books written about the man and his accomplishments. These leaflets have proved very helpful in studying these authors because so much information has been condensed into a very small space.

In the library there are two copies of the "Southern Bell," the school paper of the Southern Junior High School of Somerville. In this paper there are many photographs and the interest displayed by the students in their newspaper is noticeably greater than in our own school. For some reason the SAGAMORE has failed to retain the interest of the student body and in recent years the slogan "Don't let the Big 'Chief' die" has become associated with the SAGAMORE itself. I am sure that the SAGAMORE officials would be greatly pleased if the students would send in their ideas on what the paper should print. The school paper should be a medium through which the opinion of the students is expressed but the majority of the students don't seem to care if their opinion is expressed or not. With the coöperation of the students the SAGAMORE will be able to build up the interest to the point where taking it will be considered a pleasure, not a duty.

(*Continued on page five*)

TROUBLES OF AN AMATEUR

By STANLEY PLOTKIN

A remarkable proportion of contemporary youth is attracted by the glamour and glory which is associated with the state of poethood. An urgent desire to be eulogized posthumously is evident as one, among other desires, of these nascent bards.

As a matter of fact, there are certain insuperable barriers which completely impede some. True genius and keen aesthetic perception are requisite as constituents in the cerebral structure of the immortal poet. It is the good fortune of multitudes to have the latter quality, but the former is the rarest thing on earth. For this reason, indubitably, many are foiled in their poetic attempts.

The amateur poet being inspired by the thought of prolongation of his memory after death and by the beauty that surrounds him, ambitiously, and energetically sits down to desk and applies himself, assiduously to the momentous task of composing sempiternal verse. But ah! How disillusioned, disappointed, disgusted, disheartened, disenchanted, when on consummation of his infinitesimal composition, he compares it with the lilting ethereal lyric of an immortal. Disconsolately, chin and chest, he gazes with morobund esperance and remarks the limping meter, the grating dissonances, and the general littleness of what he now dares not even call "poetry.'

The foregoing experience, in the majority of cases, sufficiently dampens the ardor of our aspiring Aeschylus. Thereafter, properly squelched, and cognizant of the tremendous trials which await the author, he subsides to the realm of criticisms, in which he dwells for the remainder of his prosaic career.

THE STUDENTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
PRESENT
"The Ladies of the Jury"
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SCHOLARSHIP FUND
on Friday and Saturday Evening
APRIL 28 AND 29

ABROAD IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Thousands of youg men and women soon to graduate from the high schools of New England are now busily engaged in planning for that thrilling adventure —earning a living in the business world.

To such may we offer a suggestion based upon sixty-seven years of exper- ence in helping high school graduates along to successful careers.

This suggestion is: first, decide in which direction your particular abilities and inclinations run. Second, select a commercial school which can give you the most help in developing the talents you have to offer to the business world.

At no time in business history is the matter of a specialized business training more important than it is right now. There is little place these days for the ack-of-all-trades or the one who says, "What have you to offer?" Executives have cleared their offices of misfits—they want intelligent and capable young as- istants who can bring to their organiza- ons practical ideas and the special education needed to put those ideas into ractice.

It's an old saying, but just as true oday as when it was first uttered, that there is always room at the top." Thou- ands of our graduates, going into the world with the prestige of a Bryant & tratton education behind them, have emonstrated this to be a fact. Our graduates make rapid progress because hey have been practically trained to give ffective service and that, more than any- hing else, is what the business world eeds, pays for and appreciates.

Offering seven complete courses cover- ng more than thirty business subjects, e Bryant & Stratton School is equipped train young men and women who de- re to specialize in practically any busi- ess line. Among high school graduates ur Business Administration and Secre- rial Courses are especially popular.

If you desire to begin your training oner than September 5, you may take vantage of a six weeks' summer session arting in July. For more complete in- rmation write or call on Mr. L. O. hite, Principal, Bryant & Stratton ommercial School, 334 Boylston Street, ston, or telephone KENmore 6789.

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS

The membership of the Four Minute Speakers now includes thirty students. In this membership all classes are represented. The group has spoken on only six occasions this year, in the support of six school projects. Under the leadership of President Rita Cohen and the Faculty Adviser, Miss Johnson the group serving its purpose, to support and encourage school activities.

The members are deriving much benefit in the way of speaking experience. They are trained to speak before rooms of students with whom they have little in common, advocating anything at all that they are requested to. Along with this invaluable experience, they receive one-fourth of a point towards the Honorary Society.

This year a new method of appraising the efforts of the speaker has been established. Each speaker has a card which he gives to the home-room teacher where he is to speak. With the help of the card the teacher can criticize each detail of the speech. Then the speaker can tell whether he must improve his poise, diction, audibility, choice of words, or any other feature of his delivery.

The plan is helping the Four Minute Speakers to have a successful season, as seasons go. Next year, it is hoped that the group will be slightly larger, yet not large enough to be unwieldly. The Four Minute Speakers are now recognized as an important auxiliary to all extra-curricula work.

LIBRARY LINES

Continued from page 4

What a small place the world is after all (if you don't have to walk). How few of us realized that the news of our celebration of the Scott Centenary would reach Scott's native land. If you would like to see the article in the *Scotsman* telling of our celebration, come to the library and read the glad tidings in the January 23 issue of the *Scotsman*.

The new books for the month are:

Main Street—Lewis
Roderick Hudson—James
Ethan Foome—Wharton
A Modern Instance—Howells
Everyday things in Classical Greece—Quennell.
Babbit—Lewis
Arrowsmith—Lewis
The American—James
Book of Essays—Williams, compiler
Paisey Miller and the International Episode—James
Barchester Towers—Trollope
Ordeal of Richard Feverel—Meredith
Victory—Conrad
Essays and General Literature Index—volume 5
Latest edition of Boston Cooking School Cook Book
New Poetry—Monroe and Henderson
Who's Who in America—latest edition
Oxford Book of American Prose—Van Doren.

"LADIES OF THE JURY" BEING PREPARED FOR FINAL PRESENTATION

Continued from page one

Dr. James	Harry Shooshan
Bill Dobbs	Richard Spears
Clerk	Myron Wallace
	Edward McGee
Waiters	Richard Feinburg
	Harold Glickman

Business Manager
DONALD SPEARS
Publicity Manager
LAURENCE DANIELS

Don't forget that if you don't secure your tickets now you forfeit the better seats.

CHESS CLUB

If one were to really give an account of all the good that chess does for the individual in the development of both mind, and character, one would certainly have a lengthy article to compose. Both of these items, the strengthening of one's mind, and the development of one's character are two of the most essential duties of Brookline High. It is accomplishing it in various manners, one of which is the chess club. If one were to review his geography, one would recall that the people of Nümberg, Germany, the place where chess originated, are a well-minded and strong-willed tribe. Thus by this reference we see that in Nümberg, the game of chess has created a sense of sophisticated and superior mind. Therefore why don't we in the High School take the opportunity and either participate in the actual tournaments which are held weekly in the club or else come down and learn the fundamentals of this excellent game? As you see by this time, the purpose of this article is to instill the idea of joining the chess club in the mind of everyone. How about geniuses in the background? Come out and show your faces. For the past two months we have been playing practice games in preparation for the tournament which is to come in the near future. The school will not be represented in the rôle of a team this year due to the late start, but we certainly do hope indeed to have a fully capable one by next year with your coöperation.

HAROLD BERNSTEIN.

ALUMNI NOTES

Hannah Cauman, '34, of Radcliffe, has been elected editor-in-chief of the *News*—daily.

The names of four Brookline High School students of high scholarship are included in the list issued by Technology—Stanley S. Rosen, Clarence F. Funk, Bernard T. Nelson, and Francis T. Hall, Jr.,

"Brooke" Maury will lead the West Point swimming team next year and is the academy record-holder in the 220-yard swim.

MURMURS

Cheerio, dear readers (if any), greetings and salutations! By the way, did you know that the whisper flies around the campus (by "campus" we mean the rather shabby bit of grass in front of the building, and the mud and stones, old shoes, pieces of wire and broken bottles (?) in the courtyard) . . . where was I? Oh yes, it is rumored that E——— S——— has a secret sorrow. If this is true it would not do her any harm—it would go so well with the way she wears her hair . . . And won't someone please tell us *why* H— A— wears saffron color! She says it goes with her complexion—unfortunately it doesn't, it stays with it! . . . Overheard conversation of doting parent with (or should we say "at"?) desperate teacher.—"Doesn't Mary seem to be wrapped up in her work?" . . . To be candid, said pupil looked like she was wrapped up in a horse rug . . . Eh bien, c'est la vie! . . .

We nominate for oblivion:

1. Ober, that inveterate prickly heat.

2. Seventh periods.

3. Those dear students who make the lunch period hideous with their noise and requests for "just a bite of your sandwitch my dear, I'm simply ravening!" . . . (Y'know, it almost seems as though those people are always ravening from pure force of habit, even though they may be hopelessly overfed.)

4. The wispy, stringy "bangs" seen on various members of our fair sex, which give them the appearance of some wild creature peering out from the underbrush.

6. Not to mention the odd fungi sprouting from the upper lips of some of our young manhood, our saplings ("ling" may be omitted to suit case.)

6. The increasing number of elk-skin sport shoes. (Pardieu! girls, do you want to look like a regiment?)

7. The lunchroom's quaint and undeniably unusual (That is the kindest adjective we could use) idea of what "chop suey" is.

8. The locks on lockers in the New building, whose sly trick of rendering themselves impossible to open when one is most hurried, have made more than one "stude" mutter harsh and colorful words. (The best way is to appear indifferent and pretend you don't care. Just tell the old locker that it doesn't matter to you either way. Of course, if anyone should overhear you chatting conversationally to empty space, you will probably feel rather silly and they will walk away, sadly wagging their heads and murmuring, "Poor old Bill, absolutely off the old onion, quite potty, belfry simply seething with bats and all that sort of thing.")

And oh yes, Comrades (this is your old reporter gone Socialist on you) this week's mystery is: Who is the tall, dark and handsome (yes really, we're not kidding you) lad that is causing many a

Continued on Page Eight

"The Art of Eating Spaghetti"

By Henry Urrows

When we hear "spaghetti" we think of Italy. The two names are as inseparable as beans and Boston. When I decided to make an intensive research in the field of spaghetti, specializing in the art of eating it, I consulted some gentlemen of Latin extraction. These were as willing to discuss their national dish as a Californian would be to talk on the subject of climates. My friends instructed me in the more essential points of a complete course in Spaghetti, and I will endeavor to tell you what I have learned.

In the family of foods which are manufactured from wheat flour, there is a branch which could be called the string family, of which macaroni, vermicelli, and spaghetti are members. Of these three we shall take spaghetti as a subject, because it is truly representative of this group, not being as large as macaroni nor as fine as vermicelli, and because it is truly plebian. Macaroni and vermicelli have all sorts of grades, sizes, and textures: cheap stuff, average stuff, and the "epicurean" imported species. And no matter how you slice it, spaghetti is still spaghetti.

Italy has always stood foremost in the manufacture and use of this food. Other nations keep it in stock, but it is generally conceded that the Italian is the standard. Something must be said about the methods which the Italians employ in cooking their national dish. It is possible to dwell upon this point of my discussion for months, but I shall make short work of it. The spaghetti itself is boiled in water with a little salt, and then covered with a sauce. This consists of a tomato extract in which beef, lamb, or fowl has stewed, and seasoned with many ingrediants, notably green peppers, garlic, mushrooms, and various spices. Grated cheese is then sprinkled (or poured) upon the steaming concoction. Many kinds of cheese can be used for this, depending upon the personal preferences of the consumer. One of my Italian friends has often invited me to partake of "spaghetti that *is* spaghetti." And believe me, his mother is justly famous for her version of the correct method of preparing the dish.

To see how spaghetti is eaten, I was taken to A—'s restaurant in the heart of town. In a section of this eating place is a built-in "spaghetti bar", which does a thriving business from the sale of this dish alone. Here I watched countless people eat in countless ways. From my observations, along with various explanations offered by my companion, I gathered that there were many methods of eating spaghetti. Some folks just haven't any skill at all in eating it, devouring it as they would fish, salad, or anything at all. Unless one shows definite evidence to the contrary, he be-

(*Continued on page seven*)

FUTURE SHADOWS

As I sat by the fireplace musing an overpowering numbness suddenly spread over my entire body. I endeavour to depict some of the scenes I saw while in that state—I entered the portals of the largest Trust Company of the U. S. There sat Bernhardt refusing Pres. Feffer, a loan. Roger, the success!—Then I floated into Symphony Hall where Eliot Silverman was discussing his latest trip to Mars. Remarkable!!—Drifting on into the theatre I was attracted by a blue-haired lass in the chorus of George Ware's Vanities in which Martha Turner stars. None other than Hazel Armitage. —Lo and Behold! Can that be Helenka Chmielinski and Janet Hamlton papering the walls of their new, up to the minute, Drive Your Self office?—Next I took a trip to Africa and noticed a band of cannibals chasing a frock-coated figure through the jungle. Coming closer the pursued was frantically clinging to the top of a small sapling. Lebowich, the missionary!—Onward, ever onward!—Trudging wearily up the street was Ned Gallagher with a vacuum cleaner swung rakishly over one shoulder!—Further on, I saw George Hartstone and his famous band of gazoos, in which Ruth Dangel plays left rear gazoo.—Then a few fire-light fancies: Bill Flannagan receiving the trophy for carrying the world's heaviest ashcan, with Eddie Rae a close second!—Barbara Logan presenting her new two-holed doughnut!—Frannie Russell singing at the opera!—Dot Smith, torch singer in New York's foremost cabaret!—Norman Hunt, dean of Harvard!—Jack Grandfield, editor of the New York *Times!*—Hal McGrail, inspector of LEGAL BEER!—Kay Cropper, the president of the Women's Temperance League!

Light is slowly dawning! ! ! Why did all this never occur to me before?

FRESHMAN PARTY

To the delight of the freshman girls their party tended the upper classmen was pronounced a success. For almost two months they had been planning earnestly and wholeheartedly to provide some interesting entertainment for the other members of the League, and it was generally conceded after the program that they had succeeded. The numerous short scenes from well known books, which comprised the major portion of the program, were well acted and received with enthusiasm by the audience. Our congratulations, together with those of League members, are extended to all students who were in any way connected with its success, and to the members of the faculty who assisted them.

Although the ballots have been counted and the new officers of the League determined it is not generally known who they are. The members will be pleased to learn that Jean Leslie is to head them during the coming year. Norma Nasmyth will be her running partner while Bernice Greenspan and Edna Maddox will oversee the duties of secretary and treasurer respectively. These girls should guide the League through another successful year.

As the date of the eighth grade party draws near the members of the Advisory Council ask the co-operation of every League member in making this event an outstanding success. Though the Council heads the general committee, members interested in working on the subordinate committee should notify the chairman at once.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By Sidney Kafka

[This is the first of a series of stories of the lives of American Poets with whom we should all be familiar.]

"Beautiful town that is situated by the sea" is Longfellow's own description of his birthplace, Portland, Maine. It was near here that he was graduated from Bowdoin College at the age of eighteen, being offered the seat of Professor of Modern Languages and Literature which he held for five years after returning from three years abroad in preparation for this post. Harvard's offer of a professorship of Belles-Lettres was accepted when he was twenty-eight years of age. During the nineteen years he was at Harvard, he wrote a great many of his works. He retired from the University to devote his entire time to literary work in the year eighteen hundred fifty-four.

Longfellow's existence was not unscathed by life for though he bore up bravely under the demise of his first wife, Mary Potter, in 1835; and the accidental death of his second wife, Frances Appleton, these two incidents were the great sorrows of his days.

He will always be remembered as the "People's Poet"; but his verses of and for children are the main factor of his life and one of the reasons he is the best known American poet. Longfellow's poems will always be among the first to be heard or read by a child. Unlike the rest of poets whose lives are associated with his time he had no single subject in his poems.

The Craigie House, a relic of the Revolution, in Cambridge is preserved because of the memory of Washington and Longfellow who dwelt in it. Another memorial to the memory of Longfellow giving him the greatest honor of any American poet, is a marble bust of him which was placed in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey in London.

On his seventy-second birthday he was presented with an armchair made from the wood of the Village Smithy's chestnut tree. A month before his death the school children of the United States celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in school. The demise of the people's poet on March twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred eighty-two threw the whole nation into mourning.

Three Phases of Life

By Hanley M. Norins

Life, to me, is cruel;
  It makes me out a fool;
It takes me in its mighty arms,
  And crushes out my hope.
It is a mystery,
  From which I can't be free:
A kaleidoscopic vortex,
  With which I cannot cope.

Life to me's a bore;
  I don't know what it's for.
You work, and toil, and then you die,
  And molder into dust.
It has no goal or aim;
  It always is the same:
It holds no interest for me,
  But fills me with disgust.

Life, to me, is sweet
  I have all at my feet,
The little birds, the trees, the flowers,
  The happy, bubbling streams.
I have my hands to guide,
  My conscience by my side,
And I can live with nothing else,
  Because I have my dreams.

One Way to Study

Once—but no matter when—
There lived—no matter where—
A man, whose name—but then
I need not that declare.

He—well he had been born
And so he was alive
His age—I details scorn—
Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
I truly can't decide;
But this one fact appears,
He lived until he died.

I fancy he'd a son,
I hear he had a wife
Perhaps he'd more than one
I know not on my life!

I can't recall his name,
Or what he used to do:
But then—well such is fame!
'Twill so serve me and you.

Moral

In this brief pedigree,
A moral we should find—
But what it ought to be,
Has quite escaped my mind.

"Puer ex Jersey"

Puer ex Jersey iens ad school,
Vidit in meadow infermem mule.
Ille approaches, O magnus sorrow!
Puer it skyward, Funus ad morrow.

Moral

Qui vidit a thing non ei well-known
Est bene for him—Reluiqui id alone.

OUR CHANGING UNIVERSE

The nature of the universe, an explan- on of the action of the stars and the anets, has always been an absorbing udy for thinking men. A study of the velopment of thought on this line oves very interesting as we see how, p by step, theories are developed and scarded as man's knowledge increases. To the cave man an explanation ot mysteries of the universe was simple. him the stars and the sun and the oon were gods to be worshipped. He ew nothing of planets and comets and ed less about them, for he was occu- d battling with beasts and the ele- nts for his bare existence.

The Babylonians studied the move- nts of the stars diligently. Their ronomers were also priests. To them Moon-God was placed ahead of the n-God. Because the number of known netary bodies was seven, this number s sacred to them. In Egypt the rank d file of the people believed that the rs were the living places of the gods. seems that the more intellectual people the time believed that the stars were le points of light suspended from a ss or metal cover supported at the ners by mountains. All of these ients had the same conception of the th; to them the earth was flat.

The Greek astronomers made great gress in the study of the stars. Their itage was the records of the Egyp- ns and Babylonians. Aristarchus first anced the Heliocentric theory of the ar system as opposed to the Geocentric ory, but this was far ahead of the es; it was too revolutionary. Later parchus became the leader of astro- nical thought. Hipparchus favored a em of epicycles rather than the Helio- tric system. This system explained different lengths of the seasons. Ac- ding to this theory, while the sun t around the earth, it also turned in naller orbit the centre of which was larger orbit in which it went around earth. This explanation was also d to show why the apparent speeds he planets varied. What Hipparchus eved the world at that time believed. emy was an exponent of the beliefs Hipparchus so that the Heliocentric ry died at its birth to be revived in 16th century. Perhaps the popularity he system of epicycles is due to the that at any time the circle was con- red the perfect figure and it was in- eivable that the sphere could move ny other way than in a circle.

uring the Dark Ages when Europe making the foundation of a new ization, the torch of learning was high by the Moslems. The Arabian nos was practically the same as the ek, but for the one difference that the were imbedded in a glassy solid.

he new era opened with the studies Copernicus. He lived between 1473 1543. His theory of the structure of the solar system is called the Copernican Theory. Today we all know and understand his theory, which is, that the sun is the centre of the solar system with the planets revolving around it. At that time the theory was called heresy; it was sinful to believe that the earth was not the centre of the universe. With this start, great progress was made. There followed an endless stream of astronomers who studied the stars and added their bit to the sum total of human knowledge of the universe around us.

The invention of the telescope made possible the astounding progress from the 16th century on. As early as the year 1590 a Dutch optician, Zacharias Jensen, made a crude telescope by placing two lenses, a concave and a convex one, together. Armed with this tool, the astronomers pried deep into the secrets of the infinite. Galileo was the first astronomer to use the telescope. With it he discovered many new wonders to ponder. He first saw the sun's spots; he first saw that Venus goes through phases as the moon; and he first saw that the moon's surface is covered with craters. With more powerful telescopes later astronomers measured the distances between the earth and the stars. Deeper and deeper prodded man into the wide sidereal spaces. The work still goes on as more stars are discovered and as new problems arise.

The more progress that is made the more problems arise. A favorite problem for many scientists is the nature of the origin of the earth. One theory holds that our solar system was originally a spiral nebula. As time went on, the spinning body began to disintegrate. Parts of the tail as they broke off collected and formed the planets while the centre became the sun. Another theory holds that there was at one time but one body. Another large body passed near by and the attraction caused small parts, the planets, to fly off the larger body and take their place as the planets. Both of these theories are sound; both are reasonable. Based on present knowledge either might hold good. Perhaps some day some bit of evidence will point to the truth on the matter.

The latest theory of the solar system states that while the planets revolve around the sun, the sun in turn revolves around some other star and that the earth is in fact but a satellite of the sun which is in turn a planet of another solar system. Let us carry this thought a little farther. Suppose that the centre around which the sun revolves, revolves itself around another star and so on. We find ourselves rushing through space turning crazy circles around some unknown centre Many scientists are now searching for this hypothetical point in the universe.

The question, "Is the universe dying?" is demanding a great deal of study of some people. There are those who contend that in the evolution of the universe, that stage has been reached when the universe is dying and that in the end there will be nothing. There are some who belive that the cosmic rays will keep the universe going. These are but few of the many riddles which are left for the future to answer. Constant devotion to the subject may be able to answer these riddles as such devotion has brought results before. Or it may be that the very nature of the universe is too complex to be comprehended by the mind of man.

Daily new developments make us change our ideas about the cosmos.

ASSEMBLY, MARCH 15

Mr. Ringer opened the assembly of March 15 with a timely admonishment to remember that June is not far, and that efforts should be kept at their height through the last half of the year.

Mr. Harold Morrison Smith, Dean of Scholastics in Bordentown Academy, New Jersey, was the speaker of the day. From the first he held the attention of the audience by his forceful, direct presentation, and easy, familiar style. "Split seconds and lucky heats" was his subject, which he elaborated upon. The illustrations he offered were excellent, some amusing, some tragic.

Mr. Smith urged the students to "face up to facts," to make the best of what they were, and not to be "swell-headed" over pretended abilities. "Egotism," he quoted, "is an anaesthetic administered by nature to deaden the pain of being a fool."

He declared that it was hard to develop a fine character, but that steady training from childhood would make it instinctive. A large school such as Brookline High School, according to Mr. Smith, is a good incentive to "grow" because of sharpening competition.

As a last, adequate, and brief summary of his entire address, which the audience evidently considered one of the most interesting of the year, he recalled the old adage, "What you are to be you are now becoming."

"Now do you understand?" shouted the infuriated professor as he hurled an inkbottle at an exasperated pupil.

"I think I have an inkling" the bespattered student replied.

* * * *

DEFINITIONS

A common frame of mind—a skull.

A dead give-away—a bequest.

The path of duty—through the custom house.

* * * *

Here lies the body of baby Nell
She neither cries nor hollers
She lived just four and twenty hours
And cost us Forty Dollars.

"The Art of Eating Spaghetti"

(Continued from page Six*)*

trays his ignorance of the food's grand and glorious history; spaghetti is an aristocrat gone plebian, a veritable Caesar among victuals. There is a high, steep road leading to the ultimate goal, excellence in spaghetti eating, which these spineless people seem to be afraid to climb. An example of the first stage in becoming expert is the fellow who digs his fork into the mass of strings and with a quick motion brings some of them into his mouth. I have never seen the exact path of the spaghetti in its flight, but the adept, sleight-of-handish motion is very much like that used by some children to eat asparagus. This method is rather inconvenient, for unless the diner has an unusually large napkin tucked under his chin (and over his vest), he is apt to wear as much spaghetti as he eats. After mastering this step, one begins to wind. Winding requires much practice, and many people never pass this stage. Of course, there are a dozen intermediate steps before getting the wind "down pat." One of my friends has been eating spaghetti consistently for twenty-two years, and hasn't advanced beyond the wind. And yet, there are a chosen few who can classify themselves as "expert." These people begin eating with a fork in the right hand and soup-spoon in the left. The fork is gracefully inserted into the plate of steaming, luscious spaghetti, and with a deft twist of the wrist the spoon is filled with just enough of it. Mind you, this is all done without any cutting, dripping, or spattering. The rest is merely a process of digestion, but we won't go into that, just now.

No matter how graphically and vividly I draw a picture of an expert eating spaghetti, you cannot appreciate him to his full worth until you have seen him in action. So I'll be seeing you on some Saturday afternoon, down at the "spaghetti bar" in A—'s restaurant.

RED CROSS NEWS

The Junior Red Cross of Brookline High School is planning to correspond with German schools.

At the last meeting it was decided that the following sums are to be appropriated:

$20—Milk Fund.

$55—Eye-glasses for grammar school pupils.

$ 4—First Aid books for the library.

$15—National Children's Fund.

$10—Emergency Fund.

$55—Delegate to go to the National Convention.

The amount collected by the annual drive was $74.60 and $205.77 was brought in by the motion picture show but $66.50 was used for operating expenses, and $19.00 has been used for the *Red Cross Journal and Courier*, leaving $34.77 for further use.

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OUTDOOR TRACK PROSPECTS

Cotinued from page one

and "220" as will Joe Enright, the "600" king, in the "440" and "880." As if a dose of Enright wasn't enough in one event Coach Hines can shoot Eddie Rae in the "880" at anytime and completely blast the hopes of any ambitious opponent. Besides Tod, Brookline boasts of another Plotkin whom his friends call Ralph or even "Oshie" and whose back injury prevented him from very active work in the indoor season but who is liable to do wonders this spring providing his injury is completely healed. To form the relay team Coach Hines can always rely on any of the above mentioned plus "Red" Perkins, "Pi" Trainor, or Charlie Gerstein.

But that isn't all! For every position there are at least four applicants and the top notchers will have to fight hard to keep their places as a crowd of eager, enthusiastic athletes are always ready to shove any leader off his perch and cop it himself.

Should Brookline capture the Worcester, Harvard, or Fitchburg trophy this spring it will make the 1933 track record even harder to break than it already is. The general optimism is so strong about the school that we don't care how hard they make the '33 record to break.

TENNIS SEASON OPENS MAY 3 WITH REVERE

Continned from page one

The complete schedule is as follows:

Wednesday, May 3	Revere at Brookline
Friday, May 5	Winchester
Monday, May 8	Arlington at Brookline
Friday, May 12	Rox. Mem. at Brookline
May 15 or May 26	Malden at Brookline
Friday, May 19	Boston Latin at Brookline
Wednesday, May 24	Newton at Brookline
May 29 or May 31	Newton Country Day at Brookline

THE ALPHA MU BETA SETS NEW PRECEDENT

The Alpha Mu Beta Fraternity is establishing a new precedent by agreeing to donate the profits resulting from their informal dance, to be held at the Hotel Touraine, Boston, Friday, April 7, 1933, to the Brookline High School Dramatics Scholarship Fund.

The Fraternity hopes that the students will help to support the dance as it is for an extremely worthy cause.

MURMURS

Continued from Page Five

feminine heart to do a tailspin and more than one sweet young thing to set her books down on thin air, while craning her neck to see this combination of Apollo, Tarzan and Clarke Gable go strolling down the corridors? One fair creature was caught in the act of munching her sandwitch absentmindedly (paper wrapping and all) with her eyes fixed on the other side of the lunch room. Ah young love! (no tittering!) If he sound a bit cynical, forgive us, it's only that we have tried it—*with the most devastating* results. *Results* (!) and are content merely to look on. Ah yes, we're never going to fall in love again! (I'm knocking on wood so violently right now, that the man, in the next room, has just yelled "Come in"!

And now, having just reduced my pencil end to a pulp by nervously chewing it, and gazing at my desk which is cluttered with papers, notebooks, ashtrays, Shakespeare, and empty ginger ale bottles, I feel like getting into bed and going right back to sleep again. Which doesn't seem like such a bad idea so cheerio!

III.II

Oh! Mrs. Bloom.

I guess now that we have a new secretary of the Treasury it will be all right to take woodin money.

* * * *

If L. Daniels (former columnist, but don't hold it against him) will give Dramatics as much publicity as he gave himself, it will surely be a success. . . .

* * * *

Nowadays you even have to go through red tape to get chewing gum.

* * * *

3.2 per cent is nothing to me. I've been getting it in Latin for a long time.

The next issue of the SAG is going to be different. There is going to be a joke in it.

* * * *

The fellow who writes "Fragments from a Freshman" must have had himself in mind when he thought up the title for his column because he is only a fragment, himself.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed how Sargents "Madame X" and Elaine Guthrie resemble each other?

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Of a yesterday.
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In purity sublime,
Bring the happiness
God meant.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, No. ~~13~~ 1 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 3, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

ROOSEVELT NAMES CHARLES WYZANSKI

Appointed Solicitor of Labor Department

Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., of 4 Worthington Road, Brookline, graduate of the Harvard Law School in 1930, was appointed solicitor of the United States labor department by President Roosevelt. The Brookline man, who is 27, is the youngest ever named to fill the post.

Wyzanski was a member of the class of 1922 at Brookline and graduated from Harvard in 1927. He won high honors in both preparatory school and college. At the Harvard Law School he was editor of the *Harvard Law Review*, a position held by the school's ranking student.

After graduation, Wyzanski became legal secretary to Judge Augustus N. Hand of the United States circuit court of appeals, and later served in the same capacity with Judge Learned Hand, brother of Judge Augustus Hand, a United States circuit court judge. Wyzanski is now associated with the Boston law firm of Ropes, Gray, Boyden and Perkins.

B.H.S, STUDENTS PREPARING FOR C.E.E.B. EXAM STRUGGLE

And cheer up! for although the year has been long and hard for all, yet for a goodly percent the worst is yet to come. I speak of those right now gently insinuating, but ever present evil—College Boards. How much help surface knowledge and inspired cramming have been during the past year, cannot be quite determined *now;* but—alas! a winning personality remains quite ineffective when expressed in decimal points and symbols, from an unknown source, and on a cold white *shroud* of paper.

Perhaps the use of a few ultra-vital statistics may have the long sought for stimulating effect. In 1928, German Cp. 2 held first place with 85.5% of those taking the exam, passing, while History D, with 61.2% held bottom. The same arrangement held sway in 1929 with 80.1% of the German students passing, and only 55.5% of the History. In 1930 German still held first place with 79.7%, while Chemistry fell below 49%. 1931 saw Math A in the lead with 76.6% and Chemistry still at the bottom at 53.4%. In 1932 there was a change with French Cp. 2 at 81.5% in the lead and Latin Cp. 3 at 49.8%, the last.

As a general survey of the ten major

(continued on page five)

BROOKLINE DROPS FIRST GAME TO RINDGE, 10-7

In the first game of the season, the Brookline High Baseball Team was defeated by Rindge Tech in a close and exciting contest. The final score was 10-7.

The Brookline Team outplayed their opponents in almost every manner and had it not been for the unlucky second inning in which Rindge scored five runs the ball game would have had a different slant throughout. "Moon" Mullins started in the pitcher's box for Brookline while Rindge used their ace Bill Chapman who pitched a one hit game in 1932 against Brookline. However, the Brookline batsmen managed to break through the air-tight pitching and made eight hits. In the fourth inning Sid Friedman relieved Mullins and pitched fine ball considering the early season weather.

Captain Cahill, Ed Rae, Max Van Dam, Joe Walsh, Ed Fisher and "Shannus" Sullivan made the hits for Brookline. The first showing of the team was encouraging despite the defeat and the team feels confident of a successful season.

Three weeks ago the call for candidates for the 1933 baseball team of Brookline High Schol was answered by about 75 recruits. The team will be formed around five of last year's regulars. Captain "Lefty" Cahill is the outstanding of all, holding down first base as he has for the past two years. Max Van Dam is regular catcher with Harlan Hill and Bill Flanagan as alternates. Jim "Shanis" Sullivan, a junior, is hold-

(continued on page eight)

MILDRED FRIEDMAN SENT TO NATIONAL CONVENTION

Sunday night, April 2, 1933, at eight o'clock, Mickey Friedman left for Washington as delegate to the National Junior Red Cross Convention where she made seven addresses and attended many interesting sight-seeing excursions to the numerous points of interest in Washington. We can be assured therefore, of a most interesting assembly in the near future, for she will be called upon to tell us of her many experiences. She will bring back many valuable ideas to help in the work here next year, and we wish her continued success in her work with the Red Cross during the coming year.

FRENCH CLUB PRESENTS PLAY AT OPEN MEETING

On Friday, March 24, the members of the French Club presented a program which was of interest to all who attended. The meeting was held in the Auditorium to accommodate the rather large audience as this was an open meeting. First Joan Rines, who is president, welcomed Miss Gambrill, who, after a long period of illness, has once more returned. Then Christine Adams sang a few French songs, followed by Mrs. Jewett's singing of French folk songs. Mr. Wallace Fowlie played the accompaniments. A number of freshmen gave recitations.

(continued on page five)

UNUSUALLY FINE CHARACTER SKETCHES FEATURE DRAMATICS

Court Room Farce Delights Audience Both Evenings

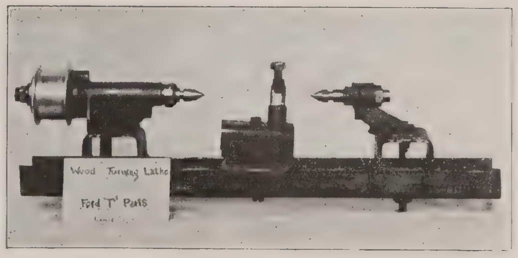
MARTHA TURNER AND STANLEY DRISCOLL DO LEADING PARTS WELL

For the thirty-second time, Brookline High School has presented a finished and successful performance at the Annual Dramatics given for the Boys' Scholarship Fund. "Ladies of The Jury" by Fred Ballard proved to be a delightful farce containing unusually well done character sketches. Each and every part, no matter how small, called for finesse and subtlety in its portrayal. We can truthfully say that our own Thespians measured up to the requirements of the most exacting theatre goer in their interpretations of the rather difficult parts.

We honor Martha Turner for her skill in handling the part of the central figure in the play, Mrs. Crane, the wealthy society member of the jury, who, by brains and almost by brawn, brings about a change from the jury's original eleven-to-one verdict of "guilty" to a unanimous decision of not guilty. We compliment Stanley Driscoll for his versatality in two excellent portrayals, first, as Halsey Van Stye, the prosecuting attorney, and second as Andrew McKaig, the Scotch member of the jury. Both performances were exceptionally strong and convincing. Roberta Marsh's unrestrained acting Mrs. Yvette Gordon, the defendant, convinced the audience of her innocence. And how we did enjoy Hazel Armitage in the part of Mayme Mixter, the hard-boiled little chorus girl! Margaret Bennett turned in a clever bit as Lily Pratt, the lady reformer. Donald Graham as the excessively virtuous foreman of the jury, and Leigh Dimond as complimented on their excellent per- the unctuous Spencer Dazey are to be formances. Eliot Silverman's excellent portrayal of the presiding judge was distinguished for its dignity and authority. Norman Hunt, both in make-up and in interpretation of the aristocratic poet rubbing shoulders with common clay for the first time was superb.

Because of lack of space and time, we cannot separately compliment the remaining members of the cast but we do wish to state that in our opinion there was not a performance in the whole production that was not finished and exceptionally well done. Many thanks are due Miss Hannon whose untiring efforts again produced a successful Dramatics.

(continued on page five)



EDWIN TABOR MAKES LATHE FROM MODEL "T"

A wood turning lathe was made by Edwin Taber entirely frm Ford Model "T" parts. The lathe, built more for novelty than utility, was composed of such parts as steering housing and shafts, fan pulley, and an abundance of channeling along with numerous small parts found on "lizzie". This piece of machinery, originally built to be a machine tool, was found to be too springy due to the nature of the pressed steel auto frame.

This lack of rigidity did not, however, detract from its value as a wood turning lathe. This lathe is but one more accomplishment of Mr. Henry Ford, in the way of contraptions; one that Mr. Ford knows absolutely nothing about and one for which Mr. Ford cannot be blamed.

R COLYUM

It won't be long before we start thinking that we're in the army now . . . class day marching practice will commence any one of these days . . .

M. Greenwood seems to be carrying a heavy grudge against a local columnist . . . BEWARE . . .

* * * *

Friday, March 17, came and went like all other Fridays, but it was "safer so," as Browning would say . . .

After four years of various and sundry spellings, Jay Silton had his name spelled correctly in the last issue of the SAG . . . better late than never . . . and incidentally he is the stewd who walked home from school in his stocking feet a few weeks ago on account of a 50c wager . . We are glad we have his name correctly spelled this time . . .

* * * *

This week's little ditty is dedicaed to none other than Leon Q. Feffer, Brookline's favorite son—Here 'tis . . .

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
Now maybe I'll pass, Freshman Math in this class,
Hey, nonny, nonny! . . . Don't speak too soon! . . .

Apologies to Mother Goose and thanks to Mr. Fitzgerald.

* * * *

The identification photos taken and sold to the stewds th'other day went over quite well . . . and the idea of saving likenesses of your friends is being carried out . . . most of the collections looking like a cross between a rogue's gallery and an 1885 family album . . .

* * * *

Jeff Dean has a long drive out to Auburndale since Betty left Brookline . . It's too bad, on account of the weather, lately . . .

* * * *

Gwen's fiancee is blowing in from college. Gwen's boy friends, please take notice.

* * * *

When the teacher asked Houghty who was more beautiful than Cleopatra (not Cleo Allen), he dreamily replied, "Millie of course."

* * * *

ANNUAL POEM

We know a lad at Brookline High
Who 'pears to us to be quite shy.
He is a youth of length quite tall
Although you'd be right if you called him *"Small."*

He has his interests in Delta Sigma Nu,
But Helinka rates a good deal too.
If you don't know whom we mean
You can't expect us to come clean.

Fantasy!

Snow poured from the heavens as if Jove had upset a huge pitcher filled with white nectar for the gods and in his wrath were emptying all the pitchers in heaven. This picturesque fancy flirted with Nigel Mayfair's imagination, as he left his bachelor quarters in Essex Street bound for the Avon Theatre. An actor's mind may harbor strange and fantastic visions.

Snow put an end to an outdoor skating party of Miss Lucile Fanfax, and irked that young lady extremely. Snow!—why should it snow in or near London if she did not will it?

Snow sent two ragged newsboys home at last, although but half their wares were sold. But tomorrow, fun for all, snowball fights, skiing, sledding. What if they were thinly dressed and had little to eat? Snow is free.

Snow, snow, snow, gentlemen in their clubs sat smoking, sipping drinks, discussing current happenings. Jolly snowstorm out, what!

The night drew on. The snow kept on. Messy weather underfoot. Taxis turned the corner of Suffex Street and halted before the brilliantly lighted Avon Theatre. In glimmering headlines one read *Nigel Mayfair—Hearts.* A crowd pressed near the doors. There would be a full house. There always was a full house for Nigel Mayfair.

A young girl with eager longing in her eyes forgot the snow, the cold, and leaped out of a cab, tossed the driver a bill, and, coatless, ran down the alley leading to the stage door. The snow was beating against it.

The girl turned the knob and ran in straight to the dressing room in the center. A knock, a whisper, "Nigel," and the door opened. "Diane, you shouldn't come here. It isn't proper. You're soaking wet." A sob, a hand put over a pair of trembling lips, a kiss on the hand, a worried look on the actor's face. But outside the snow kept on. Mayfair drew the girl gently in his arms and told her to dry her tears. Diane, young maiden, patted her lips wih a small bit of cloth.

"Nigel, why haven't you come to me? I need you." Another sob.

"Diane, you're young. I, I, I don't want to offend you, but grow up more. Then . . ."

A cry, "You don't love me!" A dash out of the place, through the corridor, out of the door into the snow, the everlasting snow . . . .

Ten o'clock, the newsies were in slumber deep, dreaming of tomorrow's joys. The snow was bringing them happiness as it never ceased in its fury.

Ten-thirty, gentlemen in their clubs thought of going home. Beastly weather! But a home awaited them. The snow was all a part of God's almighty scheme.

Eleven o'clock, the snow didn't hinder a gay party at Miss Lucile Fanfax's home. It merely provided atmosphere. Sweet music, colorful lights, beautiful clothes, the snow couldn't change these.

Eleven-thirty, the snow came down less heavily. The snow was dancing, like little fairies, like Diane would dance, poor child! In a few years maybe—Nigel Mayfair walked slowly homeward as was his wont every night after the show. The snow fluttered slowly about him. When he reached his dwelling, the white storm had ceased.

"Wonder what Jove thinks he's accomplished!" But the snow alone knew.

MR. HORACE TAYLOR SPEAKS BEFORE LOWER CLASSES

The freshmen and sophomores were fortunate enough on March 29 to hear a distinguished biologist and former graduate of Brookline High School, Mr. Horace Taylor, who presented an illustrated talk on Conservation Week. It has become necessary to set aside a period of time for this purpose to make the public realize what harm it is doing, not only to the animals, birds, flowers and trees which it maltreats but also to itself.

No one who heard Mr. Taylor's plea to treat them more considerately could ever abuse them again. He made them all doubly lovable and doubly wonderful to his listeners. For the most part, he described the animals and birds. Many of his photographs were of creatures either rare or entirely extinct, because they had been hunted widely and foolishly when numerous, or because they were in need of wider spaces for roaming than the progress of civilization permitted. Among these are the antelope, a beautiful and gentle member of the deer family, the bison, an excellent source of food and leather, the killer whale, valuable for its skin, oil and bones, the peep, a cunning and harmless sand-bird, and barn-swallow, once a common inhabitant of New England. The flamingo was sometimes cruelly left to die of starvation or inability to defend itself, when men cut off its lovely wings without even killing it mercifully. There are few birds more beautiful than the flamingo, with its rosy plumage, graceful neck, and long, slender bill.

Mr. Taylor held the attention of the audience as much by his address as by the numerous and excellent illustrations, some of which were photographs of his own paintings. At the conclusion he invited any who wished, to come upon the stage to see models of whales and biological charts which he had made, and a large crowd took advantage of his offer.

Dale Metzler: "Ah, ha! I see my friend gave you a black eye."

William Ober: "Why, you never saw the person who gave me this black eye."

Dale Metzler: "Well, he's my friend, anyhow."

To Wander

By ELINOR FISHER

How nice it would be on a bright spring-time day
With nothing to do but just wander away,
To traverse the woods where Nature is heard
In the form of the wind or the call of a bird,
To study the flowers that are just peeping through
In the early morning, all drenched with dew,
To free the breezes blow gently around
And the softness of the spring—wet ground,
To gaze at God's heaven when the sun's coming up,
To drink from the brooklet without any cup,
To be like a gypsy in the vast open spaces
Unhampered by society with all its stiff graces,
To laugh and to shout in the fullness of joy,
To romp and to race like a jolly young boy,
To forget the big city with its hum like the bee,
To wander alone over forest and lea,
To be idle and carefree 'till the sun goes to rest,
To lie down and slumber on mother earth's breast,
To be without company but heaven afar,
With the sweet consolation of a lonely star.

My Sheltered Harbor

By DOROTHY FREEDMAN

I still recall when as a child
A loving face so sweet and mild
Would hover near that childish fright
Could find protection in its light
That face a sheltered harbour was
To which I came with every cause.
Now I have grown to take my stand
With other men and women grand;
Years have I traveled far and wide
Journeying countries sand and tide.
Yet do I find my homeward way
To her dear eyes, her kindly smile.
The goodness in her heart and soul
Shines forth as beacon and my goal!

God's Will

By LORRAINE "POLLY" ABRAMS

It's hard to bear, and hard to see,
I can't believe it's happened to me.
I tried so hard to play the game
Not for fortune; not for fame—
But just to be a real good scout,
To try and help somebody out
Who might be caught in the web of fate,
To free him if t'was not too late.
Then *I* fell in an open pit
To get out again one must have grit.
I'm not yet out, but I'll struggle on,
And some-day I can say I've won.

'Twas Only a Winter's Night Dream

Spring is near. How do I know? Well, the other day, firmly esconced on a sofa, I was reading a magazine when suddenly I felt a most inexplicable itching in the palm of my right hand! I knew that such a phenomenon was caused by a desire to employ the member of the body thus afflicted in some worthwhile vocation or avocation. Knowing that there is no worthwhile vocation I searched my mind for the avocation. What could possibly make the palm of my right hand itch?

Suddenly a thought ran into my mind and before it could run out I clamped onto it. I was reading the *Hunting and Fishing* Magazine and the picture which I was ruminatively gazing at was a panoramic view of a trout stream with a follower of Izaac Walton standing on the bank, fly rod poised for an overhead cast.

Quickly dropping the magazine I rolled off the sofa, landed catlike on all fours, and, still in a crouching position, hurtled out the door followed by the amazed stares and worried glances of my family. I dashed out of the room, up the stairs four at a time, and into the attic. After quickly surveying that room, I noticed that the trunk in which I kept my fishing tackle was not in its usual place.

"Oh Maaa! Where's my fishing tackle?" I yelled from the head of the stairs, taxing my vocal chords to the utmost.

I received the usual answer.

"Where did you put it?"

After gritting my teeth at the directness of the reply, I returned slowly to the attic, where hoisting myself up on a trunk that was near the door and resting my chin in my hands, I proceeded to scowl furiously around the room, wondering why people couldn't leave other peoples' property alone. For fully twenty minutes I sat thus searching with my eyes for my fishing tackle cache. Finally I cast my eyes dejectedly down to the floor while attempting to think of some other room in the house where the tackle might be kept. Where *could* that huge trunk have been moved so that I couldn't find it. Why . . . Impossible! (yet true). There, intercepting my line of vision to the floor was "the" trunk.

With a groan I slid off my perch and sure enough there was the tackle inside. Once again a fever heat assailed me and I sat down on the floor rapidly putting three fly rods together, attaching a reel to each and stringing some expensive double tapered line, which I had bought the season before, through the guides. Then I began to cast at imaginary pools where hungry trout leaped, their multicolored bodies arched, and then returned, with scarcely a ripple, into the depths of an attic floor. I sighed, took a calendar from my pocket, mentally noted the fact that ten days remained before the opening of trout season, and then started musing over previous experiences "on the stream." It is here that I must have fallen asleep for just about that time I found myself on the bank of a most likely looking brook.

The water, crystal clear, was gliding by the bank with only the swirling around a snag to show that it actually was moving. I decided that a "Royal Coachman" would be the right fly for this water and standing well back from the edge gently flipped the fly out near the snag. Breathlessly I watched it bob down the stream, waiting for that telltale swirl that notifies "ye compleat angler" to be prepared for action. With no results after several casts I moved slowly upstream.

Soon I came to a waterfall arching, resplendant with the beams of sunlight which flickered through the trees, and then falling with a roar to disturb the peaceful tranquility of a deep pool in which my intuition told me, were several lurking denizens. Quickly, I dropped a Black Gnat into the foaming whiteness at the base of the 'fall. It bobbed crazily for a moment rushing along with the current, there was a swirl, the fly disappeared, and the fight was on. No quarter would be given or asked in this battle between man and the king of game fishes, the Brook Trout. The trout rushed from one end of the pool to the other, now leaping from the water furiously trying to shake the barb from its mouth, now lurking sulkily under the shadows of a sentinel like boulder standing at the head of the pool, until finally, exhausted by its frantic attempts to escape, it yielded to my rod which still nevertheless bent from just the weight and death struggles of the fish and gradually was brought toward my waiting net until with a deft flick of my wrist the sparkled beauty lay writhing enfolded in the meshes of the net. "I'll bet it weighs all of five pounds," I thought, not worrying about the proximity of my estimate as I admiringly gazed at it.

"For heavens sakes stop waving that rod around in the air, you'll catch something with the hook," sounded a petulant voice at my elbow.

I turned, expecting to see a game warden, but gradually the trees faded into the cob webbed beams of my attic, the waterfall into a white piece of canvas covering some old furniture, the pool into the hard floor, and the game warden into my father.

"Come down to supper right away. Do you think all we have to do is call you thirty times for every meal."

"Then it was only a dream," I asked, hoping that this was the dream and not the fishing.

"What are you talking about?" asked my father, puzzled.

"Well Dad, I caught him anyway, even if it *was* only a dream."

We are not giving away any more Fords to those who read our columns.

THE KING'S HENCHMAN

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

The King's Henchman is a play in three acts, pleasingly written in verse. The plot is a simple one, somewhat like that of *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* The curtain rises with Dunstan, King of England, sending his friend and foster-brother on a mission to woo Aelfrida, the daughter of Ordgar, Thane of Devon, for him. This henchman of the king is Aethelwold, Earl of East Anglia. He goes to Devon and promptly succumbs to the all-powerful charms of Aelfrida, who is ignorant of his mission. After their marriage Aethelwold is continually haunted by the fear of facing Dunstan. Just when he is about to leave for Flanders with his bride he hears the trumpets of the King's Guard, who are arriving in Devon with their lord. Frantic, he confesses to Aelfrida his original mission with which he first came to Devon, and bids her to arrange herself in such a manner that she will disgust Dustan. In spite of his hasty pleas, she enters the presence of the king arrayed in the finest silks, presenting a vision-like appearance. Poor Aethelwold then stabs himself with the mighty blow that has caused the deaths of countless men on the field of battle.

Every detail of the play is saturated with the flavor of chivalry, of knights and ladies and minstrels, of England in the tenth century. The characters are readily pictured by the reader, and are to be remembered. Of course, the woman in the piece has intoxicating pulchritude and that which goes with it, excessive vanity. The hero is a man of god-like physique and forgivable faults. The only character who doesn't fit in this type of plot is Dunstan, because he is nothing at all like Miles Standish. It seems to me that he either is unaware that his friend has betrayed him, or else cares for him too well for the affair to separate them, because at the time that Aethelwold kills himself he has genuine grief and misunderstanding.

I particularly liked the ending of *The King's Henchman.* It occurs just at the right point in the plot, letting us see the climax, and its immediate effects upon the chief characters, and the curtain drops.

The Writer: Edna St. Vincent Millay was born in Rockland, Maine, on the 22nd of February, 1892. She received her A. B. from Vassar in 1917, the same year in which she wrote *Renascence. Renascence* created much comment, as it is not an every day occurrence when a college student writes one of the great poems of the decade. In 1923 she married Eugen Jan Boissevain, to whom *The King's Henchman* is dedicated. She is the author of *Renascence and Other Poems* (1917), *Figs From Thistles* (1920), *Second April* (1921), *Aria da Capo* (1921), *Lamp and the Bell* (1921), *Two Slatterns and a King* (1921), *The Harp Weavers and Other Poems* (1923), *The King's Henchman* (1927), *Buck in the Snow* (1928), and *The Fatal Interview* (1931). In 1922 she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best volume of verse published during the preceding year.

TEATRO DEI PICCOLI

By Esther Shain

This performance has been playing at the Plymouth Theatre. It will figure on the evening programs during the week of the twenty-seventh.

The opera given in condensed form has never before been offered in Boston. It is indeed remarkable that human hands are able to control the strings and wires so, that the puppets stroll around the stage with an almost uncanny semblance of reality. From the way they open their mouths one is almost made to believe that the songs are issuing from them.

The puppets have certainly mastered the technique of conventional opera stage acting. They prance and dance about as though animated with life. Indeed there is considerable more activity than has come from many a human opera.

One very amusing scene is the one in which a piano concert is given. It is extraordinary the way, every time the puppet touches a key, the sound is heard. If a real pianist plays it, it can not be better interpreted. Another outstanding point is the way the wooden figure so capably turns the pages. He is certainly characteristic of any human pianist.

Another significant scene is the "Bull Fight." It is so easy to forget yourself and think you are witnessing a real bull fight. The method of attack is perfect, also the fighting, and finally the victory.

No such unusual entertainment as Signor Podrecca's puppets has been seen in Boston for some time, but we do hope to have more of it.

The First Offense

He sat nervously fidgeting with the open collar of his spotless white shirt, and in vain did he look from face to face of those hardened men, to see if someone like himself were there for the first time. He continued to stare at each person in turn, but no kind word or look of sympathy came his way. Someone said, "Next," and the man nearest him poked him with his elbow. The boy arose, and for the first time in his life asked for a shave.

The Conqueror

By Muriel Cohen

Barefoot boy, who is so cold,
Young in years, but yet so old,
Who wanders onward toward no goal
With empty stomach but burning soul;
You do the things that you like best;
Not like a sheep that follows the rest.
Not like the man who for gold strives;
Not like the man who for fame cries.
You are wiser than most men;
You conquer Life; It conquers them.

The Sagamore

Founded in 1893

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Support of Dramatics

Six hundred students attend Brookline High School. The proceeds of Scholarship Dramatics amount to $1,500.00. Close to eighteen hundred students attend our high school and Dramatics can scarcely realize a profit of $500.00. These figures, as you may now have guessed, show the increase in the school attendance and the ever decreasing support of Scholarship Dramatics in the last two decades. It is logical to assume that if 600 students can put $1,500.00 into the Scholarship Fund by support of Dramatics, three times that number can at least *double* that amount. However, that figure is divided by three instead.

You may say that the depression has been the cause of this sharp decline in the Dramatics profit. It may be so but in 1932, a depression year, the play brought in $1,000.00. This year an amusing farce with thirty-four characters was selected in order to attract a large crowd. Miss Hannon realized that it would be a stupendous task to present a production with such a large cast but she thought it would greatly aid the Scholarship Fund, especially when so many boys are in need of assistance. She and the cast worked long and hard and presented one of the finest plays ever presented on the B. H. S. Auditorium stage. However, the school in general did not show its appreciation for their work, the production was presented to empty benches, and as a result only one scholarship will be able to be given from the proceeds.

What are some of the causes of this ingratitude? First, many of us have no school spirit whatsoever. One boy when asked why he wasn't going to Dramatics said that he was financially embarrassed and yet afterward he stated that he was at a show twice that week. Other social affairs have been held within a week of Dramatics.

If outside activities hadn't interfered with Scholarship Dramatics it would have been financially successful and many boys would have the opportunity to obtain aid from the fund.

FOR OBTAINING POISE

By ESTHER SHAIN

One of the essential conditions of acquiring poise is to familiarize oneself with the habit of composure.

Timid people know nothing of its advantages. They are always ill at ease, fearful, and completely upset by the idea of the least initiative.

Their mania leads them to exaggerate the smallest incident. A trifle puts them in a panic, and at the mere notion that strangers have perceived this they become quite out of countenance and are possessed by but one idea, to avoid by flight the repetition of such unpleasant emotions. Composure should, then, be the first achievement in the way of self-conquest to be aimed at by the man who wishes to attain poise.

But, it will be objected, composure is a condition that is not familiar to everybody. It is a question of temperament and of disposition. Everyone who wishes it can not attain it.

This is an error. In order to possess composure, that is to say the first step in the mastery of self which enables one to judge of the proportions of things, we must achieve or develop it, even if we happen to be naturally inclined thereto.

Everyone whose profession makes it necessary to cultivate his memory recognizes the importance of studying at night. Phrases learned just before going to sleep fix themselves more readily in the mind. They remain latent in the brain and spring up anew in the morning without calling for much trouble to revive them.

For this reason it is well to retire to rest in a mental attitude of deliberate calm, repressing every sort of jerky movement and constraining one's self to lie perfectly quiet.

At the same time one should keep on repeating these words: "I am composed. I propose to be composed. I am composed!"

ELIZABETH HOWARD

Elizabeth Howard—"Pinky" to you—graduated from the Heath Grammar School in 1929. Since she entered Brookline High she has been prominent in school affairs. She has been a marshal for four years; she is President of the Honorary Society; Vice-President of the Senior Class; and a member of the Court of Justice. In 1930 she was a member of the Glee Club; in 1932 Chairman of the Advisory Council, and an active member of the Girls' League.

She is greatly interested in athletics—when she entered the school in 1929 she was captain of the baseball and basket ball teams, and also a member of the track, captain-ball, and Second Varsity Hockey teams. She was on the First Varsity Hockey Team in 1931-32, and also its manager; on the Varsity Tennis Team in 1930-1932, and Manager in 1932-1933.

After graduating, Pinky is going to Radcliffe College.

An Amorous Poet

By KENNETH BRILLIANT

An amorous poet once in vain,
To please his lady love would fain;
By many and many an amorous phrase,
He sought to gain this lady's praise.

Many they were, the poems he wrought,
By many wise men now being sought;
But vain were his songs and feelings blue,
For the lady had said, "I'll have none of you."

Then in despair by this lady brought,
The poet till death bewailed his lot;
Until Fate's hand to recompense,
Around his grave did build a fence.

On this poet's grave does stand,
An epitaph carved therein by hand;
"Here lies the poet who spurned by love,
Went at his death quite far above."

Finis

My Idea of You

Take the sweetest girl from dreamland,
And the love from loveland, too;
Take the silv'ry light from the stars at night,
And the moonbeams from the dew.

Take the warmth away from the sunshine
And a bit of heaven, too;
And the sweet perfumes from a million blooms.
And you'll have my idea of you.

INHERITANCE

Inheritance, by Phyllis Bentley, is one of this year's most outstanding works. It is the story of the Oldroyd family, beginning in 1812 and ending about 1930. The Oldroyds were a family whose very existence was bound up in the textile business. In the beginning of the story they have a small factory, and Mr. Oldroyd, Sr., is the first man in that region to introduce the new steam looms instead of the hand-driven ones. This causes a small revolution in the valley because the ignorant English peasants are terrified by the huge engines and deeply resent their innovation because it cuts off so many of them from their only means of livelihood. This feeling grows so strong that it subsequently results in the murder of old Mr. Oldroyd. Unfortunately the party of men who killed him was led by the brother of Mary Bamforth who was Will Oldroyd's fiancée. He severs all connections with her and goes so far as to testify against Joe Bamforth in a trial which results in his death. In the mean time Mary has had a child, Jonathan, who, as he grows older, deeply resents the action of his father who deserted Mary so brutally.

The story goes on as Will marries another woman, Bessie, who shortly dies of fever. He, Will, finds that Mary is still living in the same town, and, realizing that he still loves her, marries her.

Finally, after the Oldroyds have suffered many ups and downs of fortune, we meet young David, the last of the family, who breaks away from the rest of his family and builds up, once more, the textile industry which has really been the history of his family. Again, in this last of a memorable clan, rises the pioneering spirit which urged his forefathers on, and one is left with the impression that the Oldroyds will come into their own once more.

MacStewey's First Reader

Whom do we see here?
We see twin boys.
What are their names?
Egburt and Elbert Baker.
How can one tell them apart?

Well, Egburt was very sophisticated as a boy. So if you whispered a joke in Egburt's ear and he blushed, it was Elburt.

Elburt was a quiet and retiring boy. He did so well in school that the naughty boys called him "Study Baker."

Egburt was the direct opposite of his twin. He loved to snoop and gossip.

These boys grew up and graduated from college. One of the boys became a college professor and the other was a Broadway columnist. Of course you realize Egburt was the professor and Elburt, not Egburt, was the columnist.

Moral: Only time will tell.

B.H.S. STUDENTS PREPARING FOR C.E.E.B. EXAM STRUGGLE

(continued from page one)

subjects based upon the record of the past five years, the line-up is 1 German, Cp 2, with a larger percent passing in his than in any other subject, 2 Physics, Math C, 4 Math A, 5 Spanish Cp. 2, 6 and 7 between French Cp. 2 and Latin Cp 3, 8 English Comprehensive, 9 His-ory D, and 10 Chemistry.

Thus it is very obvious that the ranks of the blessed are very thin and verily! only the fittest survive.

FRENCH CLUB PLAY

(continued from page one)

As the main attraction of the meeting, comedy, *Medecin Malgré Lui* was pre-ented under the direction of Miss O'Brien and Miss Perrin. Those taking part were Marcelle Hakim, Norman Hunt, Joan Rines, Norma Nasmyth, Chester Solomon, Janet Dubinsky, Lucy Hakim, and Irving Helman.

Later the members of the Club went own to the lunch room, where refresh-ments, consisting of cake and ice-cream, were served.

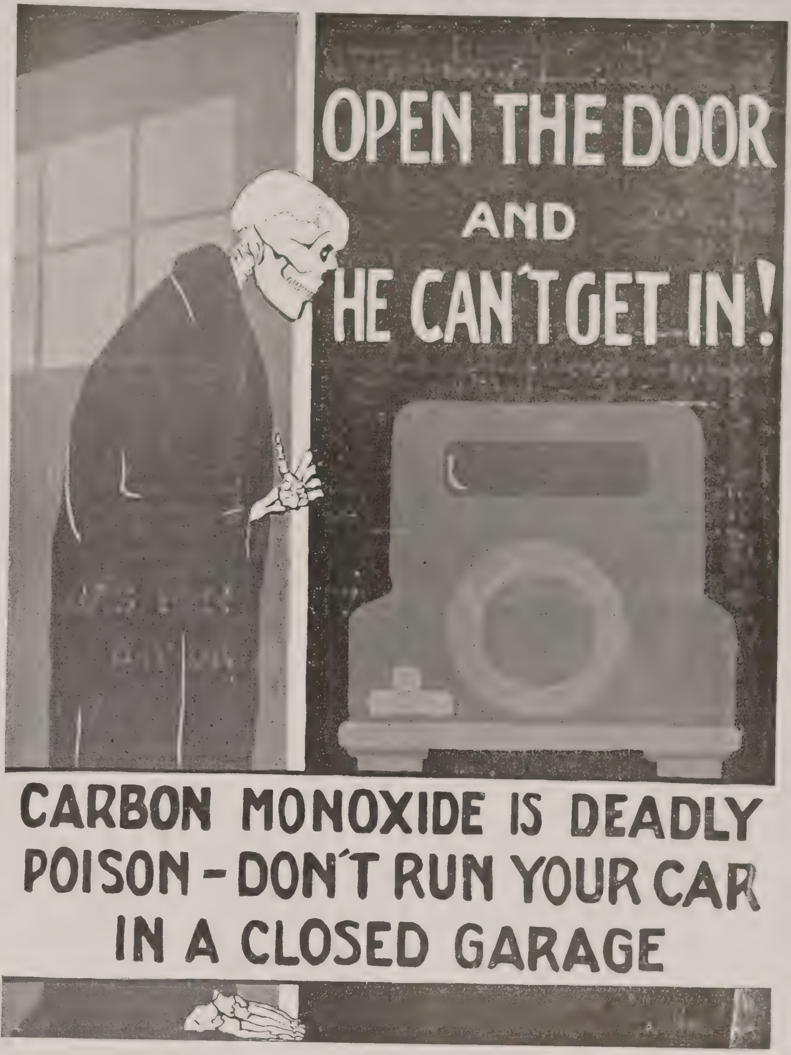
DRAMATICS

(continued from page one)

Dancing in the Art Rooms to the unes of Earle Hollings' Orchestra was eld after the performance. We extend ur sincere sympathies to those of our llow students who were unfortunate nough to miss this most delightful vening's entertainment because of finan-ial embarrassment. To those, however, ho missed it because of other reasons, e can only state that we hope they will fortunate enough to witness as enter-ining a performance next year and at he same time help a most worthy cause,

GIRLS' LEAGUE NEWS

The 1932-1933 schedule of the Girls' eague has been nearly completed with nly one major event remaining. The ass competition meeting May 5 will ficially close the Girls' League year nless the eighth grade party, originally heduled for April 13 but indefinitely ostponed due to no-session on that day, held May 10 or 11. Difficulty in acing the party may lead to its can-llation as other important events are heduled for conflicting dates. How-ver another celendar of interesting par-es and meetings for 1933-1934 is al-ady being attempted which promises be fully as interesting and entertain-g as the one now about to be com-eted.



Cartoon winning first prize of $15.00 in the contest held recently by the Brookline Health Department in co-operation with the school art classes. Drawn by Barbara Gordon, Senior.

ASSEMBLY, APRIL 12

At the Senior and Junior Assembly Tuesday, April 12, 1933, Mr. Evrest came to talk on the Abbey plays now playing in Boston. He represents the tour that is taking place throughout the large cities of the U. S. This is the second time this Company has made the U. S. a visit within the last twenty years; however, they visited this Country twice before that, 1911 and 1913.

These players come from a small theater in Dublin which has a seating capacity of 500 people. Although they are not professional and originally came from the middle class of Ireland, critics say that this is the greatest dramatic organization ever to appear on Broadway.

This movement is aided by the Government of the Irish Free State and only Irish plays are acted in order to represent the Irish people. Some of the plays to be given in Boston this week are: "Play Boy of the Western World", "White Headed Boy", and "New Caroon". There are also a few one act plays such as: "Shadows in the Glen", "The Big House" and "Spreading the News".

Miss Spaulding gave a most interesting talk on the Irish Play Movement, how it began, who were the first most influential leaders, and how the present there are no leading men or women in Company is conducted. Strangely enough it; each person is trained to an extent which enables him to take any part at any time.

THE DEBATING CLUB

A meeting of the Debating Club was held in the Auditorium on April 10, at 1:30. The date of the meetings has been changed to the second Monday of the month instead of the first Monday. On the first Monday in May, Miss Hannon will give points on debating. This will be very profitable for all members of the Debating Club.

There will also be a meeting on the second Monday of May at which the Boston University Debating Team will give a model debate. This meeting will be open to the school in general.

A rising vote of commendation was given to the Debating Team for its showing against Cambridge Latin.

A Message To Members of the School Orchestra, Band, or Glee-Club

Many young musicians who today are making a good living in radio broadcasting . . . on the stage . . . as members of professional musical organizations . . . teaching, privately or as instructors in schools . . . were at one time members of public school orchestras, bands, or glee-clubs.

But they didn't stop studying after they had graduated from high school.

Post-graduate work in Music has been made easy for students who want to continue their studies to the point where they can *earn money as musicians.*

The courses at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are arranged to meet the needs of those who want to study one subject only, or the courses leading to a diploma or degree in Music. The courses are conducted by teachers and musicians who are considered leaders in the field of musical education.

If after graduation from high school you will be engaged in some other line of gainful activity during the day, this is no reason why you need discontinue vocal or instrumental studies. The New England Conservatory offers evening instruction for those students engaged during the day.

The New England Conservatory has three orchestras, a brass band, a choral class, and a dramatic department. . . . These organizations are open to students who have reached the degree of proficiency demanded to maintain the higher standard required. The 85-piece orchestra of the New Engand Conservatory broadcasts frequently over local and national chain radio stations.

Tuition fees are made as low as possible to make it easy for young people to avail themseves of this great opportunity to study at one of the most famous conservatories in America.

Now is the time for you to plan further studies in Music and fit yourself for attractive opportunities that are in the offing for *trained* musicians.

Talk with your Vocational Adviser, or with helpful experienced advisers in the office of the General Manager of the New England Conservatory, any of whom will be glad to advise you concerning courses and opportunities.

Summer School, Opening Date June 28
First Semester, September 21 1933

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC

BOSTON, MASS.

MUSIC AS A VOCATION FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

By A. J. Peel

Education as we all know is either a cultural or a vocational asset . . . and it may be both. The study of English, for example, certainly adds to one's cultural education; but the professional writer, the journalist, and the novelist turn it to financial profit when they make writing their vocation.

Many of the readers of this magazine have taken part in the musical activities of their school. And some of them undoubtedly will build on this foundation and elect Music as their vocation. Musicians, perhaps more than any other class of artists, have used their art as a means of earning a livelihood, for Music is the most appreciated and best known form of artistic expression known to the human race, and is, therefore, always in demand.

The excellence of the work accomplished by many school orchestras is sufficient evidence that in these schools are young men and women with real talent who would do well to consider the opportunities in the world of music for educated and trained musicians. It is acknowledged as one of the arts that contribute valuably to this business of living, self-expression, and personal happiness. Eighteen hours a day the air is filled with Music from hundreds of radio stations . . . and this music is produced by individuals who have studied music. Many of these artists were never heard of until the radio gave them their opportunity . . . and it is still an uncrowded field for ambitious musicians with the requisite knowledge and experience.

But there are, in addition, other opportunities to earn one's living by Music . . . or to augment one's income by the practice of this art; there are numerous orchestral and vocal organizations that tour the country giving musical entertainments in clubs, colleges, schools, churches . . . most of these groups are under the management of professional agents whose business it is to make bookings and conduct the business arrangements with prospects for musical entertainment. Many graduates and students of such well-known music institutions as the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are devoting whole or part time to this kind of professional work.

Another important field of activity for the trained and educated student of music is in the public schools and colleges. Few schools in America are without a director of music, and most schools have their music teachers. To qualify for these positions, students of music must take special normal courses and for this reason it is highly important that the prospective student select a college of music that is well staffed with experienced teachers and musicians thoroughly familiar with the requirements necessary for teachers and directors of music in public schools.

With the growing appreciation
music, more parents are desirous t
their children shall be taught to p
and to sing. Here is an opportunity
the private teacher of music. A th
oughly well-trained teacher of mu
should have little difficulty in worki
up a good business in teaching mu
in the town or neighborhood in wh
he or she lives. With the return
prosperity for which we are all hopi
and which undoubtedly will come v
soon, the demand for qualified mu
teachers to give lessons in homes w
increase.

Can you imagine the inspiration a
joy of studying music at a nationa
known institution like the New Engla
Conservatory with its splendid equi
ment and famous faculty? Here y
will find three orchestras made up e
tirely of students, one of them an '8
piece orchestra that has many pub
engagements including broadcasting ov
local and national radio stations;
choral group; a dramatic organizatio
and other wonderful opportunities f
group performance. The New Englan
Conservatory has 15 large pipe orga
for students of the organ; and hundre
of pianos for students of the pianofort

Many of the teachers of the Conserv
tory have won national and internation
recognition for their work; some of the
are composers. It is with such a notab
faculty that students at the New Englan
Conservatory study the greatest of all t
arts . . . Music.

For those students who desire to co
tinue their academic studies at the san
time they are taking a course in Musi
the New England Conservatory provid
competent instructors in English, La
guages, Art Appreciation, and other su
jects related to the study of Music.

The cost of courses at the New En
land Conservatory is very reasonable i
asmuch as the Conservatory is not
profit-making institution, and under th
terms of its charter any profits mad
must be devoted exclusively to the inte
ests of the Conservatory and to aidin
worth-while and talented students.

For those young people who will b
engaged in some other line of activit
during the day, the Conservatory pr
vides evening instruction at moderat
fees.

ALUMNI NOTES

The following Alumni have bee
honored recently at Radcliffe College
Jeanne Goodale as vice president of th
Idler Club and Betty Richey as presiden
of the Athletic Association.

Also, several of our erstwhile student
are now enrolled at Bryant and Strattо
Commercial School, namely the follow
ing: Bart Murray, '30; Constance Cu
man, '31; Sarah Irwin, '31; Alice Cha
man; Edith Anderson, '31; and Esthe
Peterson.

The Fall of Hiram Oglethorpe

By Norman J. Dain

Due to a very recent excavation, two mense piles of dirt were thrown along- e each other. Since two adjacent moun- ns form a valley and since water obeys law of gravitational pull, we have te a debris at the bottom. This valley no way related to a certain radio oner), since it is rarely bathed in the , is usually muddy. It was after much iberation that certain men associated h janitorial duties conceived the plan laying planks across the miniature yon, thereby eliminating the wearing rubbers by trespassers. Because of depression and the narrowness of the , only two boards were able to be ployed.

* * * *

t may seem quite amazing, but even less clever students of this high ool are inclined to believe that being for class causes some embarrassing ations. It was on account of that : Hiram Oglethorpe, realizing that exigency of the time demanded great e, sped unwarily through the valley. No doubt the reader is fairly well ac- inted with the procedure of the comic ions in which some aristocratic ob" finds himself in a horizontal posi- up to his ears in slime and his most rming outfit sadly in need of repairs. h was the case of Hiram Oglethorpe he stubbed his toe on a projecting ak, fumbled his paper-stuffed books, turned an exquisite forward roll ch would merit the acknowledgment any gymnastic instructor.

Vas Hiram surprised? Absolutely! rprised" is, indeed, a much too weak d to describe the Oglethorpian visage. reminds us of the day-dreaming ner who treads on the business end rake and is cracked sharply on the ium as the handle suddenly arises ome in contact with him.

he unusualness of this tale is that the dent is rarely observed except in comic ions of newspapers and in screen edies. One cannot disbelieve it sim- because of the question, "Vass you , Sharley?"

This and That

Next." "Who, me?" "Born?" "Yes, "Where?" "Russia." "What part?" of me." "Why did you leave Rus- ' "Couldn't bring it with me." nere were your forefathers born?" only got one father." "Your busi- ?" "Rotten." "Where is Washing- " "He's dead." "I mean the Capital ne United States." "They loaned it urope." "Now do you promise to ort the Constitution?" "Me? How I? I've got a wife and six children upport."—*Royal Arcanum' Bulletin.*

Believe it or not—a friend back from the Phillipines tells of a native scout sent into the mountains for an officer whose wife was dying. Finding his man, the orderly in best pigeon English, saluted and apparently wishing to break the news gently said: "Sir, I have the honor to report the hand that rocks the cradle is going to kick the bucket."

Alumni Notes

Sylvia Finberg, '32, is at present working at the Paramount Studio and has a very small part in their new picture, *International House,* that of being an American tourist in China. She hopes to be filmed in an aeroplane picture which is to be started very soon.

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If you happen to be journeying in Scotland this summer, remember that you are invited to visit at the Japanese Gardens at Cowden Castle. Miss Ella M. Christie, the lady that sent us the book on Scott, has just sent us some information on Cowden Castle. Here is a part of the letter containing the history of the castle.

COWDEN CASTLE

It occupies the site of what was anciently an episcopal residence originally erected about 1320 by William Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, who was consecrated by Pope Boniface VIII in 1298 and who played an important part in the great war of Scottish independence. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of Robert the Bruce and it was he who placed the crown on Bruce's head on the occasion of his first coronation at Scone in 1306. He completed the Cathedral of St. Andrews and built a fortified manor-house in his diocese; one of these was in Muckhart, the western limit of his diocese now known as Cowden Castle. The site which he chose is said to have been that of an old Pictish fort on the south side of the rock it is a sheer drop of over 100 feet. There is a secret passage from the old part of the present house leading to what was an access to water and some of the walls are five feet thick. After the Reformation the property was in the possession of the Dukes of Argyll and an old house in the grounds was the birthplace of Adam Gib, the famous secession minister and afterwards leader of the dissenting body known as Anti Burghers. He was born in 1714. A strange change from the monks of pre-reformation. On the barn close to the castle are the cuttings made by the monks for their mill wheels. My father laid out extensive plantations of rare pines and scrubs, and I have added a Japanese garden, so the place has been well cared for since 1866.

Ella M. Christie.

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1933 BASEBALL PROSPECTS

Several Regulars Return

(continued from page one)

ing down second base and doing a fine job. "Ed" Fisher, a strong fielder and hitter has earned the short-stop position by his performances in practice and practice games. The hot corner is mastered by "Joe" Walsh, a sophomore and a fine all round ball player. Thus the infield shapes up to make as strong as any in the suburban league.

The positions in the outfield have not been permanently decided except Eddie Rae, last year's regular, and the leading batter. The outcome depending on the marks for the month under the rule of eligibility.

The success of the ball team however, depends greatly upon the pitching staff which consits of Sid Friedman, "Moon" Mullins, Ed Walsh, George Driscoll, Joe Crowley and other promising material.

With a team such as this, we can rightfully look forward to a successful 1933 season and Brookline High as an outstanding rival in the Suburban League.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

OL. XXXIX, NO. 13 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 18, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

DOLF A. BERLE, JR. ROOSEVELT ADVISER

Left Brookline High at 13 To Attend Harvard

Adolf Augustus Berle, Jr., a former udent at B. H. S., is a member of the esident's socalled "brain trust." This oup of confidential advisers to the hief Executive consists of Assistant Sectary of State Raymond Moley, Assistant ecretary of Agriculture Rexford Guy ugwell, and Professor Berle.

The magazine *Time* gives the follow-g thumbnail biography: Son of a beral Boston clergyman, Adolf Berle, ., arrived at Havard at the age of 13: as widely publicized as an infan odigy. He wore knickerbockers about e Yard up to his senior year. Graduted with honors at 17, he took a masr's degree. At 21 he received an LL. B. om Harvard Law School. He worked iefly in the office of Louis Dembity randeis (now on the Supreme Court). fter the War he practiced corporation

(continued on page eight)

RLINGTON BESTS B. H. S. IN ONE SIDED FRAY, 5-1

Ulin Prevents Whitewash With Lone Singles Win

The same Arlington fellows who rew such a scare into the track team is winter met the tennis team last onday, May 8, and eeked out a 5-1 ctory. This is Brookline's first meet ith Arlington after a three year's lapse. e score, however, does not truly indite the difference between the two ams as the Arlington players fought rd every match with the possible exption of one.

The leader of the Arlington cohorts, e Higgins, shapes up as a truly exllent player. This lad has been playing erscholastic tennis now for three years d is a very likely aspirant for high nors. In spite of this fellow's effincy our captain, Billy Lebowitch, put a good fight with him but Higgins ally won out at 6-4, 6-2.

Bennie Ulin was the only Brooklinite keep his colors by winning from Sulan of Arlington with the count 4-6, 4, 6-3. Phil Ford dropped his match ainst Hosmer to the tune of 6-0, 6-0.

One of the tightest matches of the eet was the one between Frank Taylor Brookline and Troy of Arlington. The st one looked like anybody's set when e two were tied at 7-7. Troy, however, wly gained the upper hand and won 9-7.

(continued on page eight)

BROOKLINE STUDENT MAKES TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT

James Bagley, Licensed Pilot

[Very few boys of James Bagley's age have had the opportunity to fly across the United States and the SAGAMORE is very pleased to be able to present his account of it now.

At present Bagley is but a senior at B. H. S., but we expect much of him in future years.]

By JAMES BAGLEY

One bright summer's day last July, my good friend Colonel Cyril Rogers, R.A.F. and I were talking about his plans for the next month. He was planning to return to England, but he wanted one good look at this country. He comes over here at least once every year but has never been beyond Chicago. Suddenly he became very silent, and knowing him quite well, I said nothing. Finally he turned and said, "Jimmie, you and I are going out to the coast in the new ship I bought." I let one war-whoop out of me and began jumping all over the place. When I quieted down he told me his plans. He drew a large map out of his pocket and we began charting our course. We were going to leave Boston and head for Detroit, from there we were going to Grand Forks, Minnesota, and stop at a private field. After leaving there we were to follow the route of the Great Northern to Spokane, Washington, and then continue to Sacramenta. On the return trip we were to stop at Kelly Field, Texas, Miami, Florida, and then continue up the Atlantic Coast to Boston.

After charting our course we went over to the East Boston Airport to have a look at the ship. What a beauty it is. A two-seater Lockheed-Vega that is capable of doing over two-hundred miles per hour. The mechanics were just getting through checking it over when we

(continued on page five)

Hodee Waldstein's Poem to Go To Chicago Exposition

The Poets' Guild in New York is sending the work of seven Radcliffe undergraduates to the Century of Progress in Chicago this summer. These poems written by these students are to be one department in the larger exhibit "Poetry, the Interpreter of America Today." Among the students thusly honored is Hodee Waldstein, B. H. S., '32. Her poem is entitled "Sibelius' Symphony, No. 1." While here she was one of the most brilliant members of an unusually brilliant class, winning the Juliet S. Baldwin Prize for excellence in French and the Lincoln Medals in English and Latin, and holding the position of Class Poet.

ALPHA PI PRESENTS 16 NEW MEMBERS WITH KEYS

Mr. Ringer opened the assembly on Tuesday, May 9, and then turned it over to Elizabeth Howard, the president of the Honorary Society. She first introduced Gertrude Lakson who was president of Alpha Pi in 1929, and is now a senior at Wellesley College. Miss Lakson has held a high scholastic standing all through her college course, which gave her a chance to study in France in her Junior year. She told of the advantages of raising the entrance from six to eight points.

Mr. Wallace Fowley was introduced after Miss Lakson spoke. He is a former graduate of Brookline High, and is now an instructor at Harvard University. He gave an inspiring talk on what the society means.

Mr. Ringer then presented the gold keys of the Honorary Society to those students who had earned the necessary number of points in scholarship and outside activities.

BROOKLINE FOURTH IN WORCESTER MEET

Swartz Wins High Jump

By PHILIP E. LEVINE

Those Brookline stars minus a few luminaries went up to Worcester last Saturday and battled their way through to a brilliant fourth place in the annual Worcester Inter-scholastics by rolling up 14⅓ points. It was a great meet but Brookline feels uncomfortable in its new and unaccustomed fourth place berth and is itching to get back in its old initial rung.

Alan Swartz, as usual, leaped to an undisputed first place in the running high jump by clearing 5 feet, 9 inches. Incidentally Captain Swartz was high scorer in the Brookline camp Saturday and but for a sore arm would have increased his personal collection by taking a place in the shot put.

Of course, Swartz's running mate, Tod Plotkin, was in the high jump also and gave an excellent account of himself by tieing for fourth at 5 feet, 5 inches. Tod Plotkin also captured a third place in the 120-yard hurdles.

Jimmy Johnson rose to lofty heights Saturday when he grabbed a third in both the century and furlong. Joe Enright also ran his usual powerful race and coasted in a good second to Salter of Everett in the "440."

Charlie Gerstein was unfortunately "nosed out" in his heat in the furlong,

(continued on page eight)

BROOKLINE BATSMEN DEFEAT NEWTON, 5-4

First League Victory

Playing inspired baseball, the Brookline High School baseball team defeated a strong Newton club at Tech field last Friday, May 12, to the tune of 5-4. The rejuvenated team was a delight to see, holding the upper hand throughout the game behind the brilliant pitching of Jerry "Moon" Mullins.

Maxie Van Dam and Joey Walsh played like a couple of demons, Van Dam getting two out of three bets and Walsh smashing out one beautiful two base hit. Walsh also performed a pretty double play all by his lonesome by catching a fly and nailing the runner on third. One of Van Dam's hits was a screaming triple to left field which scored Brookline's first run in the fourth frame.

Mullins was at his best form last Friday on the mound, striking out nine Newtonites and only allowing five passes. However the crowning point in Mullins's pitching was his coming through in the pinch when the bases were loaded with none out in the ninth. As the result of a pass, hit and an error, Newton filled the bases. Entirely unruffled and taking his time, Mullins forced Warren Huston to pop out, fanned Di Russo and Kevorkian ended the game with a long fly to left field.

That fly holds a little story also as the ball was sailing far off the left fielder's station and it looked as if all the runners would score but Gaulin, a new face at left field, ran like the very devil, scooping up the pill amidst a cheer from the stands.

(continued on page five)

BROOKLINE DEFEATS LEXINGTON FOR FIRST VICTORY OF SEASON

On May second, the Brookline High ball team traveled to Lexington and handed the Minute Men a beating with a score of 6-2. This was the second game for Brookline and they displayed a brand of ball which ought to carry the team far in the race for suburban League honors.

The Brookline boys scored two runs in the first when the Lexington pitcher passed three men in a row and Joe Walsh made a single to center scoring two men, Fisher and Sullivan. They also scored two more runs in the fourth and two in the sixth while Lexington managed to squeeze in a run in the

(continued on page eight)

R COLYUM

Miss Bradford wishes to tell William B. Ober to keep off the Common. She is not only afraid he will walk on the grass but that the squirrels will eat him.

One frosh recently asked me if "Muscle Shoals" belongs to the clam family. When we begin to study foreign languages we wonder why there isn't an international tongue . . . What happened to H. Bernstein and his chess club (not that any one cares)? . . . Making out College Board blanks is as bad as the income tax sheets. . . . If the juniors have a prom. we hope "stags" are eliminated. . . . Class Day soldiers: General Nuisances, Major Put, and Private Business. . . . We wish that they would substitute "course" for "curriculum" (they're the same, you know). . . If any one complains about how the SAG is folded, let him fold a hundred or so. . . . speaking of inflation, the office is inflated with "five subject requests. . . . It's a bad state of affairs when a certain young marshal throws stones and when the "victim" retaliates, this marshal shows his "M" and tells him to stop.

* * * *

He was shy and tongue-tied, and after she had kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers he got up to go.

"Larry I offended you," she said.

"Not offended," he answered. "Going back for more flowers.

* * * *

The Girl: "I should think you'd be as happy as a king when you're in the air!"

The Pilot: "Oh, far happier! I'm an ace."

* * * *

Grocer (regretfully): "No, son, I'm afraid I can't hire you. We can't use much help just now."

Applicant: "That's all right, sir. I wouldn't be much help.

* * * *

At a recent assembly the speaker mentioned "those souls who will never leave the world of books," and we noticed many of our coming five-year men shift uneasily in their seats. Why?

* * * *

Alliteration: Obnoxious, odious, awful Ober incurs assignment editor's eternal enmity.

* * * *

Beyond the Alps lies Italy; and lest we forget, behind the billboards lies America.—*Judge*.

* * * *

It may be observed that a girl with cotton stockings on never sees a mouse.
—Stanford (Calif.) *Chaparal*.

* * * *

The German courts are wrestling with the question of the difference between a tip and a bribe. The principal difference is that you generally get something in return for a bribe.

SPANISH CLUB MEETING

The Spanish Club held its last meeting of the year on Monday in the auditorium. A play entitled "El Incognito" was presented with the following cast:

Reporter............. ....John Field
Impressario.... ....Evelyn Lupton
Companion......................Eileen McElroy
Singer.................................Eleaner Kaitz

The setting of the play is in the reception room of a large broadcasting studio. A young reporter comes to get a story about a mysterious singer, whose identity is unknown. The impressario allows him to speak to her, but in darkness. When suddenly his curiosity getting the best of him, he switches on the light, and instead of the singer, sees her negress companion, behind whom the singer has hidden. The impressario then comes in and introduces the mysterious singer as his wife.

The Club had as its guests, Señora Pardo, a well known opera singer, and as her accompanist, Susanna Goday, who is a ten year old pianist, and who has already made numerous public appearances.

After the entertainment the guests and the members of the club retired to the Foreign Center in Room 36, to enjoy refreshments served in typical Spanish Style.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

The last meeting of the Girls' League was held on Friday, May 5, in the Girls' League room.

As a result of the class competition, the program was in charge of the Seniors and Sophomores. By the successful cooperation of the class leaders, and the abundance of talent, a very interesting program was presented. The Senior head chairman was Evelyn Greenspan, the sub-chairmen were Grace Coughlin and Margaret Metzler. The Sophomore chairman was Mave Sullivan, and the sub-chairmen were Anne McEvoy and Barbara Swig.

The program opened with a beautiful 'cello solo by Harriet Nyean who was accompanied by Sylvia Robinson. Following, Charlotte Wimrebe accompanied by her sister did a beautiful classic dance.

Then a very fascinating puppet show was put on by Mrs. Blatt and her two daughters. This consisted of two scenes from Romeo and Juliet. After the little play was over the audience had the privilege of seeing how these little puppets are operated. It seems that a string is attached to every moveable part of the doll, and when these strings are pulled these dolls act like human beings even to the movement of the lips. However, someone else has to do the talking.

Following this part of the program the names of the girls who are to be marshals and aids were read, then came the time for refreshments (which by the way, makes a very pleasant finish to any party!).

REVERE EDGES BROOKLINE IN HARD STRUGGLE, 3-2

On Wednesday, May 3, the Revere High School Tennis Team defeated Brookline High at the Dean Road Courts to the tune of 3-2. In the opening match Captain Lebowitch defeated Schwartz of Revere 6-0, 6-0. In the second singles match Paul Silbert was defeated by his Revere opponent Crivello 6-4, 9-7. The next match proved to be a long drawn struggle in which Phil Ford was defeated by Larkin of Revere, 6-4, 3-6, 12-9. In the first doubles match Lappen and Silbert were defeated by Crivello and Larkin, 1-6, 6-3, 6-1, and in the second match Lebowitch and Ulin of Brookline defeated Landsman and MacLalan, 6-1, 6-3. Our team displayed much potential strength that promises to become evident in future matches. Mr. Barnes, our coach, and Capt. Bill Lebowitch remain optimistic.

RAIN HALTS NET ENCOUNTER WITH WINCHESTER MEN

The tennis match with Winchester High Schol scheduled to take place at Dean Road on May 11 was postponed because of wet courts. The boys were prepared to hit on all sixteen cylinders but rainy weather dampened their enthusiasm. In spite of losses to Revere and Arlington they have displayed much optimism, and hope that their full power will be soon reached.

SHORT PLAYS PRESENTED AT GERMAN CLUB MEETING

The German Club of May 4th presented a most scintillating, absorbing series of dramatic productions under the leadership of Miss Bailey. With never failing interest, the "2nd yearers" relived the long remembered agony of "the daily story" through the clever portrayal of Dr. Klune Barbier. Melvin Kaplan played the principal part with Leigh Dimond, Robert Leslie, Maynard Rosen and Leonard Liber. In *Der Mann der gebissen war* for perhaps the first time, the beginners little begrudged the hours (?) spent in preparing their daily story. Hardly able to restrain their tongues also from giving vocal response, they followed the interpretation of *Der Richter* by Bernard Singer with Leonard Liber.

Bernard Singer, Allen Thewles and Kenneth Ferguson did exceptional work in *Wann lassen Sie den anderen Schuh fallen.*

Der Schwirgersohn was given with real talent by 2nd year-ers: Bernice Greenspan, Henry Urrows, Robert Sack, and Marion Peterson. It was a little glimpse into Deutschland with the exception of some rare American giggles.

As lovers, Ruth Krivitsky and Frank Gardner lent a romantic touch in *Karl Heinrich.* A meeting of this type spurs all on with the glimpse of a goal to be reached, with the assurance that it can be reached through hard, conscientious work.

SIDELIGHTS ON DRAMATIC

Dramatics was only a happy hunt ground for the SAG reporter.

George Hawley, one of the clever boys in the cast, was apparently emb rassed by the fair damsels, for he st tered through every rehearsal, "Get m lack of Puckies," he cried to the offic again: "What's the spit, lifty-lifty Which reminded us of Roy Atwell.

It was this same Hawley who crash through the witness stand before the c tain rose on the first night's work. was apparently in a destructive mood he afterwards brought the house dow too!

The climax came when Donald G ham sprang on one of those fair dams in the jury-room. Donald insisted rehearsing this several times each nig Can't understand why. (Graham is ready a skilled actor and later we exp to see his name flashed on Broadway

All the interest was not confined the auditorium. I understand Cu staged a little drama during those n turnal rides after rehearsals, with interest carried over from the play.

At the dress rehearsal Dazey failed make his appearance. "Come Daze shouted the cast. "Come, Butter-cups cried the coach in desperation. (Le Dimond did a clever job as Dazey.)

The first night of the performance s many strange happenings. After the s ond act, Alonzo's moustache fell off a had to be glued on with hastily ma cated chewing gum.

How many know that Roberta Mar clever and colorful in the rôle of defe ant at the bar, took the part just f days before the performance! And M Maguire's part, skilfully interpreted Faith Holden, was taken just three d before Friday.

The girls began clutching their pock books when Tony the Greek appeared his vicious mustachios. It was only M Cohen doing a superb bit of work.

A few days ago there was fire in auditorium, and it seems quite clear us the cast was responsible. They *kind many emotions.*

RED CROSS NEWS

At the last Red Cross meeting it decided that from the remaining $34. the following amounts should be app priated; $10.00 to the Chelsea Na Hospital, $16.00 to the Friendly Soci of Brookline, and $5.00 to the Glasses for pupils in Brookline Gram schools. It was also decided that enough money wasn't collected for Year Book pictures and for the pictu taken by Mr. Jewett it should be ta from the Red Cross treasury if perm sion was granted from Headquarte Next year's Junior Delegates to the B ton Metropolitan Red Cross Chapter High Schol is to be Myron Cohen.

TEMPUS FUGIT

Time has a strange way of moving along. On a rainy Sunday in the late fall the hours drag by with unwilling steps till evening. But how swiftly they race on a golden afternoon in May or June, when every minute will be a treasured memory. During vacation week, day follows night, and night follows day in rapid succession; when school keeps, the days eat up the nights and then loiter along for seven painful weeks. After the final bell has rung in June, you have only time to close your eyes, turn around three times and open them — in September.

Time is often cruel to retired men, super-annuated, with a lifetime spent in some dearly loved occupation. For them the lights have gone out, and they must sit in the darkness, waiting for the end. It is kind to children, though, touching them lightly in their play until they have blossomed into youth.

Efficiency experts tell us that we may harness Time and make it go as fast or as slow as we please. But an old gypsy fortune teller once told me that Time was an ally of fate, and I am rather inclined to believe her.

Time moved sowly during the Middle Ages, but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it began to quicken its pace. America was soon colonized, the colonies rebelled, the French revolted, Napoleon arose, Lincoln spoke, the World War thundered across the pages of history, and today historians tell us that Time is racing faster than it ever has before.

Sometime I'd like to interview the old man with the hour-glass and the scythe, to find out what he thinks of us. The interview would be rather eagerly read in the newspapers and might become a theme for books and plays. In that case, the season's dramatic success would be "Time takes a Holiday."

QUALITY STREET

By J. M. Barrie

Quality Street has for its setting a street in an English town where the gentry live, at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. We have one Mr. Valentine Brown, a young physician just about to propose to Miss Phoebe Throssel. Miss Phoebe is the young and comely sister of Susan, an unmarried lady of about forty years. Valentine goes away to the wars, and the sisters are forced to teach school because of an ill-advised investment which renders them penniless. Ten years later Brown comes back, a dashing captain. He finds Phoebe an old maid, an awful school teacher. Phoebe renovates herself and poses as a mythical niece, Miss Livy, and goes to a ball with Valentine. At the ball she flirts outrageously and her escort realizes that there is only one woman for him, Phoebe.

After smuggling out some rags to look like Livy, to satisfy the busybodies of Quality Street, the couple live happily ever after.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIFE

I am very romantic. I always have been and suppose I always will be. Being romantic will be the death of me yet: I am able to find romance in everything.

To fly high and look down on the great city with its deep traffic lanes surging with thousands of motor cars and millions of people, and all the tall skyscrapers pointing up at me; to watch the light change and make lovely colors in the dim canyons; to see the wide rivers on each side of the city with its queer-shaped boats cutting silver streaks in the water; to fly high and see all this at a glance is romantic, and don't let anyone tell you different.

I am fond of having a foot high flight just as the sun goes down; to watch the lights come on in the big buildings. But I always prefer to be safely roosting before dark because it's difficult to fly at night.

Darkness always finds me roosting high on one of the tall towers of the Cathedral said, by many, to be the most beautiful in the world. And when the morning begins, and the darkness starts to disappear, I like to fly high to meet the dawn.

I call the cathedral home—Its Gothic architecture: I am very fond of the Gothic, because of the lovely places to roost, and I like the parades they are always having on the street below.

I often sit up there all afternoon, watching the crowds below: poor humans they have to stay on the ground and be stopped by the policeman's whistle. I am glad I can fly.

Some humans manage to fly in a clumsy manner, with cumbersome machines and loud roaring motors. I think having your own wings is more practical.

Humans are romantic, too. I have great sport watching them. I am fond of flying up and stopping in the window sills of the office buildings and watching the bosses being romantic with their secretaries. Oh, it's most interesting to see what goes on at the penthouses. It's amusing to watch in high hotel windows. There is romance everywhere I fly.

One bright morning I met the little copper-colored mate. She was a sweet mate. The sun reflected on the rainbow colors of her throat and she had pretty yellow feet and she wore jewelry: a bright aluminum band. And when I strutted and cooed to her she didn't resist me too much. I would fill out my throat and make my feathers glisten. Then I would coo my love and drag my tail at her. Then she would fly away, and I would follow and repeat my entreaties.

When she would only fly a short way, I knew that she favored my suit, so I became bold and proposed that we have a go at housekeeping. She said, "Yes." And it made me very happy. But she asked if I was religious, as she was convent hatched and would only mate with one who could conscientiously live on the Cathedral. I told her that I was once owned by an Italian; so that made me eligible.

So up to the Cathedral we went for our honeymoon. Then one day she whispered to me the glad news, and we set about building our nest. She insisted on having a low nest because she was terrified at heights but I said that it would be a high nest or none at all.

We finally compromised on a ledge halfway up.

I'm glad I am a pigeon; nothing to do but fly, and be fed peanuts, and make love and nest and hatch family after family. Oh! it's a grand life.

ON MEMORIAL DAY

By Sidney Kafka

In the midst of the haste of the present day,
Pause for a moment on the thirtieth of May.
Pause for a single moment and hold thy breath,
Thinking of those who in the sixties met their death.

Pausing, kneel and in memory to pray
For those who fought under the blue and gray.
While praying, Lincoln's election remember.
How 'twas the sixteenth of the preceding November.

How the North a depressed race tried to free.
The South insisting that they shouldn't be.
Men from both sides came and together they fought,
Their belief to uphold, was what they sought.

They retreated, they charged wave upon wave:
And the nation's youth was sent to the grave.
Many died in the years of struggle and strife,
And then the loss of its leader's life.

With this in your mind, point out one who can say,
He doesn't remember—the glorious blue and gray,
The man who reunited this nation,
And raised a people to a proper station.

But don't forget the gray in honoring the blue,
For they died upholding their cause too;
And when they lost with a leader sublime;
Their memory was not lost by time.

Then pause for those who died this union to save;
And pausing bedeck every soldier's grave
With flowers and honors, amount untold
For they gave all that you cherishingly hold.

NAPOLEON

By Aaron Levine

Fires burning,
Onward scourging.
Empire falling,
New emerging;
All,
An iron hand
Rules over,
From Egyptian land,
To English Dover.
Not a moment dry or dull
Stops and forms a quiet lull.
But,
Forward Pressing
On the war,
Not decreasing,—
Killing more;
The whole world torn
From earth to blue.
Fear increasing.
Screeching for a Waterloo!
From the North
With outdrawn swords,
Come the trampling British Hordes.
Shots-a-whistling,
News-a-sizzling,
Of quick retreat,
And last drum beats,
And that,
With the last silenced gun
Came the fall of Napoleon!

A VISIT TO RADIO CITY

After having bought my ticket I hastened into the Grand Lounge of the Music Hall, the largest theatre in the world. It is made entirely of mirrors except for the wall which extends around the staircase which is a glorious painting of Elijah going to heaven in the fiery chariot. The floor is mosaic, the color of silver. There are four mezzanines in the back where one is allowed to smoke as above them there is a giant sifter which draws the smoke up. Attached to the back of the seat in front of you there is a button which you press, a light will flash on your program.

The stage is enormous, and there are a series of small stages on each side for a solitary singer to come out. The roof is rotund and it changes color according to the hue of the stage presentation.

The floor is laid with gorgeous Orientals. The lounges down stairs are so magnificent that words can hardly express it. It is entirely of gold with statues and beautiful paintings adorning the sides. It is really something one dreams of.

NOTICE

Buy now! What? The Year Book is course! If you don't you will be out of luck, for after the 19th of May the price goes up 50c on all books! You don't want to be left without one do you! You should see the added attractions in the Book this year; we understand that they are to be very unusual, though the nature of them is being kept secret—for instance, better than the baby pictures last year?

Buy now; you won't be sorry.

The Sagamore

Founded in 1893

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Significance of Dr. Conant's Appointment

The new president of Harvard College has been appointed. He is Dr. James Bryant Conant, a professor of chemistry at that institution. It is of great significance, that for such a high office, a man in that particular field was chosen. The appointment of Dr. Conant, a man whose chief accomplishments have been in the field of science, is an element of progress in that modern civilization upon which we are now embarking.

Dr. Conant's specialization in this one subject has obviously not hindered him from taking interest in other activities. A position of this type calls for a broad outlook on all things, which comes only from diversified interests.

Here in Brookline High School, we have offered to us some of the finest courses for specialization, and an enormous variety of subjects which are open to us for outside interests. With our new chemical laboratories, we are keeping pace with the modern trend which has been clearly pointed out by the appointment of the new Harvard president.

It is now only up to the students to take the best advantage of the opportunities afforded them.

In Defence of Fraternities

In the recent debate concerning fraternities at the high school, there appeared the most glaring of all faults of those who attempt to prove any point, namely, an evident lack of intimate knowledge concerning the subject of the discussion. How many of the speakers at that debate do honestly belong to a high school fraternity is unknown, but evidently their knowledge of such organizations has been gleaned either from "College Humor" or from secondhand stories of other unknowing ones.

One of the chief arguments of the opponents of fraternities at that debate was that they divided the loyalty of students between their school and their organization. Apparently the one who voiced the above statement was of the opinion that "loyalty is like butter," That is, it can be spread over just so much territory and then is all used up. If that is so, how can he explain the numerous cases (examples, *not* exceptions) of students who have been both active in their fraternity and active enough in school to be thought worthy of being elected to high school offices? How does he explain that so many of those students were able to find enough of this "loyalty" to be active in both branches of student life? Does he call these dozens, or rather ten of dozens, exceptions, or does he attribute their great capacity for loyalty to some special act of God?

Another point in that "debate' was that the purpose of fraternities, namely, the furtherance of "good-fellowship" is at variance with the established principles of the school since its purposes are of a social nature only. Here again is evidenced the lack of actual facts concerning the subject. Can he reconcile the above thought with the fact that some two years ago a fraternity in this school saw fit to organize a number of these societies, along with several sororities, into a temporary union in order to present a formal charity ball of such proportions that after all expenses were paid, there was still enough money left to donate a very large sum to a Boston hospital? Does that speaker think that fraternities can have no other purposes, no higher ideals, unwritten or written, than to have social affairs? Perhaps that person would be interested in hearing a few more acts of high school fraternities and their sister organizations, which are of different caliber than he described. One of those in this school contributes annually to a Christmas fund for children. Numerous sororities have held raffles for the benefits of needy families. Another example which will "strike home" is that one fraternity in the school is even now planning a dance to be held solely for the purpose of raising money for the Scholarship Fund for which same intention we have our yearly Dramatics.

Perhaps the few words presented above will help serve to correct any erroneous impressions made a few weeks ago by our honorab Debating Club. A cursory inspection of the volumes in the Publ Library on this same subject would indeed have been an aid to it had r members of fraternities been around to refute its arguments.

What's Wrong With Youth?

As youths of today, every one of us has at some time, been calle upon to meet such thrusts as: "Modern youth, where are you boun Oh you new generation; your drinking, smoking, low standards of co duct; the road you've shown ahead spells destruction. What are yo coming to?" We have been called upon to stand up for this generatio of which we are a part, against the bitter, relentless, misunderstandin older generation.

But of just what does it complain? "The youth of today is forev revolting," they say. Revolting? What kind of a revolt is this th recently in Boston, a girl of the younger generation sitting at a count drinking the new 3.2 beer was heard to say. "Gee, I'd give anything if could like this stuff!"

What kind of a youth revolt is that that as a whole we are lappin up propaganda—propaganda sponsored by men who in their craze f money have set low standards of moral conduct. Beer propaganda is i its realm. There are men who have openingly admitted that they ar going to create a taste in youth. Will this propaganda blind our eyes t the other side of the picture. We can but wonder when, disregarding th fact that there is no alcohol worth mentioning in beer, one of our larges air concerns made the statement that its men are forbidden to drink th 3.2 beer. No, we don't want to be fooled. Of course, we would not lik to believe that business men of the older generation—not ours—can forc it down our throats for their profit!

We need all our faculties alert to live this life of ours. It's a lif worth living too, isn't it? Youth can revolt . . . and *must*.

Are we to be smothered by war propaganda with uniforms, th sounds of drama, the marching feet, all binding us to the great futility the needless suffering, the endless strife? We're the ones who will figh if there is another war. Or are we to constructively work out some mean by which war can be obliterated.

As modern girls, have we too been won by the huge placards, the slogans and mottos presenting the American girl of today in a ligh unworthy of the finest type. One very Modern Miss said that she for one was going to maintain her independence!

Are we going to be swayed by the newspaper headlines, the screen the serials and such that lasting marriage is taboo, that divorce is the accepted thing by the elite? Or are we going to look ahead to see the cause for such before it is too late. Are we going to be blinded to the realization that beyond the newspaper headlines, way down deep into the hearts of countless millions of homes in big cities and little villages are happy homes with men and women living contented lives, who have founded their homes on love, ever strong, combined with respect and admiration. No, at heart we young people are not cynical although the world is doing its best to have us so. We regret that striking examples are sometimes very evident, but we have ideals, and because we know we have them, we are striving to hold them high. We are trying to learn great truths.

To revolt? Yes, we *must* if it is justifiable.

To conform? No! but to transform.

ALPHA PI

The SAGAMORE extends it hearty congratulations to the sixteen new members of the Honorary Society. They have reached a milestone in their school careers, and the school is better for their presence. The SAGAMORE is also grateful for that large number of students who nearly made the Society, and who have also greatly contributed to the well-being of the school.

This "aristocracy of education", as it was termed by Miss Gertrude Lakson in her recent address to the school, has long been a famous institution in the school. Two years ago thirtyt-hree pupils were admitted to the Society at one time, and it was then decided that the standards must be raised. Consequently, eight points were required for admission instead of six, resulting in a smaller and more exclusive group.

It is still perfectly fair to each of the seventeen hundred students in the school, for there are so many activities through which admission may be gained. The SAGAMORE, Prize Speaking, Dramatics, Marshals, School Offices, Athletics, Band, Orchestra, Banks, and Red Cross are only a few.

We hope that freshman and sophomores will be spurred on to greater accomplishment by the incentive of the Honorary Society. Those juniors who did not spend quite enough energy to make the grade this year, may still be admitted before the end of their school career.

TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT

(continued from page one)

busy preparations for the trip. We were testing out parachutes, preparing lunches and overhauling the ship.

Finally the great day came, and at 5 A. M. July 22 we left the East Boston Airport. Everything was fine and the motor was purring like a kitten. The weather was fine and the landscape was extremely beautiful. At a moderately high altitude the earth looks like an immense geographical map with its lakes and rivers. Going over the Appalachians we hit numerous airpockets and if you are not used to that sort of thing the sensation is quite sickening. We gained altitude going over, so we were quite free of them. We headed southwest and intended to fly over Pittsburgh and then continue to Detroit. Just before reaching Pittsburgh the motor began to falter and we both wondered what was the matter. "Pop" brought the ship down on a golf course and found that the gas line was clogged up. That was soon remedied and we again took off. This time we reached our destination without any further mishaps. As soon as we left the ship, we dashed over to a lunch-room and consumed a very heavy meal. About an hour later we headed for Grand Forks. We headed over Lake Michigan and what a picture it was. Lake steamers were plying their way along the lake and it was a picture of an industrious world. Soon we left the lake region and neared the wheat country.

As we went along I heard Pop's voice in the speaking tube and my thoughts were interrupted. He told me that some mean-looking clouds were gathering and we might be in for a bad storm. We put on more speed and gained more altitude. Suddenly a great gust of wind hit the ship. It was like waves hitting a toy boat. Although we were doing about one hundred and fifty we were slowed down tremendously. Try as we might we could not get above the storm. It seemed as if we were at a standstill in the air. Suddenly Pop banked sharply to the right. I yelled at him through the speaking tube but he paid no attention to me. Then I received a great surprise. I saw dimly before me the hangars from the Grand Forks field. They were evidently expecting us because we could dimly see them running around the field getting it ready. The field was quite muddy but Pop brought the ship down as gently as a bird lands. We were soaked to the skin, but after a strong drink of hot coffee and a supply of some food and dry clothes were were ready to go to bed. It was after midnight then.

Bright and early the next morning we took off for Spokane. It was a beautiful day. When we gained altitude, we could just see the sun rising. And what a sight it was: A fiery ball rising in full majesty casting its light over this side of the world. On this leg of our flight we were going to make time. Pop throttled the old crate up to nearly two hundred and we were just sailing along comfortably. Beneath, the country was beautiful. The farmers were already at work in their fields. Here and there we could see glacier lakes, formed hundreds of years before by the immense ice field that covered this continent. Soon we had passed over the Dakotas and were approaching the Plateau Land in Montana. It was as if we were in a strange country. Gone was the farm belt and just before us was the cattle country. That was the sight. Great fields of cattle below reminded me of my grandfather who was a rancher. After a few hours we were past Montana and in Idaho. Going over there we gained more altitude in preparation of going over the mountains. We were following the route of the Great Northern. As we went along the air was becoming more humpy and we hit more air pockets. We kept gaining altitude until we were up about fifteen thousand feet. Then came the greatest spectacle of all. The Rocky Mountains with their white heads reminded one of stern old sages sitting erectly above the heads of the lesser fortunates. But my reverie was interrupted when we hit a particularly bad pocket. We lost over a thousand feet in altitude and were running quite a bit off our course. Had I been with another pilot, I might have had a bad case of nerves, but knowing Pop as I do there was nothing to worry about. Heavy headwinds caused us to lose speed, but we were not standing still by any means. Not long after that experience we sighted Spokane and we prepared to land and refuel. About twenty minutes later we were eating in a lunch-room. Over our meal we changed our plans. Instead of going to Sacramento we were going to Los Angeles. After refueling and checking over the ship we took off. On our way to Los Angeles nothing eventful happened, or if it did I was too tired to notice it. I went to sleep. The next thing I knew we had landed in Los Angeles, and Pop was talking to some friends of his whom he had wired from Spokane. We went to their home and the first thing I did was to go to bed. About noon the next day I woke up. After a good shave and bath I felt fine and I went down for breakfast. It should have been lunch, but it was breakfast to me. After swimming and playing tennis we went back for dinner. That night we figured that it had taken us seventeen hours, in the air, to go from Boston to Spokane, and that wasn't bad time for a slow trip. Then we went to bed for a good night's sleep.

Early the next morning we arrived at the airport and after a final check we took off. We put on a good deal of speed and were headed for Kelly Field, Texas. We passed over the Grand Canyon National Park and the sight was wonderful. The rock formations made a very beautiful picture from the air. Then a very amusing incident happened. We had a thermos bottle full of hot coffee and being thirsty I wanted a drink. I poured it all right but when I attempted to put it up to my mouth, the rushing air caused the contents to be poured all over me I had the speaking tube attached and the language I used was terrible. After a while I succeeded in getting some coffee down my throat but nine-tenths of it was on my clothes. During this time I had been trying to write with a fountain pen but my work was all blotted so I gave up the idea. That is why I never kept an account itinerary of the trip. After a while we had left Arizona and New Mexico behind us and we were in Texas, the Lone Star State. As we were over it I began calling to mind the struggles the Texans had been through. The Mexican War, the fight at the Alamo, where a handful of men were pitted against hundreds of the enemy. After recalling this to mind, I remembered the establishing of the Texan Republic and the struggle there was in Congress over the annexation of that state. A few minutes later we were refueling in preparation for a flight to Miami. The weather was extremely warm so we took off our flying suits and donned leather jackets.

It wasn't long after we took off that we were over the Gulf of Mexico, pushing the ship to its best speed. At first we were going to skirt the coast but at the last minute we decided to fly straight across. The water looked very tempting from where we were, but as it would do me no good I ejected that thought from my mind. About half way across we saw a steamship and we circled around it a few times. It was from the Southern Pacific line. After we had exchanged greetings we again turned toward Miami full speed ahead. We sighted land not long after that and we were soon at Miami. It was in the wee small hours of the morning. We put up at the airport for some sleep. After a few hours sleep, very few, we were about to take off on the last leg of the flight. We were heavily loaded down with gas because we did not want to make another stop.

We took off very heavily on account of the fuel but we were soon in the air heading straight for Cape Cod. On our way we passed numerous steamers, but we were in too much of a hurry to exchange any greetings. We just kept going along. We saw a Coast Guard Cutter chasing somebody but we didn't bother to see who. About ten hours later we sighted Cape Cod and were very glad. That meant home. Just over East Boston we started doing stunts and flying inverted. After a while we checked in and started for home. It certainly was a wonderful sensation. It certainly was Home Sweet Home.

TO MOTHER

By Blanche Tarlin

There is love and care and hope and trust,
Beneath her sheltering arm,
There is home and praise and rest for us
Protection from all harm.

There is ever ready sympathy
In her heart thats made of gold;
Our troubles are her worries,
All that her heart can hold.

We should confide in and worship her
And love her as no other,
There's no truer friend in all the world.
Than just our own dear—Mother."

BROOKLINE 5 NEWTON 4

(continued from page one)

Newton drew first blood in the first half of the fourth scoring one run on Kevorkian's double and a wild throw by Cahill. Brookline however tied it up in the second half of that frame on Van Dam's triple. Going like a house afire now, Brookline scored two more runs in the fifth after Broadhurst doubled, advanced on a sacrifice, and scored on Walsh's double, Walsh, in turn, tallied on Van Dam's sacrifice.

Newton put up a rally in the first of the sixth, scoring three runs, when Kevorkian got a pass, Flagg reached on a fielder's choice, advanced on Byrne's single, and scored on Mastropieri's single, Houghton hit to right scoring Byrne and Mastropieri.

Brookline, however, came back in the latter half of that stanza with two runs when Rae doubled and scored on Cahill's hit to center. Gaulin singled to advance Cahill and Flanagan, hitting for Broadhurst, sacrificed to bring in Cahill.

That ended the scoring for the day and began the celebrating of the night as Brookline chalked up its first victory this season and over our ancient rival, Newton, with the score of 5-4.

THE SUBURBAN LEAGUE AT A GLANCE

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Cambridge Latin	2	1	.667
Rindge Tech	2	1	.667
BROOKLINE	1	2	.333
Newton	1	2	.333

SYNOPSIS*

No.	Team	Victories over	Defeats to
1.	Camb. Latin	2–3	4
2.	Rindge Tech	3–4	1
3.	BROOKLINE	4	1–2
4.	Newton	1	2–3

---

* Key—the numbers in each column correspond to the numbers preceeding each team at the left.

A PLEA FOR TENNIS COURTS

There are only three tennis courts at Dean Road which the boys and girls of Brookline High can use. There are 60 boys out for tennis this year and at least that many girls. When big matches are held with opposing teams they usually consist of 5 singles matches and 3 doubles matches of three sets each. The courts are at the disposal of the students for only two hours, from three to five every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Surely it is impossible to play a full match in this short time. This, therefore, greatly limits the number of schools with which Brookline can compete.

The courts are more than a mile distant from the school grounds. A large number of the boys and girls who are interested in tennis are taking college courses which necessitates their being in school until three, taking college board practises. If they have to walk a mile to tennis it makes it hardly worth their while to go at all.

There is plenty of land in the playfield to make three tennis courts immediately adjoining the school building. This could be done at a comparatively small cost, as the land is flat and hard.

Several other suburban communities comparable to Brookline have far superior facilities for High School tennis. Newton, for example, has eight out-door courts immediately adjoining the buildings for the use of the school alone, besides indoor courts. We are placed at a great disadvantage in competing with such schools by the lack of courts for a desirable amount of practice.

The interests of over a hundred boys and girls would seem to justify the very moderate expenditure which would be required to provide courts on the playfield. The courts at Dean Road would then be made accessible to many more citizens of Brookline who would have the time previously accorded to the students.

The Jig Saw Craze

At first it was merely a wild epidemic like peewee golf. Now it is a world-wide conflagration which is threatening to extend out to the stratosphere. It is said to have invaded Buckingham Palace and caused his Majesty to spend hours putting the jigs together. There are over two million jig saw puzzles sold weekly in the United States not counting the ones rented. A poem about them is written thus:

Give me that little scrap of tree—
And take this bit of roof.
That's grass I guess; and this must be
The off coach—horse's hoof.
Now just a minute; please don't mind;
This fits that jag of red;
And this goes thus—and so we find
The landlord has a head.

* * * *

Just like those English supplements
To Christmas magazines,
Though I really cannot see much sense
To merry England scenes.
Now take those clippers wing-and-wing,
Or that lion by the sea—
They are really more the sort of thing
That have appeal for me.
No. No, Don't put that wiggly one
Down there . . . Like this . . . Look here.
I guess that funny piece was done
To represent a deer.
You-ve nearly finished with that wall?
Well, how about this tree?
No, I can't find my ear at all . . .
You say I've got your knee?
You keep the horses where they were.
I've got the coachman now . . .
Oh, look; it's her father kissing her . . .
That horn goes on the cow . . .
So, with a desperate intent,
They strove from plight to plight . . .
And one who wondered what it meant
Fled gibbering through the night.

The person who thinks he can remain oblivious of this new form of insanity is soon disillusioned. Try one tonight and see the rest and amusement you will receive from it.

THE LIBRARY FROLIC

If anyone saw the big "little" girl who was wearing short short dresses, knickers, socks, hair ribbons and large beribboned straw hats, and who were hugging grimy dogs and dolls, let him not think Brookline High is going "Kiddy." It was only the Library Staff members who were dressed up for the "Kiddy Frolic" which took place on Tuesday, May 2, in the Library.

Mrs. Siebens, dressed as an English nurse, was kept busy by the little children who came to her complaining, "Nanny, she took away my pollyop," "He's pulling my hair, do make him stop," (this last from Grace Coughlin concerning Agnes Conlou who was dressed as a boy of 1917.) Now and then one heard in shrill tones of indignation, "Don't you dare untie my ribbon!" "That's my Mirabell, leave her alone," "If you won't do what I say, you kin go home," this from Miss Stack who as little Mary Margaret, in short lavender dress with yellow hair ribbon and socks, made everyone do "what I say."

One of the features of the party was the "art gallery" where were deposited the pictures of "When We Were Very Young."

Several members of the office staff were kind enough to come in and judge the costumes. They decided that the prizes should go to Agnes Conlou and Irene Donahue.

After playing such sophisticated games as "The Farmer in the Dell," "Little Sally Waters," "London Bridge is Falling Down," and "Drop the Hanky," all joyously partook of hot dogs, orangeade, peanuts and lollypops.

When everyone had eaten her fill and more, the party broke up. Everyone joined in the agreement that it was "dandy."

FOR THE READER

Echoes from "The Market"

By Norman Hunt

Here lies the author, sleeping in the quiet chamber of an old Inn buried in the heart of London. He is a sea-faring man and so, by habit, an early riser. This morning, however, he is wakened, not by habit, but by a quiet, insistent tapping on his door. This tapping is by way of announcing his companion for the day—a business-like young lady who is anxious to find a good story for her newspaper.

The two adventurers slip out into the early morning splendor of London, a cool, blue-and-gold splendor that fills the heart with cheer. They make their way to the market-place which is already bustling with activity. Big-wheeled lumbering carts rattle along the cobblestone streets and draw up beside the stalls. A crowd is gathered in the market-place, where there is a shrill medley of high-pitched voices.

The author is drawn to a huge island of gorgeous, full-blown roses, surrounded by an exquisite green sea of maiden-hair. The air is heavy with the perfume of the flowers.

"What are those?" demands his companion, pointing to the huge clusters of green bananas which have just arrived from South America. The author explains and is soon lost again in his reveries. He is a sailor, we have said, and the thousand odors of the market-place stir up forgotten memories of far-away lands . . .

He can picture in his mind the distant shores of white sand; green palms of a thousand shapes; sapphire ocean and coral beach; the harsh cries of the natives; bananas and pineapples and golden oranges; tropical luxury . . .

Surely there is no place in all the city so fascinating as the market.

MY IMAGINARY RIVER

Whenever I see the word "river" what a crowd of pictures it brings. Twirling and plunging it seeks its way down the mountains. Rising in the air with a roaring noise, it comes down again like a glistening fountain of glory. With foam on the surface, it continues its way, first winding, then spraying like rain, in one swirling mass it swerves its way down, never ending. As it passes our vision, it brings not only an awe-inspiring sight, but wonderment as to how long it has fallen! What stories i could tell of adventures as an onlooker of happenings of mankind.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

By J. M. Barrie

Crichton is a butler in the service of Lord Loam, a peer with radical views. Loam contends that all humans are equal, and gives a tea to his servants every month as a gesture, much to the discomfort and chagrin of his friends and family. The family consists of three daughters, Lady Mary, Lady Agatha, and Lady Margaret. A young peer, Lord Brockelhurst is about to be betrothed to the Lady Mary; the Lord Loam's nephew, Everett, becoming amorous with Agatha; a young clergyman, Treheone is in love with Margaret. Crichton does not sympathize with his master's views, contending that rank and a ruling class are necessary to civilization.

Ernest, Treherne, Lord Loam, the three daughters and Crichton are on a yacht which is shipwrecked. They are marooned on a desert island, and remain here for three years. In short time Crichton becomes the undisputed leader of the band, and governs them so that they are happy and well nourished and clothed. He is just about to mate with Mary (the Lady Mary has changed into a healthy young huntress) when a ship rescues them. Back in England they resume their old position, Miss Mary marries Brockelhurst, and Lord Loam becomes a Tory.

ART EXHIBITION

No doubt by now you have noticed the extraordinary exhibition outside of the Art Room. No,—they're not the latest fashions, at least we hope not, but they have a very interesting story behind them.

May 9, Mrs. Land gave a brief interesting talk to the members of the art classes in regard to the theatre and its importance. She has been working with her husband for the last three months, creating a workshop for students with ability and ambition. Mrs. Land feels that the theatre offers a wide range of activity for both amateur and professional artists. This is one field in which you can make yours a useful and creative life. Students interested in this kind of work may take courses at the studio under the personal instruction of Mrs. Land. The fee amounts to less than $5 a week and you are free to go and come as you like.

She hopes that some day in the near future she will have formed a theatre group who will specialize in the technical arts of the theatre. A good background is real assurance to any actor or actress. If you are in any way interested, and you are looking for something to do, here's an open field of opportunity. Don't fail to grasp it!

MEETING IN THE GARDEN

The day had been stifling, and the night breeze from Elsa's garden was so cool and inviting that I slipped between the French windows, calling back that I was merely going for a short walk, and they might put the key for me upon the center table. With this I left them to gather the thumbed cards wearily and trailed up to bed with the debris of a midnight bridge game cluttering the living-room.

The house party had been rather a success as house-parties go — we had cantered each morning with our tongues hung out, swam till our lungs rebelled, tennised till our skins were blistered, danced till our feet burned, and veiled any weariness or remorse in the narcotic haze of cigarette smoke. I wasn't quite accustomed to that sort of thing—nice enough people, and Elsa was a charming hostess, but there were so many of them, and they set such a pace, and that well-meaning idiot who ogled at Betty exploded his raucous guffaw so often, so interminably . . .

Silence was in the garden, broken by the light swish of tree branches, or the rustle of grass in the wind. An alabaster nymph silhouetted in the distance against the sky, emptied her basin into the rippling pool, the breath of flowers and the paleness of the moon held a suggestion of romantic eeriness. I was feeling lonely, and strangely elated when I turned a corner in the path. Someone soft and perfumed bumped into me and clutched at my wrist.

What's the matter?" I said quickly, and she turned her face up—a lovely thing. I strove to place her at the table, and remembered her vaguely as a Mrs. Harkness from Pennsylvania who sat at the idiot's left. I couldn't place her husband, tho', unless he was the large, rather handsome man whose name I had lost in the shuffle of introductions.

"A-a man! Just now!" She spoke in a quivery whisper and her voice caught.

"A man? What has he done to you?"

"No-no. It isn't that. You don't understand. He—"

"What did he say to you then? Has he insulted you? I'll knock his—"

She laughed then, low and huskily. "I see that I shall have to explain from the beginning. I was tired of the hot house with its smoke, and all those people packed so tight around their everlasting bridge tables, and the radio pounding till my head ached, and—so—I—I went out quietly by the French windows. No one saw me, I think. The night was so soothing as I went down the flagged path, and everything so remote and cool in contrast to the house, I could have walked forever, just moving slowly between the flower beds, with the plash of the fountain wafted to me like a murmur . . ."

When I coughed, she glanced at me quickly, "I am sorry. I just do ramble off that way without a minute's warning. Perhaps if I try very hard to keep to straight facts, you won't be bored. But I have to tell you." It was like a plea. "I have to tell someone."

Since I assured her hastily that I was far from being bored, she continued, conscientiously stripping her story of objectives: "When I came to the fountain I sat down on the garden seat, and suddenly I saw the—the man standing there at the edge of the pool."

"What did he look like?"

She glanced at me. "Why—blond, and bronzed, and rather stocky. He was in his shirt sleeves and white flannels, and seemed to be waiting for me." Her voice trembled, and she waited till it should steady.

"I couldn't believe that I really saw him. I thought my head must still be giddy from the choked heat of the house—but he—he came and stood in front of me with his hands in his pockets. 'Well,' he said, 'I haven't seen *you* for a long time!' His voice still as deep and rich as ever. You might think it would have changed. 'How is every—' "

"Then you knew him once?"

"Why, of course!" She sounded startled.

"Suppose we walk back slowly while you finish?" I suggested.

For a moment I thought she was almost reluctant but she slipped her arm into mine, and held it tightly as we retraced our path.

"He-he sat down then, a little way from me, and simply grinned that sad half-smile. I felt like—like crying." She was almost crying then. "It's not that I wasn't glad to see him, exactly, it was just—under the circumstances—"

I wondered what circumstances, but I wondered to myself. She was evidently nervous, and hardly realized the jumble she was making.

"He asked me if I were enjoying myself, and how our friends were. Wanted to know if I'm still living in the same house. All commonplace things, so prosaic, so homely! When the very sight of him brought back memories that I had tried so hard to squeeze into the farthest corner of my heart. I thought I had forgotten—but it all came back so strongly! I felt almost faint with longing as he sat there."

As for myself, I was frankly uncomfortable, for all my acquired sophistication. If I were rescuing Beauty in distress, the affair was, at the least, most distressing to me.

"But what—" I began.

"He moved closer, slid his arm around me, and said, 'Thea, darling, do you really remember me? Do you still love me, after all these years?' I was so happy, and yet so frightened. I don't know why I should have been frightened in the presence of my own husband, but somehow—"

Here was news! I am afraid I started, for she stopped short. Though decidedly embarrassed I managed to gulp, "Were you—were you estrangled? I mean, did he leave you—or something—and you hadn't recognized him at the party before? I mean—" I subsided.

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BROOKLINE TAKES FOURTH AT WORCESTER MEET

(continued from page one)

which about makes it Gerstein's fifth "nosing" this year. Gerstein also represented the Red and Blue in the running broad jump but failed to place.

The final tabulation gave Newton a first place in this meet with 19 points, Lowell 16, Fairhaven 15, Brookline 14½, Framingham 12, Worcester Classical 11. Mechanics Art 16, Everett 9, Holden 8. Gardner 8, Laurence 7 2/3, and Fitchburg 2.

A CORRECTION

In the last issue of the SAGAMORE an error was made in a statement concerning the profits of Scholarship Dramatics. It was asserted that at one time the production netted $1,500.00 The correct figure was $1,300.00.

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BASEBALL

(continued from page one)

second and likewise in the fourth. Cahill and Denapoli made the big hits, both being triples. Cahill's fielding was magnificent but Fisher was the big star in all respects of the game. Billy Broadhurst and Eddie Rae starred in the outfield, both making spectacular catches and each making one hit. "Moon" Mullins had the Lexington batmen in a quandry and struck out seven men. Bill Flanagan was another who made the Lexington team sit up and take notice by his alternating performance as catcher with Max Van Dam. The team has improved much since their first game.

TENNIS

(continued from page one)

This is the second defeat of the tennis team in as many starts but both meets were very closely contested and the Barnesmen are developing fast, so in all probability the tennis team should celebrate their first victory over Winchester this week.

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FORMER B. H. S. STUDENT MEMBER OF "BRAIN TRUST"

(continued from page one)

law in downtown Manhattan with his brother Rudolph as well as teaching it. He is the co-author of *Modern Corporation and Private Property.*

Director Jesse Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation board says: "I've been looking some time for an expert capable of interpreting the future of individual roads to the board of directors and I think we have found the man in Mr. Berle."

Berle was a senior at B. H. S. when he left in August, 1909. Miss Liden recalls him vividly as a fine student. She relates an anecdote which tells of an incident at a Debating Society meeting. Berle was a small fellow in short pants, who took along a still smaller boy to the meeting. (The smaller boy was the Rudolf mentioned in *Time.*) They were listening to a speaker discussing a subject in a very sophomoric manner when the smaller of the two exclaimed in a very high pitched piping voice: "Does *that* argument hold water?" According to Miss Liden, this little shaver was far wiser than the speaker.

We are confident that Professor Berle will be a big factor in the success of the Roosevelt Administration.

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THE SAGAMORE

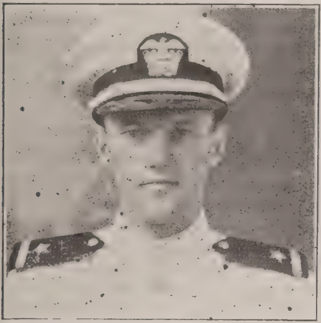
"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 154 BROOKLINE, MASS. JUNE 1, 1933 SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR

JOHN W. JEWETT, '28 COMMISSIONED ENSIGN

Floyd Cup Winner

John W. Jewett, a graduate of B.H.S. in the class of 1928, recently received his *wings* and commission as Ensign in the U. S. Navy through the Reserve Student Officers' Training School at Florida, and is now stationed at Pensacola.



During his senior year at Brookline High School, John was Captain of the marshals, winner of the Floyd cup, and recipient of one of the Dramatic scholarships. He was also prominent as a member of the track team.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from which he was graduated in 1932 with a B. S. degree in aeronautical engineering, he was captain of the track team and a leader among his classmates.

TRACKMEN CHOOSE PLOTKIN AS NEXT SEASON'S CAPTAIN

If the 1934 Brookline High track team does not succeed, it will not be because they haven't a worthy and inspiring leader. Last Friday returning from the Newton meet, the team unanimously elected Tod Plotkin to that post.

This athlte in his sophomore year won his varsity track "B", and was also State champion in the broad jump, an honor which he still holds. During the year 1932 he had aided materially in every meet. He was not only a star in the broad jump but the high jump as well, not to mention the hurdles.

It has been said and not without truth that Tod Plotkin could do anything in a track meet with the possible exception of the very long runs. He is truly a track team by himself.

This year, Plotkin's third at B. H. S., he has been such an inspiration to the entire track squad that the Andover and State meet trophies fell prey to the hungry Brookline horde. Besides being the State champion in the broad jump, he

(continued on page five)

BROOKLINE TRACK TEAM LOSES TO NEWTON, 37-35

Johnson and Lewenstein Take First Places

In a thrilling, see-saw, dual track meet held last Friday, May 26, at Dickinson Stadium in Newton between the representatives of Newton and Brookline High, the Enochmen nosed out a strong Brookline aggregation, 37 - 35. Among the most spectacular performances of the day were Howie Lewenstein's surprising victory in the high jump and Jimmy Johnson's victory spurt in the furlong. The outstanding Newton performer was easily Doug Sloane who accounted for 13 of Newton's 37 points.

Although Sloane was the foremost point-earner for the Orange and Black, the one to throw the money-wrench into the Brookline machine was a runner by the name of Freeman — a newcomer. How Brookline remained unaware of this streak until it was too late is one of the unsolved mysteries. Here's how it looked to your scribe: Joe Enright was close on Fitzgerald of Newton's heels in the gun lap of the "880". The crowd screamed to Enright to pass Fitzgerald, but instead of Enright passing Fitzgerald, suddenly a comet, streaked out of the pack and passed both of them. Gathering speed like a rocket, this fellow tore through the tape yards in front of Fitzgerald who managed to maintain his lead over Enright. The air vibrated with the name of Freeman. That's just an example of "Cozy" Don Enoch's strategy.

Joe Enright's failure to pass Fitzgerald is easily accounted for in that shortly before this event he had raced to a good first in the quarter.

However, Jimmy Johnson's uphill victory in the "220" somewhat atoned for the upset in the "880". Last week in

(continued on page five)

RICHARD SPEARS ELECTED NEW CHIEF JUSTICE

On Thursday, May 18, the entire school cast ballots for next year's Chief Justice. The candidates were six juniors nominated at the last meeting of the Teacher-Student Council. They were Philip Baird, Theodore Plotkin, Gifford Ross, Eliot Silverman, Richard Spears, and Henry Urrows. After the results of the counting of the ballots were compiled it appeared that Richard Spears led the field. Spears has been a member of the Dramatics cast for two years and a marshal one year. We are certain that the Court of Justice will continue to hold the prestige that it always has had under its new head.

ENTIRE SCHOOL TO PARTICIPATE IN ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

PROGRAM

Thursday, June 1, 1933

PROCESSIONAL	Entire School
SALUTE TO COLORS	Entire School
MARCH IN REVIEW	All Boys
DECORATION OF NUMERALS	Girls
PIONEER DANCES	Girls
a. Sicilian Circle	
b. The Tempest	
c. Quadrille	
RELAY RACES	Boys
SENIOR ASSEMBLAGE ON STEPS	
RAISING OF NUMERALS	
PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO FRESHMEN	
SONGS AND CHEERS	

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Commander-in-Chief
ROGER BERNHARDT
Adjutant
JAMES CAHILL
Major, First Battalion
FREDERICK WIGGIN
Major, Second Battalion
WILLIAM LETT
Major, Third Battalion
WARREN FOX

REVIEWING STAFF

COMMANDER DAVID CURTIN
Commander, Brookline Post, Am. Legion
LIEUT. WILLIAM KENNEALLY
Brookline Post, American Legion
CAPT. FRANK T. WATROUS
United States Navy
COMMANDER PAUL RYAN
Brookline Post, Veterans of For. Wars

A supper, for the graduating class and the faculty, is to be given in the lunchroom shortly after the outdoor exercises.

SENIORS CHOOSE OFFICERS FOR CLASS DAY

The results of the senior ballots for Class Day Officers were recently announced by Roger Bernhardt, Class President. The candidates for Class Historian were Irving Cohen, George Hartstone, Elizabeth Howard, Norma Marcus, and Lorraine Wood, of whom Cohen and Howard were chosen. The field out for Class Lawyer consisted of Rita Cohen, Mary Creedon, Margaret Greene, Edgar Hirschberg, Rupert Lewis, Eleanor Lydon, and Ruth Wolf. Of these Rupert Lewis collected the largest number of votes. The largest plurality in the election was obtained by George Mackey, in the race for Class Orator. Aspiring toward this goal were Warren Fox, William Lett, George Mackey, Joseph Malone, Paul Silbert, and Frederick Wiggin.

MARCH REVIEW TO FEATURE PROGRAM

Senior Supper in Lunchroom Follows Outdoor Cetemonies

June 1st Brookline opens wide its gates for Class Day! Sag reader, you are a part of Class Day, a great event for its mammoth size and colorful pageantry. Eighteen hundred perform; thousands watch; all Brookline celebrates!

A flourish of trumpets, the doors are flung open, and the columns of white-uniformed boys led by blue-coated seniors march down the steps and up the long, green campus. The band plays brilliantly, the long columns pass before the reviewing stand, and the crowds thunder applause. When the generalissimo has halted his far-flung cohorts, the colors are borne up the field amidst majestic silence, and every hand is raised, while the trumpeters play the salute to the colors.

The athletes burst out upon the track, carefully warm up, and are off at the crack of the pistol in the classic relay race.

When this event is ended, the crowds again applaud and turn theis attention to the most colorful part of the program. The girls in unique and attractive costumes interpret the folk dances of other lands.

The celebration ends with the exercises on the steps; balloons are released to the wind; stramers fly; the steps are alive with swaying, cheering, triumphant seniors. Class Day!

If you have been in the school for last year's Class Day, you will thrill at the sound of the name. After this glorious day, you will have a brilliant memory of it that can never quite fade out?

ROGER BERNHARDT
Commander-in-Chief
JAMES CAHILL
Adjutant
Color Bearers
George Hawley Gordon McAleer
Color Guards
Joseph Hewes Seigbert Oettinger

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Captain: Edmund Rae
1st Lieut.: Robert Schmidt
2d Lieut.: Walter Agurkis

Company B
Captain: William Lebowich
1st Lieut.: George Murray
2d Lieut.: Donald G. MacD.-Nyhen

(continued on page five)

Grim Cracks

We, too, read the last SAG and wept.

So . . . urged on by former friends (we say former because when this is printed we'll no longer have friends) and our own sense of school spirit and loyalty, we have persuaded ourselves to return to public service—and we start off with the big smash of the current season—

* * * *

The erstwhile wit—George Ware—rose admirably to the occasion the other evening while at the Statler—

Porter: "Carry your baggage, Sir?"

George: "No! Let her walk."

* * * *

At the recent Inter-Frat-Dance some of our basket ball standouts came through during the balloon dance—Neal Gallagher and Bud Small snared twenty between them.

* * * *

If, as Maine goes, so goes the nation, this ought to be a wonderful season for four alarm fires.

* * * *

Bonelli has aspirations for the Marathon (maybe he means the little Marathon—out of the showers at gym—thoroughly dried—and then way over to Physics) His best time is eight minutes flat.

* * * *

A little encouragement to Larrie Daniels.

* * * *

While reading the SAG, a consistent column fan was heard to say: "There is probably a piece of pungent wit hidden in these lines."

* * * *

After a recent escapade with the new beer, Jeffie Dean maintained they must have left the point out.

* * * *

The Delta Sigma boys are justly proud of one of their fold who finished tenth in the Albany (New York) outboard boat race.

* * * *

Ever since M. A. T. Turner took the part that Edna May Oliver made famous in "Ladies of the Jury," we've begun to think that maybe she assumed some of that lady's comical antics. Martha, we're sure that Edna May Oliver never carried a horn in her pocket to frighten men.

ON THE RADIO

By DORA N. FISCHER

The radio is indeed a marvelous invention. Day and night, rain or shine, it serves a vast, far-flung audience. From one instrument made by man, music, comedy, drama, all are ready to pour forth in resplendent profusion. The invalid with a radio by his bedside is no longer cut off from the world. A new world, a glamorous word, is his at a mere turn of the dial. A home with a radio has no need for being gloomy or drab.

But the radio has its unpleasant side. Languishing crooners, mourning their lost loves, confide their woes to our ears via this democratic apparatus. Jazz, that obnoxious monster, is lurking in wait to blare forth from the air waves into our peaceful domiciles. Moreover, only from the radio could come such flowery advertising. Radio announcers gravely assure us that their product is the most dependable one on the market. Coffee, gasoline, toothpaste, yeast-cakes, an endless procession of such commodities parade on the air waves, radio's review ground. Heaven be praised that these invading armies of radio can be easily routed. A twist of the dial, and we are rid of our annoying "friends of the air."

With all these nuisances, the radio, nevertheless, is truly a superb creation. It connects us with the four corners of the earth. The Oxford-Cambridge Regatta, the opening of the Holy Door at the Vatican, a talk on the political situation in Germany direct from Berlin, not to speak of broadcasts from China and Hawaii, are now so common that they no longer seem like really important achievements. The great symphony orchestras of the country may be enjoyed while the listener is sitting at home in comfort. If anything of great consequence happens on this earth, the loudspeaker tells us about it a few moments later. The radio links us with our country, our country with the world. Of all the marvels of modern times, the greatest surely is the radio.

Vespers

By Norman Hunt

A dog's bark!
Silvery clear,
Ringing out upon the evening air,
Dying away among the hills
Somewhere . . .

A dog's bark!
Piercing sweet
Soaring in the troubled sky,
Falling away among the clouds
To die.

A dog's bark!
So full of woe
I feel a weight upon my heart,
A lump within my trembling throat
That will not go.

MAN'S ACHIEVEMENTS DEPICTED AT CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION

On the first of June, 1933, Chicago will throw open the gates of its second Word's Fair—A Century of Progress Exposition. For 150 days thereafter, the story of mankind's achievements in the past hundred years will be thrillingly depicted. A century ago, Chicago was a straggling frontier village. Today it is a world metropolis. In the century in which Chicago has experienced this amazing growth, civilization has witnessed some miraculous advancements and mankind throughout the world has felt the benefit of some wonderful improvements in his condition of living.

Exhibits in the Exposition will show that this transformation of the past century has been the result of the co-operation of science and industry. The Exposition will attempt to explain how the discoveries of science in the past century have made available to humanity new means of transportation and communication, new methods of manufacturing, new treasures of wealth, new weapons for fighting disease, new comforts and conditions of living undreamed of a hundred years ago.

To the student A Century of Progress will be more than interesting. He will find at the Exposition many attractions which will appeal to his every sense. Chicago's Century of Progress will be a school in itself, educating the student through actual processes. He will, through exhibits and displays, further his knowledge of science, history, music, architecture, agriculture, and many other phases of modern civilization.

The student who has yearned to travel need but come to the Fair. Here he will, through animated displays and exhibits, make a trip around the world. It will be as if the pages of a world book unfolded before him as he visits the many marvelous and unique attractions the Exposition offers. In the various picturesque foreign buildings, will be found people in national costumes, displaying the arts and handicrafts of their home lands. There will be restaurants and small cafes where visitors will be able to enjoy the food and cooking prized in each country while they listen to the music of orchestras of various nationalities.

For the student interested in anthropology, there will be a reproduction of the antedeluvian world. The world of a million years ago—with its terrifying dragons, its hairy mammoths, its sabretooth tigers and its prehistoric cave men—all will live again at A Century of Progress Exposition. Within this prehistoric world, mechanical creatures animated by means of hidden motors, cams and remote control devices, will hiss, growl and roar, stamp the earth, lash their tails and bare their fangs in lifelike fashion in their native habitat.

The student of physiology will fin many interesting exhibits on the Exposition grounds. The human body, b means of a transparent man, will be a open book to him. This "transparen man," composed of cellon and visualizing human anatomy to the visitor a though he possessed an X-ray eye, wil be one of the many interesting medica science exhibits to be displayed in th magnificent Hall of Science.

To the student interested in sports many athletic tournaments will be offered. Football, baseball, track events out-board motorboat races, boxing wrestling, swimming, diving, archery and many other athletic events will b participated in. Army shows, India shows, and rodeos will also be held.

For those students interested in astronomy, the Adler Planetarium will be o great interest. Here one may sit beneat an artificial sky and see the heavens revealed. Inside, by means of a projectin machine, the firmament passes in review Stars and planets, the constellations an the solar system sweep across the dome The Planetarium reduces centuries t years, and days and hours to seconds The experience is one that the studen will remember for many years to come.

Another feature that will arouse th interest of students is that of the Chines Lama temple. This magnificent structur is the Golden Pavilion of Jehol, a reproduction of one of the Orient's mos precious architectural creations. Thi resplendent shrine with its brilliantl painted temple gods and exquisitel carved ceilings was shipped to Chicag in 28,000 pieces and re-assembled on th Exposition grounds.

Probably one of the most fascinatin aspects of the 1933 World's Fair will b the illumination of the grounds at nigh The grounds from the air will resembl a crest of brilliant jewels and will b visible for many miles around Chicag This spectacular illumination will include dancing and scintillating colors shadow effects, luminescent irridescen features, vapor effects, water-falls, flaming pylons, and other breath-taking effects.

Everything in the way of amusemen will be furnished for the Expositio visitors. The amusement area will b called the Midway and will be in itsel a realm of thrills. Perhaps the suprem thrill of all times will be the "Sky Ride. This marvelous structure of two towers each 628 feet high, 2,000 feet apart an connected by cables carrying cars at th two-hundred foot level, will be a mai attraction for young and old. The tower will be triangular in section, gayl painted and ornamented. At night the will be illuminated with brilliant lights

All these and many more unique features and exhibits can be viewed a Chicago's Century of Progress. Student are invited to visit this mighty pageant o progress and marvel at its distinctiveness

PERSONALITY

By Esther Shain

One of the most important studies is he development of a pleasing personlity. In fact, it is so important, that it hould be taught in all our schools and iniversities. We cannot glean this necesary study from cheap tabloids or from aturating ourselves with the writings f Dorothy Dix, or Beatrice Fairfax.

One of the most important requisites n developing a pleasing personality, is oliteness. Politeness is one of the heapest and often the best capital in the vorld. It is a treasure house, from vhich you can draw unlimited jewels of iceties. If you are polite to everybody, verybody will be polite to you. A man r woman who desires to be popular nust be polite. The developing of a ultured voice is an asset towards attaining a magnetic personality. There re many people who we think will be ascinating, but as soon as they speak, ve instantly change our opinions. It is f paramount importance never to sin eriously against grammar; never to peak in a slovenly manner, or resort o vulgarity, because nothing betrays the haracter, of a man or woman so quickly, s his or her conversation. The quality f one's voice, the use of his words, his bility to put his ideas into forceful and ffective speech, all disclose his breeding, nd education. After all, the ability to peak interestingly is very essential, if ou want to be entertaining.

Neither virtue nor ability will make ou appear like a lady or a gentleman, ith a magnetic personality, if your ress is slovenly and improper. After ou once realize the important part your ppearance makes in life, you will always e sure to make yourself as attractive s possible. The one who does not pay ttention is making a fatal error.

To become magnetic and popular, we ust be careful that we do not have abits that displease. Remember refineent, grace, and charm, are the weapons f personal magnetism; They can make r mar you.

Before closing, I wish to advise you to ltivate good manners, and you will ave friends, and popularity. It is a eculiar paradox, if you try to attain a easing personality objectively it will most evasive, *but* if you do things at cause personal magnetism, you will nd, that a happy bi-product will be a easing personality.

New York

By Betty Lee Moment

saw New York all ugliness
hen I was strange, when I was new
o its turmoil; but that all changed
hen I had made a friend or two.

ith me it always has been thus:
o matter where I chance to go
see the loveliness of all the fields
ut through the friends I know.

LIFE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

By William Lawrence

This book is a splendid description of Bóston's famous bishop written by his friend and admirer, William Lawrence. The author is the well-known Episcopal Bishop of New England. His works have been chiefly essays and sermons, but the *Life of Phillips Brooks* shows him to be a clever biographer. He depends on his own memories of the great man for material.

The real life of Brooks began with his failure as a teacher in the Boston Latin School. Before that time he had been absorbing his background of Puritan ancestry, classic literature, Harvard College, and St. Paul's. After his failure, however, he came to grips with life. He studied in the Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, and was ordained to the priesthood in Philadelphia. He preached in the Quaker City for a number of years. At the famous Harvard Commemoration Day (1865) Brooks offered a stirring prayer which is still well-known. After a year in Europe, he was called to the Trinity Church in Boston. Here he preached a new message of Truth to the people, built the magnificent edifice at Copley Square, and lectured at Cambridge. His fame spread quickly across the country and in 1891 he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. He gave so completely of himself to his work, however, that after fifteen months of service he died, only 57 years old.

This book dwells impressively on Brooks's complete sincerity, lack of conceit, and whole-hearted enthusiasm. He was a great seeker after Truth and a lover of Christianity. He held the people with his deep sympathy, his personal force, and his remarkable faith. After years of artificial dogmas and scientific scoffings this book is a refreshing revelation of the sincere religion of Phillips Brooks.

"The Bishop" left behind him one poem, and that a gem of exquisite verse:

O Little Town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above they deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

Speaking shortly after the death of Abraham Lincoln, Phillips Brooks said:

"God allowed him to stand and look upon the land and not see a dark face in it that was not radiant with glory. Slavery was blotted out before God called him to his rest. It is for this that we have cause to thank God for Abraham Lincoln."

GEORGE MACKEY

George Mackey, a Pierce School Alumnus has enjoyed many honors while attending Brookline High School.

During the years 1930 and 1931 he was a Four Minute Speaker, in the Prize Speaking Semi-Finals, Manager of Freshman Baseball, also Manager of the second team in 1931. He was also a member of the Glee Club and Senior Social as well as on the Sophomore-Freshman reception of the same year. He was an Aide for 1931 Class Day and a Member of the Debating Club.

In 1932 George was Assistant Manager of the Varsity Baseball Team and Manager of the Swimming Team. Also in 1932 he was Aide de Camp, as well as President of the Debating Club.

At the present time he is Chairman of the Year Book Committee as well as the Class Orator and received the largest plurality for any Class Day Office of this year.

As soon as George completes his course at Brookline High School, he will enter Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire.

Puppies

By Norman Hunt

Of all God's creatures what is more ludicrous than an awkward, funny, silly, noisy, young puppy? He scrambles onto your knees and gravely sits about washing your hands with his rough tongue, but as soon as you pat his head in a friendly way, he jumps down again and scampers off with fear in his heart.

Some are not so craven. They stand at your heels and bark fiercely until you turn around and look them full in the face, when they, too must retreat before that awful gaze, having acquitted themselves nobly until then.

I once saw a puppy who was as surely a disciple of Saint Vitus as any human. The least noise would make him squeal with terror, and if any one had thrown a stick in his direction, he would surely have fainted on the spot. Once he came bobbing across the lawn toward home, just as a thunder-storm was settling down with inky blackness. When he was half-way to safety, there came a deafening crash of thunder. The poor creature was so paralyzed with fear that he could scarcely use his legs at all, and fell over himself in a vain effort to reach his castle of protection.

Besides the many species of dogs that you might expect to see in this old world, there must be at least fifty-seven varieties of freaks. Don't you feel rather peculiar in the pit of your stomach when you see those shaved, simpering, pompous French poodles trotting along the avenue? And after you have watched those strange creatures called daschunds dragging themselves across a busy thorofare, you scarcely know how to walk, yourself!

If I were a philosopher, I should say. "Dogs are apart of Nature's great comedy."

LIBRARY LINES

Congratulations to the two junior classes in library lessons! Mrs. Henderson's II B class with all A's. Miss Lewis's II E with all A's except 5, were the two that had the highest percentage of A's. Of 355 pupils only 12 failed; 253 receiving A.

In this excerpt from the Wilson Bulletin we find a description of a high school library.

"The organized school library is a twentieth century phenomenon, explicable only in the light of the educational development of the last quarter of a century. To comprehend it is to comprehend the basic principles of the newer education. To state it's objectives is to translate library aims into terms of educational objectives."

Perhaps when you see a dog in the library you will think of this poem which is about the thoughts of a dog while waiting for his master.

O, dear, I don't like it here—
I wish the children would quit,
I don't like it a bit.
If you're a dog you must hide
Or the lady will chase you outside.
How could a dog?
It's no fun indeed
The children like it so—
And why they do, I'd like to know;
With so many books along the wall,
And no one can make a noise—
Not even girls or boys—
For a dog—it's no fun at all;
I wish the children would hurry away
For I would rather run and play—
And yet they like it here—
O, dear me, O, dear."

This poem is found in the new book of poetry "All through the Year" by Wynne.

The next few lines are taken from the book, "Sutter's Gold."

"These men who came here to destroy my life . . . why? They fumed my Mills, ravaged and trampled on my fields, stole and butchered my stock, ruined my immense enterprise. Was this just? And now, tired of shooting and hanging one another, they are settling down, raising families, building villages and towns on my land! And the law protects them!"

If this passage fails to stir your interest, I am afraid that you will have to have recourse to the many pulp-paper adventure and murder mystery magazines.

The new books for the month are:

The Girl and her Future—Hoerbe
We, the people—Leo Huberman
American Social History as recorded by British travellers, compiled and edited by Allan Nevins
Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—Lawes.
Conservation on the department of the Interior—Wilbur and Du Puy
Guerson—Sir Walter Scott

The Sagamore

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Wyzanski and Berle

Very recently two Brookline alumni were elevated to positions of national importance by President Roosevelt. Great honor is reflected on the school, for the merit of both young men was recognized during their school career. Two more names are added to our school's long list of distinguished graduates.

Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., was a member of the class of 1922 at Brookline. He won high honors in prep school and college. At the Harvard Law School he was editor of the *Harvard Law Review*, a position held by the school's ranking student. He became legal secretary to Judge Augustus N. Hand of the United States circuit court of appeals, and later served in the same capacity with Judge Learned Hand. He was associated with the Boston law firm of Ropes, Gray, Boyden, and Perkins, when he was called to be Solicitor of the United States Labor Department. He is a man of excellent training, wide experience, and liberal ideas.

Adolph A. Berle, Jr., was a member of the class of 1910 at Brookline. He entered Harvard at the age of 13, and was known as a child prodigy. Graduated with honors at 17, he took a master's degree. At 21 he received an LL. B. from Harvard Law School. He worked briefly in the office of Louis D. Brandeis. After the War he practiced corporation law in downtown Manhattan with his brother, Rudolph, also well known at Brookline. When he was included in the President's "brain trust," he was already a professor and author of high note.

An editorial in the *Boston Herald* refers to Professor Berle and his part in the president's industry-government program. We quote the following extract:

"The latest article by A. A. Berle, Jr., *The High Road to Business*, is particularly timely, as in this lively essay he outlined the form which he thinks American industry must take if sovietism is to be avoided. Incidentally, his style suggests Mr. Roosevelt's:

"'You can get it by simply having group after group of men who operate the system realize that their first job is to make the system work; and that if this involves their working together instead of working at cross purposes, then work together they must . . . Creation of a sense of responsibility, then, is, as I see it, the true solution, though it is the long one. Further, it is the thing we have to do, no matter what road we ultimately take. . . . The machine has to run, no matter whose feelings are hurt.'

"This seems to be the doctrine of the President. The framework of such a system for business has already been put together in the new industry-control bill. It provides for intra-trade and industry-government relations similar to those of which Mr. Berle approves. It may be suspected, therefore, that his hand held one of the pens which wrote the bill."

In Defence of the Debating Club

We sincerely hope that a recent editorial, "The Defence of Fraternities," will not be considered the sentiment of the SAGAMORE staff. The editorial page is an organ of school opinion, and also a reflection of individual thought. The SAGAMORE takes no position for or against fraternities; it does insist that justice be done to the Debating Club.

At the beginning of the debate in question it was very carefully explained that the club took no position for or against fraternities; that this was merely a "form" debate with a subject of immediate interest to the school. The affirmative side brought up all the points which might be used against fraternities; the negative side all the points in their favor. Even the speakers chose their sides by drawing lots. Books in the library were consulted on the subject. The debate was judged from the standpoint of preparation and delivery, and as such was commendable. If the ideas presented were stimulating to the audience, that is another matter.

"How Much Do School Marks Count?"

(*Condensed from an article by Burton P. Fowler in "The Readers' Digest," by Barbara Knapp. The article appeared originally in the "Parents' Magazine."*)

In modern and progressive schools, tests are given for diagnostic purposes, to find out the pupil's needs, and they belong in the teacher's files, not in reports to parents. An accurate record of systematic tests and examinations should be kept not as a whip or source of self-satisfaction to the child, but as an aid to the teacher in ascertaining the defects in her teaching. When a mark of "C" or 75 percent is neatly written on a report card and sent home, the parent can beam approvingly or hit the roof. It gives Father a chance to say threateningly, "Bring that mark up by next Friday night or you don't go to the Navy game," or, "if you get '90' next time I'll give you a dollar." If he is a bright boy he will do what thousands of boys and girls all over this land of ours are being taught to do—that is, beat the game. He'll play up to the teachers' hobbies, he'll cheat, he'll copy and he'll get good marks, since that is what he thinks this education business seems to consist of. Moreover school marks teach the fine art of competition—teaching children to get ahead of the other pupils to reach a coveted goal. "Competition is essentially a selfish process—co-operation an unselfish one." In a class recitation pupils are encouraged to show off and warned not to help their classmates. This brings out the point of Dr. John Dewey's new note in education, "Learn to act with and for others while you learn to think and judge for yourself." The newest form of reports sent home are descriptive comments by a teacher who studies the child as a whole and not merely as a pupil in an arithmetic class. Careful and continuous personality studies from kindergarten to college shoud give such a biographical sketch of a child that it forms a cleaner picture of his school progress rather than a set of marks, letters and other symbols.

School marks should be abolished because they make children feel inferior (or superior), encourage dishonesty, give a feeling of insecurity, dull the edge of intellectual curiosity, make children course-passers instead of learners, and provide in general unworthy motives for hard work. In their place let us substitute really human records that reveal latent abilities, that encourage co-operation instead of competition, that make for good will among children and parents instead of jealousies, heartaches and futile, selfish strivings for unattainable goals.

This topic of school marks interests me because it is so intimate and so easily applied to Brookline High School. In these last two years the school has come nearer to understanding each individual child, physically, mentally and emotionally and has tried to direct and encourage him to see his needs and take responsibility for his own improvements. In the type of report cards that we have now they are beginning to show the general habits, social relationships, interests and efforts of each pupil. Some children are, from the day they enter school, doomed to failure because of the passing marks. As long as a school maintains a fixed mark for all children, regardless of their home environment, native capacity and willingness to succeed, they will not further the purpose of real education. Students now consider marks as something to be striven for rather than a measuring stick of their own ability. When corrected papers are returned they are compared with other pupils' papers instead of being used to correct misunderstandings and help in future study of the subject. The new style of reckoning the pupil's accomplishment is welcomed as a definite aid.

MISS SPAULDING'S LETTER TO THE SAGAMORE

To the Editor of the Sagamore:

For some years the Annual Dramatics, given for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund, has netted a very gratifying sum, and as a result many boys who would otherwise have been unable to attend college are now enjoying the benefits of a college education. Last year the amount added to the Scholarship Fund was one thousand dollars. This year the profit was under five hundred, despite the fact that expenses were cut to the bone.

What is the cause of this sudden decrease in the returns of Dramatics? The answer is clear: two unfortunate coincidences; and two examples of selfish indifference to anything but personal pleasure.

The dates for Dramatics—April 28 and 29—were chosen early and recorded with the Chairman of Social Activities at the High School. Anyone who wished to know what dates were open and what dates were available had only to consult the said Chairman, an act requiring a very slight expenditure of time and effort.

Did anyone feel interested enough in the Scholarship Fund to expend this effort and use a little judgment? Apparently not.

On the week before the Dramatics there was an Interfraternity Dance, taking the major part of that week's allowance of spending money available to most boys.

(continued on page eight)

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH DEFEATS BROOKLINE, 6-1

A battling Brookline team succumbed to a powerful B. C. High ball club, on Tuesday, May 23, at Tech Field. The eaglets scored all their runs in three innings. In the first, "Moon" Mullins was greeted with a single by Horne. The next batter reached first when the ball brushed his shirt. Fallon then laid down a beautiful bunt and beat the play to first. With the bases loaded, a long fly sent Horne scampering in with the first run of the game. "Moon" settled down and retired the side with no further scoring.

In Brookline's half, the Fitzgerald men nearly broke into the scoring column. Makie Van Dam singled, Jimmie Sullivan did the same and Eddie Rae walked. With the bases loaded, Fisher hit a texas leaguer behind shortstop. Hickey, the B. C. High left fielder, made a running catch and doubled up Sullivan off second. In the second inning there was no score, although "Lefty" Cahill came through with a line double into right field.

In the third inning Mullins got into hot water when he walked Fallon and McKenna. Then, with two outs, Warner struck out, but Van Dam dropped the ball and Warner was safe at first. Conlon hit a long double over Billy Broadhurst's head in right field sending the runner home. Ryan, the fourteen-year-old pitcher, sewed up his own ball game by singling and scoring Conlon. That was all the damage done then.

In the firth, B. C. High scored their sixth and last run of the game. The Brookline-ites scored their only run in the ninth. Frank Hoye walked. Quinn singled, sending him to third, and he scored on Mullins' long fly to left field.

The game was featured by several brilliant plays by Joe Walsh at third base. Jimmie Sullivan was the leading batter for the Red and Blue. He got two out of three hits. Mullins pitched well with the exception of the third inning. However, Ryan completely baffled the Brookline batters and Brookline had all it could do to get one run.

TRACKMEN CHOOSE PLOTKIN AS NEXT SEASON'S CAPTAIN

(continued from page one)

holds the Andover Interscholastic record in that event. Next year Mr. Hines looks forward to an equally successful track team with Tod Plotkin at the helm.

Plotkin prepared at Edward Devotion school and there received a preliminary track education from Mr. Bemis and others. Entering B. H. S. in 1930, Plotkin determined to go out for track. His success is now a by-word at B. H. S. The SAGAMORE and the school body wish him all the success in the world.

CLASS DAY

(continued from page one)

Company C
Captain: Foster Burton
1st Lieut.: Frank Robinson
2d Lieut.: John Corbett

Company D
Captain: George Hartstone
1st Lieut.: William Flanagan
2d Lieut.: Warren Johnson

Company E
Captain: Stanley Driscoll
1st Lieut.: Sidney Friedman
2d Lieut.: Richard Burnham

Company F
Captain: Joseph Malone
1st Lieut.: Burton Aronson
2d Lieut.: Ralph Kaye

Company G
Captain: Edgar Hirshberg
1st Lieut.: Gordon Minnis
2d Lieut.: Ralph Werman

SECOND BATTALION

Company A
Captain: William Broadhurst
1st Lieut.: Jason Silton
2d Lieut.: Theodore Bradley

Company B
Captain: Arthur Boles
1st Lieut.: Charles Gerstein
2nd Lieut.: Robert Harvey

Company C
Captain: Donald Graham
1st Lieut.: Paul Silbert
2d Lieut.: Edward Walsh

Company D
Captain: Bernard Vaulkenier
1st Lieut.: Carl Field
2d Lieut.: Joseph Magowan

Company E
Captain: Lawrence Trainor
1st Lieut.: Bernard Tarlin
2d Lieut.: Ralph Cataldo

Company F
Captain: Ralph Plotkin
1st Lieut.: Steinberg, Robert
2d Lieut.: William Kenney

Company G
Captain: James Johnson
1st Lieut.: Harold Wyer
2d Lieut.: Arthur Murphy

THIRD BATTALION

Company A
Captain: Joseph Enright
1st Lieut.: Andrew Farnsworth
2d Lieut.: Jas. Joseph Sutherland

Company B
Captain: Irving S. Cohen
1st Lieut.: Joseph Ford
2d Lieut.: Milton Palevsky

Company C
Captain: Donald Spears
1st Lieut.: Edward McGee
2d Lieut.: Richard Vincens

Company D
Captain: George Mackey
1st Lieut.: William Favorite
2d Lieut.: Paul Lally

Company E
Captain: William Price
1st Lieut.: Edward Shaw
2d Lieut.: Robert Ross

TRACK MEET

(continued from page one)

the Harvard Interscholastics a Herald reporter classed Johnson's last-minute victory spurt as "one of the best races ever staged in the stadium by a schoolboy." If he had only seen Johnson lick Sloane in this race!

These weren't the only upsets staged last Friday as the real one came in Lewenstein's win in the high jump. As usual, this event was purely a Brookline affair. In the Newton meet last Winter Lewenstein had the opportunity to take first and a letter as well by doing 5 ft. 3 in. Unfortunately he failed! He had the same opportunity last Friday, and it wasn't 5 ft. 3 in that he had to do. It was 5 ft. 9 in.! And he didn't fail! Never before were there so many exciting moments in one event in a track meet. Th first thrill was when the bar was at 5 ft. 5 in. with but one Newton competitor remaining as opposed to three Brookline-ites. If Howie failed his jump a Newton man would place in the high jump. A thing yet unheard of. After two disappointing failures, Lewenstein cleared the bar, and the crowd settled back in their seats. A second thrill was when the bar reposed at 5 ft. 8 in. The Newton-ite had already failed and it was Howie's last jump. The crowd stared as he cleared it. Again they settled back in their seats. It was now a triple tie between Swartz, Plotkin, and Lewenstein, the way it ended this Winter. Lewenstein prepared as they raised the bar to 5 ft. 9 in. Needless to say he cleared it easily amidst the acclamation of the throng. By taking first in this event Lewenstein has won a varsity track "B".

Brookline emerged from the high jump in the lead with the score 27-18. Before this event the score was tied at 18—18. With this disadvantage, Newton entered the running broad jump. Here the tables were reversed, Newton predominated. Sloane of Newton won at 19 ft. 4 in.; Myrick, also of Newton, took second at 19 ft. 2¾ in., but Gerstein hailing from Brookline clung to third with a leap of 19 ft. 1 in.

This made it Brookline 28, Newton 26, then began the fatal "880", as heretofore related. With the score 34 to 29 in Newton's favor, the last event of the day, the "220", commenced. Newton picked up 3 points in this event, and plastered it onto their 34 points while Brookline snatched up 6 more to be added to their 29 points. All to no avail, however; and the final score was Newton 37, Brookline 35.

Company F
Captain: Rupert Lewis
Captain in Band: James Bagley
1st Lieut.: William Devine
2d Lieut.: Sherman Rose

MEMOIRS

By DOROTHY C. MILTON

I'm getting old now and my town considers me an historic site; but one thing they can never tear away from me are my memories.

Long ago I was but one building; during that period I sent many of my pupils overseas to the World War. Then they added another, a more modern building (so they said). In the morning boys and girls would walk to my doors; or some would ride on a contraption called a "bicycle." Now many of them drive to school in automobiles.

After several years they found I was inadequate to accommodate all my pupils and a third edition was erected, and so I grew, and my memories became greater.

Ah! I wonder how Johnny Jones is now. Is he successful? What a boy! He could find an alibi for anything. Never a bit of studying did he do all his years in High School. He had a brilliant mind but he was lazy and did not make it work. As for Percy Denny one hears a great deal of him; he's a successful scientist. Percy was a great student, athlete, and all around sport. He tried his hand at anything and usually made a success at whatever he attempted.

My boys and girls! Have they succeeded in life? I gave them everything a boy and girl should have: an education, well-built bodies, trained minds; I helped them to be good sports and citizens. I wonder if my efforts and the town's money have been spent in vain. Are the people who have gone out from me worthy of the help they received? Do they appreciate our efforts? I have given them the best I can offer; it is now up to them "to dig for themselves." But sometimes in summer it is lonely here without them, and I often wonder—

Charlie Gerstein, a departing Senior, did a good job in this meet. He captured three 3rd places: one in the century, one in the broad jump, and one in the furlong, to terminate a brilliant one-year track record at Brookline.

Alan Swartz, taking but a few heaves, ran away with the shot put by tossing it 46 ft. 1 in. Rich of the Garden City did 42 ft. to capture second, and Kerrins of Brookline placed third with a 40 ft. 6 in. shove.

Joe Enright easily won the "440", while Wilkes, wearing the orange and black, pulled down a second, and Miller, also wearing that combination, a third.

This meet will probably terminate the 1933 track season if Brookline does not decide to enter the Fitchburg relays or the Dedham relay carnival.

WHERE THERE IS CHAOS

Doesn't it make your heart trip just a little faster when you are starting your first homework for the night and you realize that with three more to do it is eight o'clock? And you were going to write a story to bring up your composition mark, or study so that you will be able to volunteer on tomorrow's mathematics proposition! As you sit down, you notice that the desk before you is covered with letters, half-finished, an unannounced invitation and some cuts from a newspaper that should have been filed, long ago. And you realize that you ought to call on Mrs. Rawson across the street but you *must* finish a book report. Suddenly you wonder if perhaps, you are getting all there is in Life?

There are two causes for this Chaos; first procrastination, secondly, a helter-skelter attempt to be an all-round person.

Procrastination is a fault that ruins your happiness many a time. You cannot fully enjoy the fun you're having if in the back of your mind something keeps pounding, saying "You left something, you left something." Oh, why did you leave it? Because you had to finish something else that was overdue. Sometimes I, myself, feel that if I had a week's headstart on homework, I might get something accomplished!

The best way to "catch up" is to give up something planned and work, in the time set aside, assiduously at the problem in hand. And don't forget the best motto is: "An ounce of prevention—"

About being an all-round person—; it's impossible to be versed in everything. Know as much as you may, superficially, and choose two, or perhaps three, subjects into which you delve quite deeply. Study in your chemistry labratory, perfect yourself at swimming, read all your current-events, but become efficient in something!

People like you, at first, if you are interested in what they are doing but unless they are the most conceited, they will get tired of you. It's like a pet; the first few days you are satisfied to just watch it, but after that you want it to do something. Pretend you're the pet, and find something to interest you and your friends.

You're best motto is: "What is worth doing, is worth doing well!"

After you have eliminated procrastination from your scheme of living, you will find to your surprise that you have more leisure. After you have become more versed in one or two especial arts, you will have more friends.

Beauty develops from orderliness, and if you want that beauty, first find, God. And to find Him remember where there is no chaos, there you will find contentment.

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?"

"OBSCURE DESTINIES"

"Obscure Destinies" coming as it does, a year after "Shadows on the Rock" is another triumph for its author, Willa Cather. This time, instead of a novel, it is a collection of three Short stories about the West.

The first story is that of "Neighbour Rosicky" a kindly old Bohemian exile. He loves everybody, most especially his wife, Mary, and his daughter-in-law, Polly. He is happy at his work in the fields and with his big jolly family. Then suddenly a cloud looms on his horizon, when he is told by "Doctor Ed." that his heart is weak, and he must give up his work. Shocked at this unbelievable news, he spends his days in winning Polly over to the charms of country-life to which she is unaccustomed. The whole tale is charming because of its simplicity; its character description of Rosicky and the story of his life in London, New York, and the West.

The second story is light on the surface, but a tragedy flows in the undercurrent. It is about "Old Mrs. Harris" from the South, who is dismayed and apologetic about the different opinions of her position in the family household. Interwoven with her life, is her colored maid, kind Mrs. Rosen, the next-door neighbour, and the two Victorias; the one, his daughter, who, popular in the South is scorned in the West; the other, her granddaughter, who is denied, at first, the joy of college, for which she won a scholarship. This is well-written and deserves praise for the creation of such a character as "Old Mrs. Harris."

The third story is one of "Two Friends." It is written in the first person.

It is about two men of entirely different character who are so well-described that they seem to step out of the paper to live again in the time of Grover Cleveland and of railroading in the West. The descriptions of the two men are commendable as well as their conversation.

Together, these three stories make up this book, which is a delight to read, for it portrays real people, injured, discouraged, enlightened and burdened by the West whose destinies are to the reader—only obscure.

ALUMNI NEWS

Miss Martha B. Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Henderson, of 27 Maxfield Street, West Roxbury, Massachusetts, a freshman at Tufts College, had a part in the "Waitress and the Princess," one of the original one-act plays which were presented by the play production class on May 11 and 12 at Jackson Gymnasium. She is a member of the Alpha Omicron Pi sorority.

The oldest library in America has just celebrated its centenary celebration. It is the Peterborough Public Library at Peterborough, New Hampshire.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY

The Freshman Assembly of May 17, was opened by Mr. Gifford who gave notice of the forthcoming Sophomore Social and urged the student body's support of this affair. Mr. Hollingsworth then made a few important remarks concerning the Year Book. He reminded the pupils that the prices advance after May 19th, also soliciting their co-operation in making this year's book a financial success. The school's old friend, Lieutenant O'Connell was then welcomed to the platform and proceeded to give an interesting talk warning the students of the dangers of careless driving, and stating many of the unfortunate results. The assembly was impressed with his plea and he was given a hearty round of applause at the conclusion.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Sophomores and Seniors acted as hostesses to the Freshmen and Juniors at their last meeting on May 6.

Charlotte Weinrebe did two dances accompanied by her sister. Harriet Nye presented *Sweet Evening Star* on the 'cello accompanied by Sylvia Robinson. Shirley Brandt, one of the talented seniors, sang, *Who is Sylvia?*

The Blatt family is known for its skill in manipulating marionettes. Louise is a Freshman and with her older sister and mother, she gave us a fascinating performance of two scenes of *Romeo and Juliet.* After the playlet, Josephine Blatt explained the working of the little puppets. It was suggested by Miss Sawyer that an active group in school might make some of these puppets and give entertainment for the school.

It was announced that La Riene Gardner would be the Chief Marshal at Class Day and that Edna Maddox would be the Chief Aide.

At the close of the meeting ice cream was served in the lunchroom. The League is looking forward to a prosperous year next fall.

ALUMNI NOTES

Brookline High has a lot to be proud of. Many of its former students have done remarkably well since they graduated from this school, and they must be commended for it. Two of our former members, Jean Goodale and Jean McMillan, took parts in the last Harvard-Radcliffe play. Another noted student of this school who recently spoke at a Kapa Phi assembly, has just been given an award for exceptionally high scholarship, which will enable her to study still further after she finishes college. Ruth Freidman, a former graduate of the school, received the prize for being the cleverest girl in the freshman class at Boston University. Bob Hall, whom we all remember, received all A's but one, his first half year at Harvard College, a record worth being proud of.

A WEDDING

By HARRY M. SHOOSHAN, Jr.

I wandered into a church one day, for an hour of quiet.There were some people in front, but I selected an obscure corner where I would be alone. In my contemplation I did not notice the church fill, did not notice the quality of restlessness in the air. It was not until an organ directly above me began playing the stirring strains of the march from Lohengrin that I realized I was an unbidden guest at a wedding.

It was too late to leave. The wedding procession had started. In the little dingy church I watched the principals try to act a scene of fashionable splendor. There was a little flower-girl who forgot to strew her flowers before the bride; a page who stumbled and went scurrying after the ring; an usher who persisted in grinning at the unaccustomedness of his high silk hat.

But no one smiled. And when the bride entered there was a sudden hushed silence as though everyone had taken one long, deep breath.

I watched her as she proceeded down the aisle, this little twentieth-century bride. As in the way of unruly imaginations, I pictured her a bride of long ago: did she realize that she was actually observing certain ceremonial rites that were practised thousands of years ago? Did she realize that the traditions so close to her heart — so close to brides' hearts the world over—were based upon the fears and superstitions of primitive man, upon age-old customs that had been handed down to her through many generations?

The ceremony did not last long. In half an hour it was over. The little church was deserted; nothing remained but a trampled rose or two. But something had happened to me. I had glimpsed behind the pages of history and saw promise, rarer than had come to me at any time.

W. RAYMOND WARD ENGAGED

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black of Williamsburg, Massachusetts, recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary Egesta Black, to W. Raymond Ward of Brookline. Miss Black is a graduate of Massachusetts State College.

Mr. Ward is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard E. Ward of Griggs Road. He graduated from Brookline High School in 1929, and is now a senior at Massachusetts State College, where he is specializing in psychology. At college he has been prominent in many activities, having been President of the Liberal Club, and of the International Relations Club, organizer of the Student Committee on Disarmament, member of the Christian Association Cabinet, Managing Editor, and later Editor-in-Chief of the *Massachusetts Collegian,* the college weekly. For his work on the college paper he was recently awarded a Silver Academics medal.

DOES IT PAY?

Statistics compiled by one of America's leading industrial concerns and largest employers show that a business education is worth many times its cost in time and money.

According to these statistics ninety out of every hundred young men and women who train in advance for their jobs make good; while ninety out of every hundred who lack this special training do not succeed.

The demand today, more than ever before, is for a business education that can be of advantage in earning a living. That is why so many high school graduates, even though they are planning on a college or university course, take a year first in a good business school. This helps them scholastically and in many cases enables them to earn money to pay a part of their college expenses.

It is interesting to note that during the troublous times through which business has been passing that graduates of good business schools have found positions even when it seemed that opportunities simply did not exist. In all establishments, trained employees are the last to go and the first to be called back.

The Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, a school of national reputation, welcomes inquiries from earnest young men and women who are interested in preparing for successful business careers. Seven complete courses are offered. Beginning July 10 a six-weeks' summer school is available to those who would like to begin their training prior to the opening of the fall term September 5. You may receive a bulletin which gives courses, tuition rates and other information by addressing Mr. L. O. White, Principal, Bryant & Stratton Commerical, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., or by telephoning Kenmore 6789. If possible visit the school building.

BROOKLINE FIFTH IN HARVARD MEET

Johnson Wins Furlong

In the annual Harvard Interscholastics held last Saturday afternoon, May 20, at Harvard stadium the Wealthy Towners garnered ten points to capture fifth place.

Jimmy Johnson raced to one of the most brilliant victories of the season when he nipped Eric Noseworthy of Malden at the tape in the "220." Noseworthy was leading Johnson for full three quarters of the race, but with a burst of speed Johnson caught him at the finish and dived over, inches ahead. Johnson's run was described in the Boston *Herald* as "one of the greatest races ever turned in by a schoolboy on the stadium track." His time was 22 4-5 seconds.

Aside from Johnson's remarkable victory no spectacular performance was staged with the possible exception of Alan Swartz's third place in the running high jump. Swartz cleaved 5 feet, 9 inches behind Ehrich's (Ridgewood High, New Jersey) 6 feet, 1½ inch leap and Lowery's (Malden) five feet, 10½ inch jump. Although Swartz actually placed third he received the number of points awarded to the second place man as Ehrick's was not counted in the scoring.

This event saw quite a few Brookline competitors with Howie Lewenstein doing five feet, six inches and Davie Brass not far behind at five feet, four inches.

Tod Plotkin boosted the Red and Blue total by grabbing fifth place in the 120-yard low hurdles. Previous to the final heat in this event, Plotkin had taken first place in his heat with the excellent time of 14:4-5 seconds.

Joe Enright running his usual powerful race finished way ahead in his trial heat in the "440," but on a time basis was unfortunately kept out of the scoring, though he was clocked in the good time of 53 3-5 seconds.

The boy that made good in this meet however was Charlie Gerstein. Here's a new lad who has the goods. In his trial heat in the furlong, he was "nosed" by Bob Bolivar of Medford, a boy who was "told" to win this event handily. Gerstein had to get "nosed" to keep his record clean. But he wasn't satisfied with second place in the trial heat; he went out and won third in the semifinal. The competition in the final was just a little too much for him but he came close to scoring.

"Red" Guthrie represented B. H. S. in the running broad jump and did a good job at that. Farnsworth also put up a good fight in the "880."

Brookline had no entries in the century and shot put. The final tabulation gave Lynn English first place with 19½ points, Medford second with 16, Newton third with 12, Malden fourth with 11½, and Brookline fifth with 10.

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CONVERSATION

Emerson says:

"You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times, with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word."

The truth of this observation must have been felt, upon occasion, by all of us. We probably also have wondered at the cause. This can be disclosed if we will consider conversation as one of the many compromises in life—indeed a very important one.

This mutual expression of thoughts, reactions, and fancies, the consummation of which is friendship, requires for its perfection complete understanding between two persons. It is then that one is imbued with the delicate joy aroused by pure conversation.

This fine pleasure is allowed to few; is approached by many. The very approach promises a certain similarity of sensibilities, a likeness of interests, and a faith in the high sincerity of our partner. In a group these necessary conditions cannot be met, since we are then not free to roam about in our discoursing; the third person restricts this desire for conversational freedom to the limitations of the least adequate member of the circle.

Freshman: "I don't know."
Sophomore: "I am not prepared."
Junior: "I do not remember."
Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has already been said."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(continued from page one)

On the night of Dramatics there were:

1. A Minstrel Show at the Town Hall
2. The Heath School play—changed from an earlier date
3. An Intersorority dance

This seems to me an utterly inexcusable situation. If Miss Hannon and the cast and committees had been putting on this play for self-glorification and profit, that would be one thing; but everybody connected with the production worked early and late to put on a performance that would compare favorably with earlier performances and to which future committees could point with pride when seeking the aid of future audiences; everybody strove with might and main to make the affair a success artistically and financially, so that this year of all years, when Depression is rampant, there would be money in the Dramatics treasury to furnish forth promising young men to college.

We *should* have made at least $1200. We *have made* less than $500. Where was our Student Body and their friends and relations? Dancing! At the Movies! Attending a Minstrel Show! Listening to the Radio! And these are some of the very ones who in June will come crawling around and whimpering that they can't go to college unless they get a Scholarship.

One serious fault that has grown up of late years among Brookline young people is a tendency to think that the world is their oyster; that they can collect largely when the benefits are passed out, but be on the way out when the contribution box is passed. It is a bourgeois attitude of mind. Gentle folk intend and try to pay their obligations.

I hope that when Scholarships are distributed this year, one of the requirements of the candidates will be proof of attendance at the Dramatics. Another year — if Miss Hannon is gracious enough again to work herself half to death for an ungrateful public — the requirement might be raised: Each candidate for Scholarship aid must have sold $10.00 worth of tickets for the play. It is disgusting to see people growing up in the habit of taking all they can get and giving as little as possible. Brookline did not used to be like that.

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